



January

13108

The American Mercury

How Long Can Hitler Stay?

by Leon Trotsky

THE FOLLY OF DEPOSIT GUARANTY *H. Parker Willis*

AGAINST AN AMERICAN THIRD PARTY *John Strachey*

CAN A CATHOLIC WRITE A NOVEL? *Jack English*

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INTRODUCTION TO CHICAGO *Edgar Lee Masters*

GREENWICH VILLAGE GALLOPS *Bob Brown*

A MAN OF STEEL *Josephine Herbst*

THE SAD FEAST OF OAXACA *Erna Fergusson*

MY UNCLE, STEPHEN CRANE *Helena R. Crane*

A FEW CAREFULLY SELECTED CHILDREN,
Grace Adams

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:

Vincent D'Indy *Edward Robinson*

Revolution in the Infantry *Elbridge Colby*

PHILOSOPHERS OF THE NEW DEAL *Henry Hazlitt*

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXI

January 1934

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Go up to the *Golden Wedding* plant, and you'll find the story just the same. The grandfather of the modern distilling industry, Harry Wilken, will be there to greet you. And the Dean of yeast chemistry, Dr. Lasche—for 20 years the head of one of America's most famous

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schools for distillers—he, too, has been there, helping safeguard *Golden Wedding* quality ever since 1921.

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When you seek a wine, brandy or cordial of rare flavor, of supreme quality beyond question, your thoughts will wander to those famous old names listed on this page—and you may rest assured that they will be delivered through your dealer in the most perfect condition, for in the cool Schenley cellars they will be guarded like the precious treasures that they are.

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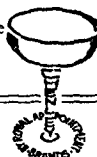
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Vintage Champagne
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
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MORLANT (DE LA MARNE)
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DUBONNET, PARIS, FRANCE
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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

CRY HAVOC!

By Beverly Nichols. Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 275 pp. Garden City, N. Y.

Mr. Nichols is a young Englishman who has won a reputation in his own land for "wit and gaiety." He has just turned thirty, but already he has nearly a dozen books behind him. They have all been books of fiction and of "whimsical comment," except the present one, which is an attack upon the institution of war. He has read carefully the disarmament reports of the League of Nations, and come to the conclusion that "the heart of the [war] problem is the armament industry." He doesn't like munitions manufacturers, because they are "traffickers in death," and "menaces to peace." He seems to think that something should be done about putting an end to their business, but he doesn't say precisely what. There are several things, however, about which he is quite certain. First, that preparedness does not lead to peace but to war. Second, that "the generic name of all these poisonous germs which cause war is patriotism." Third, that toy soldiers and war poems are a menace to peace. And fourth, that war monuments should be "taken away from the busy thoroughfares where fools may be corrupted by them." When Mr. Nichols gets a little older and reads a few more books he will probably see how naïve his present book is—or perhaps he will never see.

THE CONQUEST OF A CONTINENT.

By Madison Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3 6½ x 8½; 393 pp. New York

This is "a racial history of America." Dr. Grant's thesis is that the United States was founded and made great by Protestants and Nordics, and that in the last few decades it has steadily declined because of the vast tide of immigration of "the lower races" of Europe and elsewhere. These "inferior" peoples—in particular, the Irish, the Slavs, the Italians, the Chinese, and the Hindus—have had most "deleterious effects upon our institutions." They have "greatly impaired our purity of race and our unity of religion and even threatened our inheritance of English speech." Dr. Grant has a remedy for this state of affairs. It is "first and foremost the absolute suspension of all immigration from all countries." The United States owes this to itself and to civilization

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as a whole. "The Nordic race, that has built up, protected, and preserved Western civilization, needs to realize the necessity of its own solidarity and close coöperation." Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, former president of the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a foreword, in which he says that Dr. Grant's "facts" are "authentic." Chancellor Adolf Hitler will probably agree.

PREACHERS PRESENT ARMS.

By Ray H. Abrams. The Round Table Press
\$2.50 6 x 9¼; 297 pp. New York

All the wars in which the United States has participated have been declared "holy wars" by the organized clergy of the various religious sects. The pastors, priests, and rabbis have invariably and almost unanimously fallen for the patriotic propaganda of the moment. Dr. Abrams, who is a member of the sociology department of the University of Pennsylvania, here deals chiefly with the manner in which the American clergy succumbed to the patriotic fever of 1917-1918. He has brought together an enormous mass of valuable material, and his book is an important contribution to the knowledge of those days. Occasionally he is somewhat heavy-handed with his English, but in the main he writes clearly and without indignation, even when discussing the war-time activities of Henry Van Dyke and Newell Dwight Hillis. There is a good bibliography, followed by an adequate index. There are also many useful notes at the end.

SOCIOLOGY

TO BE OR NOT TO BE. A Study of Suicide

By Louis I. Dublin & Bessie Bunzel.
Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
\$3.50 5½ x 8½; 443 pp. New York

Dr. Dublin is the chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Miss Bunzel is his research assistant. They present more facts about suicide than have ever been got between covers before. In the United States, at the present time, there are nearly 25,000 suicides a year, and probably two or three times as many attempts. "Out of every 1000 infants born ten males and three females will eventually take their own lives". The book is interesting and instructive. There are chapters on the prevalence of suicide in different

Check List of NEW BOOKS

age groups, races and economic classes, on the influence of environment, on the history of suicide, on its legal aspects, and on the devices commonly employed to discourage it, including religion. The authors are not very optimistic about the efficacy of these devices. There are statistical tables at the end, followed by an extensive bibliography and a good index.

LAWYERS MUST EAT.

By Alexander L. Schlosser. *The Vanguard Press*
\$2 5 1/8 x 7 1/2; 248 pp. New York

Mr. Schlosser deals calmly and without too much vain indignation with shysterism on the bench and at the bar in New York—the bankruptcy racket, ambulance chasing, the divorce mill, and so on. On May 1 last disciplinary proceedings against forty-five attorneys were pending in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and probably as many more were being prepared by the Bar Association. In all, 2887 complaints were lodged with the association during the fiscal year preceding, of which no less than 637 involved charges of felony. This is a dreadful record for a bar which, on its upper levels, includes the most eminent lawyers of the nation. There are perennial efforts to drive out the shysters, but not much improvement is visible, for the standards set for admission to the bar are still far from what they should be, and every time a detected offender is disposed of, a potential one creeps in. Mr. Schlosser has brought together a mass of impressive facts, and he tells his story well.

THE EUGENIC PREDICAMENT.

By S. J. Holmes. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2 5 1/4 x 8; 232 pp. New York

Dr. Holmes's title is somewhat far-fetched, for the only predicament that he deals with is that which arises out of doubts that the eugenic program, such as it is, is really workable. These doubts he rejects, but he finds them strong in certain other men, including such competent biologists and earnest eugenis as Dr. Raymond Pearl. He believes that, when they are not founded on mere prejudice, they have their origin in an overestimation of environment as opposed to heredity. Himself, he is a convinced partisan of the latter, and to its support he brings forward a great array of impressive facts and a considerable ingenuity in argument. His book, indeed, is a tract of high quality, based on wide learning, admirably arranged, and very well written. It is elaborately and ably documented; and at the end are some useful appendices and a good index.

Continued on page x

THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS

a book for the years

7th printing, \$2.75, and published by Morrow

The Social Cost of Industrial Insurance

by MAURICE TAYLOR, Ph.D.

Director of the Jewish Family Welfare
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Continued from page ix

THE GIRL THROUGH THE AGES.

By Dorothy Margaret Stuart.

The J. B. Lippincott Company

\$2.50 8 x 5 1/4; 264 pp. Philadelphia

Miss Stuart here traces the history of the varying status of the girl child from Babylonia and Ancient Egypt, through Greece, the Roman Empire, the Dark Ages, feudal Europe, Renaissance Italy and France, Tudor England, the Seventeenth Century and Augustan England, to the Nineteenth Century. She presents some extremely interesting data about typical figures of each period. The book is a companion volume to her "The Boy Through the Ages", and is heavily documented, though it lacks a formal bibliography; it contains also forty-five illustrations and an index.

ARCHITECTURE

THE EVOLVING HOUSE. *A History of the Home.*

By Albert Farwell Bemis & John Burchard 2nd.

The Technology Press

\$4 6 x 9 1/8; 502 pp. Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Bemis, who is interested in housing, discovered in the course of his inquiries into the subject that there was no adequate history of the dwelling-house, and so he summoned Mr. Burchard to his aid, and the two proceeded to write one. It begins with the habitations of Neolithic man and comes down to our own time, with interesting chapters on early Jewish, Greek and Roman domestic architecture, and longer ones on the evolution of the dwelling-house in England since the Norman Conquest, and in America since the first settlements. There is also some account of Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan and East Indian houses, and of the crude huts of savages. The volume is to be followed by two others, one on current housing conditions and the other offering "an engineering rationalization of house construction." It is the first publication of the Technology Press, which has nothing to do with Technocracy, but is supported by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There are many illustrations, and at the end is an extensive bibliography, followed by a good index.

THE COLONIAL & FEDERAL HOUSE.

By Rexford Newcomb.

The J. B. Lippincott Company

\$3.50 7 x 10 1/8; 174 pp. Philadelphia

The early American dwelling-house was a bare, box-like structure with a huge chimney in the middle, and usually it was made of wood. It was not

until the end of the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century that what we now know as the Colonial house appeared. It was a copy of the English Georgian house, and it survived with relatively few changes until the end of the century, when a Federal style arose, which is what is commonly called Colonial today. Mr. Newcomb, who is an architect, describes these various styles in great detail, and prints many photographs, drawings and floor plans. He has chapters on roofs, porches, doorways, stairways, fireplaces and mantels, hardware, lighting fixtures, and garden accessories. At the end there is a bibliography.

BIOGRAPHY

JOHN HAY: *From Poetry to Politics.*

By Tyler Dennett.

Dodd, Mead & Company

\$3.75 6 3/4 x 9 1/2; 476 pp. New York

John Hay was one of the most interesting stuffed shirts of American history. For some unknown reason he early attached himself to Lincoln, and in 1861 became one of his secretaries. A bit later he tried his hand at business, and still later wrote editorials for the New York *Tribune*. In the early nineties he jumped into almost incredible popularity with a book of poems and a book of essays, both of which are barely readable now. From 1897 till his death in 1905 he was secretary of state under McKinley and Roosevelt. In that post he took a leading part in the founding of the Republic of Panama and in the declaration of the Open Door policy in the Far East. Both these things, especially the first, have done more to discredit the United States in the eyes of the world than almost anything else in its history. Yet in most history books he is held up as a great statesman. Dr. Dennett, who is professor of international relations at Princeton, agrees almost completely with this estimate. It is a pity that he is not more critical, for his book, as a work of mere research, is highly commendable. There are some illustrations, and an index.

THE LIFE AND FRIENDSHIPS OF DEAN SWIFT.

By Stephen Gwynn.

Henry Holt & Company

\$3.75 6 x 9 1/4; 362 pp. New York

This biography is based almost entirely on the six-volume edition of the writings and correspondence of Swift, edited by Elrington Ball. Mr. Gwynn offers no new facts, but he has summarized all the available facts very ably. About the mystery of the dean's

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

love affairs he is as much in the dark as his predecessors. However, he is inclined to disbelieve the legend that Swift was impotent, and he thinks that there is enough evidence that he had frequent physical relations with Vanessa, and that on at least one occasion "passion got its way" with Stella. Mr. Gwynn makes few ventures into literary criticism, but when he does he does not always shine. He admits that as a writer "Swift has no equal in English prose; certainly no one for force," but he finds fault with his misanthropy. He says: "Swift has none of the qualities that endear. . . . All the genial topics of appeal are discarded by Swift; he glorifies no love, he celebrates no glory." There is as much sense in this sort of criticism as there is in criticising the bull fiddle for not playing like a flute. There are some illustrations, and also an index.

MARTIN LUTHER: *Germany's Angry Man.*

By Abram Lipsky. *The Frederick A. Stokes Company*
\$3 5/8 x 8 3/4; 305 pp. New York

This is neither a contribution to biography nor to the history of religion. There are no new facts in it, and no fresh interpretation, but it is a useful one-volume study of one of the most remarkable men of modern times. The Reformation probably would have come about without Luther: the papal tyranny was rapidly working its own destruction. But Luther certainly lent to the upheaval an otherworldly wrath and impressed upon it an historic color. Personally, he was a bundle of the strangest contradictions. A preacher of purity of life, he could be revoltingly obscene. A soldier of the faith, he frequently had his doubts about God and feared the devil far more. He had small use for reason, but his "Address to the Christian Nobility" and "The Babylonian Captivity of the Church" are fine samples of penetrating reasoning. He claimed to have little use for poetry, but his hymn, "Ein Feste Burg," is one of the treasures of liturgical literature. So stupendous and fascinating in many respects was he that one is almost inclined to agree with Dr. Lipsky that he will "outlive Protestantism." There are several illustrations, and also an index.

BEETHOVEN AS HE LIVED.

By Richard Specht. *Harrison Smith & Robert Haas*
\$3 6 x 8 3/4; 341 pp. New York

Dr. Specht says in the preface: "This volume is no work of independent research, only one of an independent point of view." Unfortunately, a close read-

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page xiv



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The American MERCURY

January 1934

HOW LONG CAN HITLER STAY?

BY LEON TROTSKY

AFTER a fire, it is difficult to arrange things anew. It is even more difficult after a great political defeat to determine one's road again. Parties reluctantly admit that they have been beaten, especially if a great deal of the fault for the defeat lies with them. The greater the extent of the defeat, the more difficult it is for political thought to pass over to new positions, to work out a new perspective and to subordinate to it the direction and tempo of further work.

The history of military science, like the history of revolutionary struggle, records a great number of supplementary defeats which came as a result of the fact that the leadership, not having evaluated the extent of the basic defeat, tried to cover it up by untimely attacks. In war, criminal attempts of this sort lead to a mass destruction of living forces, already morally undermined by previous setbacks. In the revolutionary struggle, the most militant elements, already torn away from the masses by previous defeats, fall victim to adventures.

The present catastrophe in Germany is undoubtedly the greatest defeat of the working class in history. All the more

urgent, therefore, becomes a complete turn in strategy; but all the more stubborn, on the other hand, is the resistance of the party bureaucracy. It labels as "defeatists" not those who brought on the defeat—it would be obliged to name itself—but those who draw the necessary political conclusions from the fact of the defeat. The struggle now unfolding around the question of the perspectives of political development in Germany has an exceptional significance for the fate of Europe and of the whole world.

In this connection we shall omit from consideration the social democracy: the revolting decomposition of this party leaves it no possibility even for maneuvers of bureaucratic prestige. The leaders do not even attempt to pretend that they have any ideas or plans. After having completely lost their heads politically, their concern is directed towards saving their heads physically. These people have been preparing their dishonorable defeat by their whole policy since the beginning of the imperialist war.

Only the orientation of the Communist party is now of political interest. As a mass organization, it is completely de-

molished. But the central apparatus is preserved, issuing illegal and emigrant literature, calling abroad anti-Fascist congresses and working out plans for the struggle against the dictatorship of the Nazis. All the vices of defeated staffs now find in this apparatus their unsurpassed expression.

"The Fascists are Caliphs for an hour," writes the official organ of the Comintern. "Their victory is not a lasting one, and after it will quickly follow the proletarian revolution. . . . The struggle for the dictatorship of the proletariat stands on the order of the day in Germany." Constantly giving ground, surrendering every position, losing its own adherents, the apparatus continues to reiterate that the anti-Fascist wave is mounting, that its spirits are rising, that it is necessary to be prepared for an insurrection, if not tomorrow then in a few months from now. Optimistic phraseology has become a means of political self-preservation for the beaten commanding staff. The danger of spurious optimism is all the greater the more deeply the inner life of the German proletariat is plunged into darkness: there are neither trade-unions, parliamentary elections, membership dues, nor newspaper circulation—no data whatsoever control the consequences of a false policy, or disturb the equanimity of the leaders.

II

The main reason for the reassuring prognosis consists in the fact that Hitler "will not fulfill his promises." As if Mussolini had to fulfill his fantastic program in order to maintain himself in power for more than ten years! A revolution is not an automatic punishment for swindlers, but a complex social phenomenon which arises only when a series of historical conditions

are at hand. We shall recall them once more. The bewilderment and the division of the ruling classes; the indignation of the petty bourgeoisie, its loss of faith in the existing order; the growing militant activity of the working class; finally, a correct policy of the revolutionary party—such are the immediate prerequisites for a revolution. Are they at hand?

For the past couple of years the possessing classes of Germany have been in a state of the cruelest internecine war. Now all of them—even though with a heavy heart—submit to Fascism. The antagonism between the agrarians and the industrialists, as well as between separate groups of industrialists, has not disappeared; but you may be sure that it will soon be regulated.

The petty bourgeoisie of Germany seethed like a boiling kettle in the last period. Even in its nationalistic raving, there was an element of social danger. Now it is united around a government which raised itself up on its back and is disciplined by a purely military organization which emerged out of its midst. The intermediary classes have become the main prop of Order. The conclusion is irrefutable: In so far as it is a question of the big and petty bourgeoisie, the prerequisites for a revolutionary outcome have slipped into the past, or, what is the same thing, into the indefinite future.

With regard to the working class, the situation is no less clear. If a few months ago it found itself, through the fault of its leadership, incapable of defending its powerful legal positions from the assault of the counter-revolution, now, on the second day after the rout, it is immeasurably less prepared for an assault upon the powerful legal positions of Fascism. The material and moral factors have sharply and deeply changed the relationship of forces

to the disadvantage of the proletariat. Or is it still necessary to prove this? No more favorable is the state of affairs in the domain of leadership: the Communist party does not exist; its apparatus, deprived of the fresh air of criticism, is choking in a deep internal struggle. In what sense then can it be said that "the struggle for the dictatorship of the proletariat in Germany stands on the order of the day"? What is meant here by "day"?

It is not difficult to foresee exposures, sincere and hypocritical, of our pessimism, our disbelief in the creative forces of the revolution, etc. Cheap reproaches! We know, no less than do others, that Fascism is defending an historically lost cause. Its methods may yield imposing but unstable results. Only those classes that have outlived themselves can be put down by violence.

But the proletariat has always been the main productive force of society. It can be routed for a time, but to enslave it forever is impossible. Hitler promises to "reëducate" the workers, but he is obliged to use pedagogic methods which are not even suited for the training of dogs. Fascism will inevitably break its neck against the irreconcilable hostility of the workers. But how and when? General historical foresight does not eliminate the burning question of policy: what must be done now, and especially what must not be done, in order to prepare and hasten the smashing of National-Socialism?

To count upon the immediate revolutionizing effect of Fascist repressions and material want is to display a vulgar materialism. Of course, "existence determines consciousness." But that does not at all mean a mechanical and direct dependence of consciousness upon external circumstances. Existence refracts itself in consciousness according to the laws of con-

sciousness. One and the same objective fact may have a different, sometimes an opposite, political effect, depending upon the general situation and preceding events. Thus, in the march of development of humanity, repressions frequently call forth revolutionary indignation. But after the triumph of counter-revolution, repressions have more than once snuffed out the last flare of protest. The economic crisis can hasten the revolutionary explosion, and that has happened more than once in history; but crashing down upon the proletariat after a heavy political defeat, the crisis can only aggravate the process of decomposition. Let us put it more concretely. We do not expect immediate revolutionary consequences for Germany from the further deepening of the industrial crisis.

To be sure, history records that a long-lasting industrial revival *has* frequently given the upper hand to opportunistic currents within the proletariat. But after a lengthy period of crisis and reaction, the rising conjuncture may, on the contrary, raise the activity of the workers and impel them towards the road of struggle. We regard the variant in many respects the more likely one.

However, the center of gravity does not lie at present in the conjunctural prognosis. Weighty psychological turns of many-millioned masses demand lengthy intervals: this should be the point of departure. The break in the conjuncture, collisions in the ranks of the possessing classes, international complications, may and will have their effects upon the workers.

But external events cannot simply annul the inner laws of mass consciousness, cannot permit the proletariat to leap over the consequences of the defeat with one bound, and by it, open up a new page

in the book of the revolutionary struggle. Even if, due to an especially favorable conjuncture of internal and external conditions, the beginning of the turn were to reveal itself after an exceptionally short interval, let us say, in a year or two, the question of our policy would nevertheless remain in its entirety for the next twelve or twenty-four months, while the counter-revolution was still making further conquests. Realistic tactics cannot be developed without a correct perspective. There can be no correct perspective without understanding that it is not a maturing of the proletarian revolution which is taking place now in Germany, but a deepening of the Fascist counter-revolution. And that is not one and the same thing!

III

Bureaucracy, the revolutionary included, forgets too easily that the proletariat is not only an object but also a subject of politics. By means of blows on the head, the Nazis aim to turn the workers into homunculi of racialism. The leadership of the Comintern, on the contrary, reckons that the blows of Hitler will make the workers obedient Communists. Both calculations are wrong. Workers are not clay in the hands of a potter. They do not each time begin history all over again. Hating and despising the Nazis, they are least of all inclined, however, to return to that policy which led them into the noose of Hitler. The workers feel themselves cheated and betrayed by their own leadership. They do not know what must be done, but they know what must not be done. They are unspeakably tortured and they want to break away from the diabolical circle of confusion, threats, lies, and braggadocio, to step aside, to duck,

to wait for the storm to blow over, to rest up from the necessity of deciding questions that are beyond them. They need time for the wounds of disillusionment to heal. The generalized name for this state is *political indifference*. The masses fall into an irascible passivity. A number, and no small one, finds cover in Fascist organizations. It is not permissible, of course, to put on the same plane the demonstrative passage to the side of Fascism of individual politicians and the anonymous entrance of workers into the compulsory organizations of the dictatorship. The first is a question of careerism; the second of protective coloration, of submission to the boss. Nevertheless, the fact of the mass shifting of workers under the banner of the swastika is irrefutable evidence of the feeling of helplessness which has gripped the proletariat. The reaction has plainly penetrated into the very bones of the working class. This is not for a single day.

In this general situation, the clamorous party bureaucracy, which has forgotten nothing and learned nothing, represents an obvious political anachronism. The workers are nauseated by the official infallibility. A void grows around the apparatus. The worker does not want, in addition to the knout of Hitler, to be whipped by the knout of spurious optimism. He wants the truth. The crying discord between the official perspective and the real state of affairs only introduces an additional element of demoralization into the ranks of the advanced workers.

What is called the *radicalization* of the masses is a complex molecular process of collective consciousness. In order to get back to the road, the workers must first of all understand what has happened. Radicalization is unthinkable if the mass has not assimilated its own defeat—if its

vanguard, at any rate, has not critically reevaluated the past and risen above the defeat to a new stage.

This process has not yet begun. The apparatus press itself is forced to admit, between two optimistic outcries, that not only in the village do the Nazis continue to strengthen their position, driving out Communists and fanning to a white heat the peasants' hatred of the workers, but that in industry also the elimination of the last remaining worker-Communists continues, moreover without any resistance being offered. In all this there is nothing unexpected. The side that is defeated bears the consequences of the defeat.

In the face of these facts, the bureaucracy, in search of a prop for its optimistic perspective, flings itself from its innate subjectivism into accomplished fatalism. Even if the spirits of the masses do decline, they assure us, Hitlerism will soon blow up anyway as a result of its own contradictions. Only yesterday it was considered that all the parties in Germany—from the Nazis to the Social-Democrats—were only varieties of Fascism and were carrying out the same program. Now all hopes are directed to the contradictions within the ruling camp.

The conflict between Hitler and Hugenberg occupies a place to which the erstwhile antagonism between Hitler and Wels aspired in vain. Collisions between the shock troops of the Nazis and their factory committees on the one hand, and the government of Hitler on the other, are not only considered inevitable but imminent; calculations are made of the number of months or weeks within which these collisions will occur. Reformists and Fascists, no doubt, are twins; but we must still remember that a disappointed Fascist and a Fascist who has climbed to power are antipodes.

The new mistakes in political calculation are no less crude than the old ones. The "opposition" of the old capitalist parties to the Nazis is nothing more than the instinctive resistance of a sick person whose rotten tooth is being extracted by an army barber-surgeon. The police, for example, have occupied all the quarters of the German-National party. Events are moving according to schedule. The conflict between Hugenberg and Hitler will only be an episode along the road of concentrating the whole power in the hands of Hitler. To fulfill its assignment, Fascism must merge with the state apparatus.

It is very likely that many of the Fascist troopers are already discontented: they were not even allowed to plunder to their hearts' content. But no matter what sharp forms this discontent should assume, it cannot become a serious political factor. The government apparatus will crush the refractory Praetorians one after the other, reconstitute the untrustworthy detachments, bribe the summits. The sobering up of the broad masses of the petty bourgeoisie is, generally speaking, absolutely inevitable. But it will take place at different times and in different forms. Flares of discontent may, in some cases, precede the return to the lower depths of the nether strata betrayed by Fascism. To expect an independent revolutionary initiative from this source is at all events out of the question.

The National-Socialist factory committees depend immeasurably less upon the workers than did the reformist factory committees in their day. True, in the atmosphere of incipient revival, even the Fascist factory committees might become points of support for the advance of the working class. On January 9, 1905, the workers' organizations created by the Czarist Okhrana became for a day a lever

of revolution. But right now, when the German workers are passing through painful disappointment and degradation, it is absurd to expect that they will engage in a serious struggle under the leadership of Fascist bureaucrats. The factory committees will be chosen from the top and trained as agencies for the betrayal and suppression of the workers.

No self-deception! A defeat covered up by illusions means ruin. Salvation lies in clarity. Only a merciless criticism of all failures and errors can prepare the great revenge.

IV

It may be considered established by experience that German Fascism operates at a speedier tempo than Italian Fascism—not only because Hitler can take advantage of the experience of Mussolini, but primarily because of the higher social structure of Germany and the greater acuteness of its contradictions. It is permissible to conclude from this that National-Socialism in power will wear itself out sooner than its Italian precursor. But even while degenerating and decomposing, National-Socialism cannot fall of itself. It must be overthrown. The changing of the political régime in present-day Germany cannot be realized without an insurrection. True, for such an insurrection there is at present no direct and immediate prospect; but no matter what devious path developments should take, they must inevitably break through to insurrection.

As is known, the petty bourgeoisie is incapable of an independent revolutionary policy. But the policy and moods of the petty bourgeoisie are not at all a matter of indifference for the fate of the régime created with its assistance. The disappointment and discontent of the inter-

mediary classes will turn National-Socialism, as they have already turned Fascism, from a people's movement into a police apparatus. No matter how strong it may be in itself, the apparatus cannot substitute for the living current of counter-revolution penetrating into all the pores of society. The bureaucratic degeneration of Fascism therefore means the beginning of its end.

At this stage, however, a new difficulty must reveal itself. Under the influence of defeat, the inhibitory centers of the proletariat are hypertrophied. The workers become cautious, distrustful, and expectant. Even if the volcanic eruption of the reaction has ceased, the hardened lava of the Fascist state recalls too threateningly what has been lived through. Such is the political situation in present-day Italy. To borrow from the terminology of economics, it may be said that the disappointment and dissatisfaction of petty bourgeois reaction prepares the moment when the sharp *crisis* of the workers' movement will pass over into a *depression* which will then, at a certain stage, give way to a *revival*. To attempt to foretell now how and when and under what slogans this revival will begin would be a merely futile occupation: even the stages of an economic cycle always have an "unexpected" character; all the more so the stages of political development.

For an organism which has just passed through a grave illness, correct treatment is especially important. As for the workers over whom the roller of Fascism has passed, adventurist tactics will inevitably produce a relapse into apathy. Thus, a premature speculation in stocks frequently carries with it a recurrence of the crisis. The example of Italy shows that a state of political depression, especially with a false political leadership, may drag out for years. A correct policy demands not

that artificial lines of march be imposed upon the proletariat, but that the perspectives and slogans of struggle be drawn from the living dialectics of the movement. Favorable external impulsions may greatly shorten the separate stages of the process: it is not at all necessary that the depression should last for years as in Italy. It is, however, impossible to jump over the organic stages of the rise of the masses. To accelerate, without trying to jump over—therein lies the whole art of revolutionary leadership! Once having torn itself from under the leaden weight of Fascism, the working class movement may, in a comparatively short time, take on a wide scope. Only after that, and only under the leadership of the proletariat, can the discontent of the petty bourgeoisie acquire a progressive political character and re-establish a favorable situation for the revolutionary struggle.

The ruling classes will have to confront the other side of this process. Having lost support in the petty bourgeoisie, the Fascist state will become a very untrustworthy

apparatus of subjection. The politicians of capital will have to orient themselves anew. The contradictions in the midst of the possessing classes will break through to the surface.

Facing the front of the masses which go over to an offensive, Hitler will find that he has an unreliable rear. The immediate revolutionary situation will thus come into being, heralding the last hour of National-Socialism.

But before the proletariat is able to set itself great tasks, it must draw up a balance of the past. Its most general formula reads: the old parties have perished. A small minority of the workers is already saying: it is necessary to prepare a new party. The revolting flaccidity of social democracy and the criminal irresponsibility of official pseudo-Bolshevism will be burned out in the fire of struggle. Messrs. Nazis have spoken of a race of warriors. The hour will strike when Fascism will collide with an invincible race of revolutionary fighters.

THE SAD FEAST OF OAXACA

BY ERNA FERGUSON

ALL over Mexico dawn comes in with sweeping. Except for the broad highway between towns, the whole Republic is thoroughly swept every morning: cobbled village streets laid by hand in tidy patterns, city pavements, dirt roads. Even in Oaxaca, a city of forty thousand, first light is accompanied by the soft swish swish of twig brooms. Then comes the stir of moving people: the silent pad of trotting bare feet and minor voices, women gabbling as quickly as they trot, men's deeper tones replying.

From a hotel window I watched them. Small brown feet flew like autumn leaves under full kicked-out skirts, upper bodies moved with that supple steadiness that comes from ages of jars carried on the head. All the women wore the inevitable Mexican *rebozo* and many carried burdens on their heads or backs: sleeping babies with limp heads hanging, baskets of ruffled lettuce, glowing oranges, pale limes and lemons, dull purplish aguacates, chirimoyas of remote green, stiff crowned pine-apples. Or they carried chickens and turkeys upside down, the strangely quiescent, uncomplaining fowls of Mexico, who seem to share the fatalistic resignation of the people. Behind every woman trotted a child, many of them carrying loads too, often smaller children swinging securely in the *rebozo*. Men in big hats and *guaraches* walked bent under piles of tables and chairs, pottery, *petates*, in huge golden cylinders, rustling loads of green fodder.

8

As day advanced, early morning tones were modified by the sharper notes of the Mexican symphony the quick clip of burros' tiny hoofs, the squeal of pigs, vendors crying their *pulque*, candies, ices, even the discordant screams of calliope whistles, radios, and phonographs. It has been said that Mexico has skipped the age of steam and come with one leap into the age of electricity. Certainly Mexicans love electricity in all its manifestations. Every village is strung with wires, no shrine is too sacred to have an electric bulb hanging over it, radios blare full force everywhere. But the stridency of mechanical noise has not yet brought the voices up to meet it, nor machines taken the place of man power. People still carry burdens, their voices are still low and unemphatic.

On December 17, they were coming into Oaxaca, hundreds of them, for the feast of La Soledad, that lovely Virgin who is as venerated in Southern Mexico as is the Virgin of Guadalupe in the center. Many people had walked for days from remote mountain villages, Indians who did not speak Spanish, people of a hundred types, a dozen racial stocks, people of all ages. It seemed that every one who could walk was coming. For days the wide dusty roads converging on Oaxaca were filled with a slow procession of men and beasts, women and children. Oxen towed under terrible yokes shuffled stupidly, obeying the touch of a slender stick. Lacen horses, often pitifully underfed or weary. Burros, just as

heavily loaded, but with their unflinching look of undefeated wisdom in oblique eyes. Women wore the full skirts, low blouses, and *rebozos* that their ancestors wore. Every village has its own style of wearing the *rebozo*: turbans, twists, square folds, loops, or odd arrangements held on by long black braids of hair.

There is something very ancient about these people. It is as though they had stepped out of the buried City of the Dead at Mitla or the even more ancient Monte Alban to walk into the modern city with its light and power wires, street cars and trains, telegraph and telephone. They touch the city, they like it, but they are not of it. Pre-conquest Indians coming to pray at a medieval shrine lighted by Tungsten globes. And that is Mexico.

II

These people, walking so easily out of antiquity into today, and Zapotec and Mixtec Indians. The Zapotecs were a sedentary race, who built the great city of Mitla, who had a good calendar and an elaborate religion with human sacrifices. The Mixtecs were more savage, perhaps more powerful, but they too had attained a high degree of development. These two peoples, who now trot so peacefully together through the sunshine, fought each other savagely until they had to combine against the Aztecs from the north. Together they held off the Mexicans until the Sixteenth Century, when they all had a new and terrible menace to meet in the Spanish invasion. Oaxaca, then as now, was the center of rich mines, so the Spanish took it; and the king, always generous with Indian lands, presented it to the intrepid Cortez.

Rapidly it filled with Spaniards. In 1530 Oaxaca could boast of five hundred Castilian families without one African, Jew,

or Turk. Missionaries were active. Before the end of the century, they had built a hundred and sixty churches in as many villages: those churches which, as like as peas, appear so unflinchingly on every hill-top in the state that they seem an integral part of the landscape. So Oaxaca became a Christian and Spanish state where they did not even count the Indian as a part of the population. He merely worked the mines, built the churches, produced the food, served his masters.

But the Indian is at last coming into his own. The Spanish life was set very lightly on top of a rich, pulsing, vigorous Indian life which has not really died. The old languages are still spoken, the old dances are a part of every festival, shrines to the old gods are said to be hidden in woods and hills. It is true that Spain, with the white man's unflinching gift for destroying what is good in the old, reduced the Mexican Indians to enslaved inferiors, timidly holding to a few ancient customs. Their languages are corrupt, their great religious ceremonies have degenerated into a few dances costumed in cheap ribbons and mirrors. Only occasionally, through the years of Spanish domination, has there been an uprush of the ancient power in such a man as Benito Juarez, who was a Zapotec, or in Porfirio Diaz, who was a Mixtec.

Now everything is changing. Since the Revolution, Mexico is for the first time proud of being Indian. However clumsy her efforts, she is at least trying to realize herself as herself, against her own racial and cultural background. The Spaniard is a Gachupin, a despised one. The proud Castilian families are now clinging to the edges of a new dispensation, lands lost, church threatened, perhaps hope gone. They will win only as they realize the new and share in it. The Indian is coming into his own, but slowly.

In many ways it is an ugly change, for the new is marked by all the corruption, inefficiency, stupidities, and abuses inevitable in a people unused to power for four hundred years. The mass still seem to cling to the earth, as though the call to power were more than they could bear. It is as though a vigorous, half-awakened race were rising in anguish from the very ground. They sit, eat, sleep, make love, work, trade, worship, live—all flat on the ground. The Indian forms a brown mysterious dado along all the stately buildings which the Spaniards raised, as though the weight of his own ignorance were still too heavy to allow him to rise. When he does, he may smash those walls and raise others even more magnificent because they will be founded in his own integrity.

Meanwhile, the Indians come to Oaxaca for *La Fiesta de Nuestra Señora de la Soledad*. On the eighteenth of every December, at least, they are Catholic peasants on holiday. Groups in the road greet eagerly, the pace is the slow speed of the tortoise who arrives in record time, for everyone is eager to buy and sell, to trade, to meet friends, to see fireworks and dances, and O, yes, to pray to La Soledad. Many people came with their sick to be cured, all brought their secret wants and desires to the Miraculous One. La Soledad is very potent. Even her coming was a miracle.

In 1543 a trainload of goods was on its way from Vera Cruz to Guatemala. Near Oaxaca the train master noticed a strange mule among his beasts. Nobody knew where the stray had come from, when she had joined, nor what she carried in the box carefully tied to her back. There was no other train of animals from which she might have strayed, no other travelers to claim her. She followed as far as the temple of San Sebastian on the edge of

the town. There she fell to the ground and would not rise.

The story goes that the muleteers tried to help her by beating and kicking in the gentle way of muleteers, and no doubt with the gentle language attributed to them. The mule only groaned and lay still. At last the train master appealed to an *alcalde*, who ordered the box opened. In the presence of the *alcalde*, a priest, and an interested crowd, the mule was relieved of her burden. At once she rose, sound and frisky. But when someone tried to touch her, she fell again to the ground, dead. The box was found to contain an image of Christ, the Redeemer Arisen, and the lovely face and hands of La Soledad with the inscription, "Our Lady of Solitude at the Foot of the Cross." So all was explained: the introduction of the animal into the train, her falling with the box, her death, for certainly she could not live to bear a less exalted burden.

The whole story was referred to the Bishop, who ordered a big fiesta. The Nazarene was placed in La Capilla de la Cruz, and La Soledad was in time honored with a church of her own, built over the very rock on which the mule fell. Nuns of the Augustinian order of La Recoleta were brought from Puebla to care for her and they were so holy that the order attracted many girls of noble family and the convent was accordingly enriched. It has always been, and still is, the coveted privilege of the most important ladies of Oaxaca to care for La Soledad. She has two costumes, one of black embroidered in pearls and brilliants, which she wears for fiestas and which is valued at 3,000 pesos. In 1909 she was crowned with a crown of massive gold, made in Mexico, at a cost of 150,000 pesos. Every night she is retired into her *canerino*, and they say that when her robes are removed, moist

and salty sand from the sea is shaken out of them, for even the sea comes to do her homage. In her bed-room it can be heard at night.

III

All through the years, Nuestra Señora de la Soledad has gained in influence. Legends grew up about her, miracles were attributed to her. Sailors on the sea have prayed to her and been saved. Many came to the inland city of Oaxaca bringing gifts. The great pearl in her crown was given her by sailors, and many other tributes, rich jewels and the simplest little wax and silver tokens, attest to the numberless prayers she has heard and answered. Travelers leaving before dawn are so eager to ask her protection on the journey that a stone image has been set up outside the church where they may pray before the temple is open.

In times of trouble La Soledad has always been taken in solemn procession around the town. She is said to have stopped more than one plague, to have mitigated the horrors of the earthquake in 1930. Twice a year she has made an appearance in the streets, borne on a silver litter that was a heavy burden for twelve men. Now she may never be taken out of her temple again, not even around the paved *atrio*, so that the faithful may see her close. All religious processions are now forbidden, and the Federal government of Mexico is substituting civil festivals in an effort to break the hold of the church. So the lovely Soledad must continue to smile benignly down from her niche over the high altar, her rich spreading skirts, her delicate folded hands, her jewels, and her crown seen only from below.

That was well understood and accepted with characteristic Mexican resignation.

There would be no procession. Two other questions were violently agitating the town. Would there be fireworks? Would there be dances? In Mexico religious feasts have been the occasion for every sort of gaiety, carnival, fireworks, and also for the ancient Indian dances. Everywhere we went the people were asking each other: Will permits be issued for the dances? Will the government permit fireworks?

We sat under the cool arcades of the principal plaza with tall iced drinks. A jolly fellow passed, a tray of bouquets on his head. He did not ask us to buy, his method was better. Laughing, he threw a nosegay at a coat lapel where it stuck, for the flowers were tied to a burr. That, of course, was a sale, and led to conversation. Zapotecs had come, he said, from Zaachilo to dance the Feather Dance. *Danza de las Plumas*. The huge circular headdresses were ready; he had seen them himself. Surely they would be permitted. *Seguro, seguro*.

In the market we saw a tall hairy fellow wrapped in a tiger skin, and dickerer for, of all things, an ice. What he wanted, that prehistoric Adam, was a pale green lemon sherbet in a glass dish. He spoke no Spanish. The vender did not want to let his dish go. Finally, through an interpreter, the matter was arranged. The wild man left his string bag as hostage and was allowed to go sit by the fountain and suck the cold sickening sweet. Then he produced a copper from somewhere and wandered on. The interpreter explained that he had walked fifteen days to see the fiesta. Surely the government will give the permits. Surely there will be fireworks. *Seguro, seguro*.

Nearby a slick homesick fellow from the States was selling papers of pins, gaudy handkerchiefs, garters, little mirrors. He was superior and uninterested in the

dances. "I dunno. They say they don' gonna have it. I dunno." He wanted to talk, in English, about the wages he had made in a New York factory. Here his wares were spread on *petates* between a fountain spraying over calla lilies, violets and roses; and a stand piled with big slices of pineapple, fragrant as flowers, sweet as sugar, and firm and fine within the teeth.

A short brisk woman haggled endlessly over five peanuts, carefully displayed in piles on the floor. Then she bought a handful of beans and a spray of pepper berries for the bird. Her headdress was a painted bowl inverted over a red silk handkerchief. Mixteca, they told us. She paid a few coppers, dropped her purchases into her string bag and set off at a gliding trot without a glance at two little girls, her exact replicas, who followed.

Through the fragrance of flowers and fruits rose the stench of meat hanging in ghastly rows of corpses with heads attached. Only less trying were the badly cured hides from which *guaraches* are made. A man and his wife sat behind piles of every kind, from dainty bright sandals for women to the broad useful strapped soles worn by the men. The woman was a fine buxom creature, brown as chocolate, and as rich and smooth. Long gold filigree earrings hung to her shoulders, at one round brown breast she suckled a baby, another fat little thing played on the floor, two older children were helping.

"They won't dance," she said, chuckling. "The government will let all come to see the dances, and then there'll be no dance. You'll see!"

"No," said a tall hard-faced fellow with serapes over his shoulder, "they will dance. Already the dancers are here." He was from Teotitlan del Valle where they make blankets of soft browns and whites for themselves, and harshly-colored Aztec

symbols, calendar stones, and grinning gods to sell to tourists. He went on from the *guaraches* to try hats at various fetching angles, his owl selling forgotten in the joys of buying.

IV

The market overran its big shelter and spread out in every direction. Along the sidewalks were venders, an unbroken curb market all the way to the church of La Soledad. One could buy aprons, pigs, and peanuts, pulque and platters, vegetables, cheeses and fodder, string bags of every shape and color, shoes and bread, toys and blankets, blue *rebzos* and magenta sashes, cheap beads and glass jewelry, chickens and turkeys, a baby tiger on a string, or a set of parlor furniture. Near the church, elevated on a stately terrace, women sat behind glowing braziers, stirring aromatic and piquant sauces in pottery bowls. Most of them offered *mole de guajalote*, the festival turkey dish. "Buy, little lady! Pretty little blonde one, buy! Pulque! Café" A softly laughing chant.

There were shooting galleries, gambling tables, and a merry-go-round with a whining calliope where delighted Indians lurched gently up and down on lions, bulls, or startled deer. The paved compound in front of the church was filled with people, many of them approaching the shrine on their knees. Beggars whined constantly. "A charity, for the love of God. Help me, succor me, little one. *Señorita! Señorita!*" *Milagros* were for sale, tiny silver images of animals, people, arms and legs and much more intimate parts which might be cured by the intercession of Our Lady of Solitude. There were little reliquaries on colored strings and pictures of the dainty Soledad.

A man selling postal cards said, "*El Sacristan* has just gone out. He is going, they say, to see the *Presidente Municipal*. He will get the *permiso*. They will dance. The dancers are here. Their music is ready. Surely they will dance. *Seguro, seguro.*"

The Feather Dance, which is given in many parts of Mexico, is a favorite everywhere. Everyone was talking about the huge headdresses with colored plumes raying out in a circle almost as tall as the man, the thrilling drama, the beautiful dancing. And a music of a drum and three horns. Everyone was excited and eager. The Feather Dance might compensate for the lack of the procession, even for fireworks, if there were to be no fireworks.

The history of the dance is obscure. It is the story of the conquest, written, no doubt, by the Spanish, but many features of costume, step and dance formation indicate that such a dance was known before the conquerors came. The Spaniards were artists at turning Indian custom to their own uses, never more daringly than in this *Danza de las Plumas*, in which the Indians dance happily the story of their own defeat. The pantomime is clear enough, but there is dialogue too, long wearying speeches recited by the actors who stalk up and down in the intervals of the dance. Moctezuma and his warriors wear the brilliant headdresses, made with infinite care of dyed feathers set with jewel-like precision. The rest of the Aztec costume is a matter of togas in bright colors, pink cotton stockings, and modern shoes.

Word is brought of the landing of the strangers. Moctezuma sends a messenger. Cortez, accompanied by the fair-haired Alvarado and others, demands audience. At last he comes and the two races face each other in dancing rows, Aztecs in

feathers, Spaniards in military uniforms and accoutrements oddly suggestive of the Zouaves of another military occupation. All foreigners, it seems, look alike. Spaniards carried swords or guns, Aztecs rattles and spears. Spaniards never dance, Aztecs always. So, perhaps, is suggested the sternness of the conqueror who always defeats the race which can dance.

The music, which must have changed many times during the ages, is now apt to be a modern band or orchestra. The director, loud voiced, insistent, unwearying, with long whip and commanding manner, keeps everyone going, stirs up laggards, supplies missing words. In spite of these things and all the crudities of dress, long awkward pauses in dialogue, the raggedness of a primitive performance, there is a growing tenseness as the real purpose of the Spaniard appears. Moctezuma, still the emperor, performs one of the most beautiful dances in the play. Each warrior lays on the ground his obsidian-studded spear, and Moctezuma dances between them, lifting his feet lightly, stepping with swift impressive grace the length of the line and back again. On the return, he picks up every weapon and hands it to its owner, thus arming his men against the invader.

Cortez is accompanied by Malinche, or Marina, the Indian girl who, sold into slavery by her own mother, went from one tribe to another until she was presented to Cortez. She served him faithfully as interpreter, mistress, friend. Nobody knows what she may have been to that lonely, stout-hearted, invincible man, who burned his ships behind him, tricked his friends, used every fair and unfair advantage, and had no intimates. Not enough is known of Malinche to estimate her fairly. She may have been one of the great women of history. And in the dance

she is represented by a little brown girl, skinny and awkward in a pink silk dress and a straw hat: a costume meant to show that she was under European influence!

Only one other woman figures in the dance, and she is dressed in skins and feathers to indicate her loyalty to Moctezuma. She is the faithful princess who is found asleep with the emperor when the Spaniards come, stalking onto the scene with loud haranguing. At once the Aztecs surround their ruler, the great headdresses making a screen of color around the sleeping pair: a most effective moment. But Cortez could not be denied. The drama of history must unfold. With more dialogue and dance, the Spaniards declare their presumptuous demands, the Aztecs dance their failing hopes, and the drama wears to its tragic end. The Aztecs are vanquished. Each warrior, bending his head in individual surrender, takes off his feathers and permits himself to be manacled by the conqueror who faces him in the dance. Pitifully each lofty headdress lies in the dust, each proud Aztec submits to a silly handkerchief tied around his knee, and backs weeping out of the circle, pushed by the Spaniard in his French outfit.

V

It is drama. It is history. It is Indian in fundamental form and execution. It is just the sort of thing that the Mexican government is encouraging through a dozen departments devoted to folk song, folk dance, folk play. Would they permit it? Nobody knew. But by late afternoon the hopeful *Seguro* of the morning had become the doubtful *Ojala!* This morning it was *surely*. In the evening the best we could hear was *May it be!*

Vespers in the church was a shining

loveliness. Candles like a constellation surrounded the gracious brooding image, whose tender gaze rested on a hundred Indian women, sitting on the floor among their bundles and their babies, their rough soiled clothes forgotten, their eyes raised to the exquisite elegance she wore for them.

Night, and the place was just as crowded as at midday. Everybody was doing a brisk business, even as many families settled to sleep on the paving stones. A man and a woman chose a spot on the terrace high above the street. The woman tied their basket around the child's neck and lay beside him, pulling her thin cotton *rebozo* across them both. The man was slower. He tested the basket against the child's unprotesting neck and unfolded his warm blanket. It is one of the unsolved mysteries of Mexico why only men wear cozy woolen blankets and women go shivering in cotton *rebozos*. Finally he lay down, well covered. Then, being a family man, he remembered his family and threw an end of his serape in their general direction.

Just then a very citified person decided to plant a pole in the exact spot where the family was sleeping. He was erecting a white canvas shelter over his booth. Fortunately his doings woke the sleeping man, who moved a foot just before the pike went into it. He moved it quietly. No recriminations, even no words. Centuries of moving out of the way made the action automatic. The man with the pole was loquacious. Was it far to the United States? How much did it cost to go? More than a hundred *pesos*! *Valgame Dios!* One could never get so much. But if we, *por casualidad*, needed a *mozo*, he would be a good one. He could do everything, he asked very little pay. But how he would like to go to the United States.

It must be very pretty there. . . . Not as beautiful as Mexico, we said. That was taken as a joke. The United States must be very pretty. He would like to go.

Through the varied fiesta noises, the calliope, the venders, a radio in a house nearby, came a persistent crashing accompanied by laughter. A shattering smash, and roars of merriment. Chuckles and a sound of breaking china or glass. At last we located it. In a side street women were selling *bunuelos*, *tortillas* fried crisp and dipped in a sugary syrup. You bought and ate and then you smashed your dish against the stones. Indians have not waited for psychoanalysts to tell them how to release pent-up emotions. It freed not only him who smashed, but all who watched and laughed with a glorious mirth.

In the morning we had ices in the pleasant shade of our friend's stand. His mother was helping, a slim, worn old woman with her hair in a thin tat. She chatted as she bent to ladle ices out of the freezer, washed the glasses and spoons in cold water, and set them back ready for use again. She had heard of the United States too. Once, when her son was off on one of his periodic rushes after more ices, more chairs, or just more customers, she confided that she hoped he would not go.

"*Ay Dios!*" she sighed. "He is all I have." She was a widow. Carmela Maria Gutierrez viuda de Zamora at your service. This son was good to her. When he married she didn't know what she would do. She liked this work, especially days of fiesta. But the fiestas were not like the old days. *Ay Dios!* When they brought the Blessed Soledad out, that was very beautiful. Now the fiestas were very sad. *Muy triste*. No procession. No fireworks. Not even *la Danza de las Plumas*. Didn't we know? Hadn't we heard? No, there would be no dances. *Una fiesta muy triste*.

Two beautiful young people stopped. The girl was the color of brown amber with the delicate oval face of Tehuantepec, that country of lovely women. Her dress was of the South too, the white *huipil*, which fell on one long straight line from her neck to her feet, which were slim and brown. Her hair was shining black, and across her breast was one dash of magenta, a heavy twist of cotton. She carried a sash of the same color. The young man, as young and as gentle, was more worldly, and he gladly accepted an invitation to have ices.

She spoke no Spanish, he explained. They had come for the fiesta, walking eight days. They would sell the *faja* for enough to pay their expenses. Just then a woman passed, teetering on French heels, her black veil fallen to her shoulders, long gold earrings gleaming. "Two pesos?" she offered. The girl begged permission with her eyes and followed. The man sat, eating slowly, chatting pleasantly, but his nervousness became more and more apparent. There she was, off alone in a city crowd, not speaking the language. He was painfully torn between courtesy toward his foreign hosts and his fears for his wife.

When we suggested that he go, he was off like a shot. Soon they were back, the trade completed. They had three *pesos*, which was enough. They had asked five, to start. He brought also confirmation of the sad news. No dances. It was final. Everyone was saying so. The word ran along the booths, through the crowd, into and out of the church. No dances. *Una fiesta muy triste*. Very soon the streets began to empty. Families in long quiet rows, big bundles on their backs, began to move away from the city streets and out onto the country roads. Home again. But no dances. *Una fiesta muy triste*.

THE FOLLY OF DEPOSIT GUARANTY

BY H. PARKER WILLIS

IT is a time-honored if not very creditable step to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen. The expedient does not return the horse, but it gives some assurance that if another horse ever enters the stable he may not so easily be taken out again. Locking the door of the bank vault after the assets are gone is the modern form of this older pastime. It may have a soothing psychological effect upon the owners of the assets, but a better course would be to ask those who took the assets away to return them. Why not? Let us look the question squarely in the face.

Perhaps the most serious reason why this plan, simple as it is in theory at least, is not being tried is that the public as often heretofore is inclined to suffer from myopic vision. It thinks the horse is actually in the stable when he is in the pasture, and it believes that its deposits are in the bank when they are really out in the hands of borrowers. For ten years past we have averaged over a thousand bank failures a year, and in one year, 1931, we went up to 2300. It was a disgraceful episode in financial history—one which nobody heeded in the slightest (except bank depositors and stockholders) until after the panic of 1929. During the past year of grace, 1933, we have closed some 4500 banks, or about 25% of the total number at the beginning of the year, and in late summer 2800 were still closed. How many remain closed today and how

many that have been opened will shortly close no human being exactly knows. These were placed in the hands of conservators (the New Deal term for receivers). They might just as well have been placed in the hands of the old style receiver.

The bank failures prior to 1932 had created an army of discontent comprising, according to reports then made to President Hoover, some six million people who were the theoretic proprietors of \$2,500,000,000 of deposits in closed banks. The New Deal policy, partly the result of its predecessors, probably doubled the size of the army, and more than doubled the amount of the "frozen deposits" in the course of a single year. Owners of these deposits ask to have them "liquidated", and the other owners of deposits in banks still open ask to have them "guaranteed." Their myopia forbids them from seeing that they never had any such "deposits" as they supposed, and that accordingly these non-existent "deposits" cannot be "guaranteed." They think, as already stated, that the horse is in the stable when he is roaming about outside. They ought to fence the lot—not lock the stable door.

Statistics show that the "deposits" carried on our bank books do not represent in more than a small percentage of cases (perhaps 10%) something left there but something the bank has given. If A, for instance, goes to his bank and leaves with it his own note for ninety days, receiving

in return a small blank book with the figures \$1000 written therein, this action appears on the books of the bank as a "deposit", and A is said to have a "deposit" of "money" in the bank. If A then checks out a part of his claim against the bank, and hands it over to B, C, and D, who deposit their checks for \$200 each in the same bank, then A, B, C, and D are the bank's depositors, and are all said to have "money" in the bank. If the depositors then ask the bank to "cash" some checks, and the bank hands out its own notes of circulation, reducing the deposit credit to \$500, it is said to have paid off one-half of its "deposits", and the depositors now have "money" in their pockets instead of in the bank. But, in fact, there has been no deposit of money and no money put back into circulation. If the bank now fails or "goes into the hands of a receiver" it is said to have "lost the money" of its depositors, and there is an outcry that the banker ought to have protected the funds more carefully perhaps by "guaranteeing" them.

As a matter of fact, if A, who originally left his note with the bank, proves to be "good" and settles that note, there will be no reason why the bank should not pay off its depositors without loss. Is not A, the man who originally gave rise to the "deposits", the person who ought to do the guaranteeing? Logically, he is undoubtedly so. At all events, it is the assets and not the so-called "deposits" of the bank that might or should be guaranteed. It is the horses in the field, not those in the stable, that need protection. But the problem of keeping such horses safe is a good deal harder than is that of protecting them when they are inside the barn.

Because of the difficulty of insisting that those who borrow from banks should insure their obligations, thus protecting the

bank and its other customers against loss, it has been the custom in the past to ask the bank to put up a fund called its "capital", which it obtained wherever it could, as a safeguard against loss through erroneous extensions of credit or "loans". But both here and elsewhere, though probably more here than anywhere else, it has been found that this capital was often allowed to become a very small fraction of the funds insured or protected by it, so that it was a totally inadequate safeguard. As a matter of fact, the capital of the national banking system has often been less than 10 or 12% of the total deposits it was intended to protect. This has been quite inadequate as an effective protection, as experience has conclusively shown. The result, of course, has been bank failures,—which increased in number as soon as the older canons of safe and sound banking were abandoned under the influence of New Era philosophy, from 1922 onward.

II

And so again the urgent demand from a large part of the nation to lock the stable door—to close the bank vault now that the assets had vanished—vanished in Brazilian bonds, in Florida real estate mortgages, in mythical mining and oil enterprises, and in a variety of others. Congress, yielding to it, has adopted a plan for the guaranty of deposits, and has made it gradually effective beginning with January 1, 1934. It is a plan to guarantee something that does not exist—the lost assets of the banks. Stated in another way, it is a plan to compel some banks whose capital still remains available to pay the obligations of other banks which have been less successful.

It is thus not a plan for "guaranty", but

for spoliation, or redistribution of wealth. It says to the banks which still have these respective guaranty funds (or capitals) of their own intact: You must spread these funds out to take care of a great number of other banks whose funds are gone. This by some is described as "socialistic". But it is not nearly as "socialistic" as it is absurd.

In the United States we have always been greatly impressed by names and titles. Perhaps the guaranty of deposits would never have gone through Congress under its old name. But that name was changed to a more attractive one—that of "insurance". The corporation which is to do the guaranteeing under our new law is accordingly christened the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. What more noble than to insure deposits! Everyone knows the virtues of insurance—has had them beaten into his mind by legions of suave or strong-lunged agents. Yes, of course, let us have insurance by all means, even for "deposits"—or assets, no matter whether they exist or not.

But, just here, another thought: Is the proposed plan really insurance? "It's pretty, but is it art?"—the Devil grunted in Mr. Kipling's poem. There is a good deal of reason for refusing the new plan any such designation as insurance. The latter term is properly used of a risk which can be ascertained by actual methods, and provided for by setting aside a given sum proportioned to the risk actually incurred. The banking plan calls for the incurring of risks not known, and probably not ascertainable, dependent largely upon management, and implying a given attitude on the part of those who are conducting the various institutions. It implies a uniform attitude of oversight on the part of the government inspectors of banks which they have never exhibited. And, finally,

it presupposes that the banks which want to carry on operations soundly will set aside sums to cover the possibility of assessments which will be adequate to furnish them with the funds they need for the current expenses involved.

There is nothing in the proposed project that will comply with any, much less all, of these requirements. It contains nothing either to enable a bank to ascertain the risk it incurs, or to guard against it—certainly nothing to enable it either to calculate or to set aside the funds necessary to make sure of being able to cover losses when assessments come.

Let us see exactly what this new measure provides. It establishes a temporary guaranty system, partially applicable to the banks on and after January 1, 1934; and fully applicable to them (covering all their deposits) after July 1, 1934. The members of the Federal Reserve system must enter upon the insurance plan and those outside may do so if they see fit. In certain circumstances, the mutual savings banks may, likewise, become participants. Banks which enter are requested to pay in on call $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of their then deposit liabilities. They will later be subject to call for further payments as the corporation may require, for their liability under the law is unlimited. When needed, it is intended to have the Treasury of the United States put into the corporation the sum of \$150,000,000, or, roughly, about the amount they have collected from the reserve banks in years past by way of charter or franchise taxes. The reserve banks themselves will contribute about \$140,000,000, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ % obtained from the members at the outset will turn in probably about \$130,000,000—a total of \$420,000,000. The figure may be increased to \$500,000,000, according as more or fewer banks enter the guaranty system.

This is a large sum of money. How far will it go? Well, that, of course, depends upon the number of bank failures. It is a matter that can be answered only on the basis of experience. And if we take the test of experience since the depression we find that losses are likely to run above \$300,000,000 a year. Assuming that the total amount of deposits to be insured is in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000,000 we shall compute the losses each year as, roughly, three-quarters of one per cent of deposits.

This is equivalent to nearly 4% of the capital of the banks whose deposits are insured if we take the capital corresponding to the forty billions of deposits at approximately \$8,000,000,000—as official figures would seem to indicate.

Of course, although the insurance premiums are *measured* on the deposits, the actual payment must be made out of *capital*, since the assets of the banks belong to the depositors, and cannot be used to insure one another. Now how profitable is banking? According to the reports of the Comptroller of the Currency, the dividends of national banks have been running at some 5 to 6%, while deficits have now succeeded earnings. We may then regard the new plan as one which would promptly—if losses continued as at present—require the banks to apply in many cases practically their entire dividends to the payment of losses resulting from failure of other banks.

III

Is this reasonable? Certainly it is not likely that many persons will embark or continue in the banking business under such conditions. Is it possible? Certainly not for very long, for withdrawals and liquidations will soon deplete the capital

of the banking system so fully as to render it unable to carry such losses.

The answer that may be made by some would seem to be that the figures of experience based upon failures of recent years are as unfair in estimating the actual real losses to be expected and carried under the new plan as would be the figures representing an old-time epidemic of cholera if used for a basis of life insurance computation. There is some truth in such a statement, but only a moderate amount. It is true that recent bank failures have been unprecedentedly numerous; but it is also true that they have not been as numerous as they would have been if unsound banks had been obliged to close. Large quantities of bank assets are today overvalued, and must be “written down”. Future closings of banks will, in many cases, show far larger losses than those of past years, since their present overvaluation means corresponding lowness of realization when the time for liquidation arrives.

We cannot place implicit confidence in our figures either way. They may be a good deal too high as a criterion of future losses, or they may be too low. What we do know is that, just at present, the placing of this burden upon banks in general is equivalent to a request, not that they “insure the deposits”, but rather the assets of other banks. These assets are the obligations of the community. If the community is sound, the banks are sound; if the community is unsound or insolvent, the banks are in a like position—cannot help being so. The banks do not own anything that the community does not own.

Of course, when we convert the notion of deposit guaranty into that of asset guaranty, and when we suggest the desirability of having those who created these assets guarantee them, we really say that what

we want is to insist that banks shall not have any assets except such as are thus guaranteed; and this in turn means that our deposit banks should be permitted to buy or own only safe assets. "Safe" assets are assets that do not vary greatly in value, and this means that our banks must be requested for the future to keep bonds and capital obligations largely out of their portfolios, and to include only obligations that represent the ability of the borrowers to meet debts promptly at maturity and without default. If our banks included only investments of this sort in their holdings, there would be no need of "guaranteeing" either them or the deposits which represent them. We might guarantee them if we chose, but the cost involved would be nominal; and the end to be gained limited to protection against those relatively few instances where losses were the result of direct personal dishonesty.

IV

The trouble here is found in the fact that we have permitted our banks to take on deposit functions they should never have assumed. So long as depositors are the persons who have created the assets that lie behind the deposits—so that the cashing of checks and the transferring of funds at demand is merely the shifting of credits which have been established at the instance of those who are receiving the payments—the guaranty proposal is about as broad as it is long. The customers owe the bankers for the latter's loans, the bankers owe the customers for the latter's deposits. There is a good deal of relative shifting and some differences in degree or balance of ownership that are brought about in the process of settlement and clearing. Some persons soon owe the banks a good deal more than the banks owe them and

others vice versa, but if the transactions are short-term in nature, the banks are held to the necessity of keeping themselves in position to convert deposits into cash on demand, and in any case the group which deposits is an active business group which is able to take care of itself.

Allow business banks to take savings deposits, and then allow them to invest these savings in long-term assets, and a different case presents itself. Now the bank is dealing with two entirely different groups—one that seldom borrows and often fails to draw, preferring to "save", or accumulate its balances; the other a group that habitually borrows and is constantly seeking the aid of the bank in the advancement of funds. Since business is not regular in the volume of its demands for capital, and for bank accommodation, this disparity between groups soon develops into the holding of idle capital by the banks, and the latter leads to a process of investment buying of bonds and of lending on real estate. This in turn eventually leads to the financing of speculation in order to keep "idle bank funds" employed.

The road of safety is that which seeks to keep banks busy in specialized lines in which their liability can be accurately determined and limited—in plain language, to keep commercial or deposit banks out of the savings business, and to keep savings banks out of the deposit business. It is a simple maxim of prudence, enforced by long years of sad experience—accompanied by losses whenever this cardinal maxim has been violated. Congress has paid no attention to it, for in the Federal Reserve Act it insisted upon permitting commercial or deposit banks to engage in fiduciary or "trust" business; and by the McFadden Act it permitted them to go into the investment and real estate loan

business. At various times, too, it has allowed them to take on duties as insurance agents, and has incidentally suffered them to do almost everything else, from the purchase of steamship passage for interior correspondents to the reservation of rooms in hotels.

V

And Congress itself dimly realizes something of the harm it has done. Already it is doing a bit of locking of the safe,—too late as usual. In the Banking Act of 1933, Congress orders a complete divorcement of investment from deposit banking, though it does not have the courage to go to the length that was asked of it—that of discouraging savings deposit banking, by requiring banks to hold the same reserve against time as against demand deposits, and to hold and keep segregated as a protection for savings depositors the bonds and other assets which are purchased to “guarantee” to the savings depositor the ability to get his money when he wants it. It has preferred the more spectacular method of ordering the solvent banks to pay the debts of the insolvent—a plan which may “work”, but against which is the long experience of a great line of precedents.

In fact, several States which have tried this guaranty plan have done so without an iota of success. In no less than eight of the different commonwealths, laws have been passed within the past twenty years ordering contributions to a fund to be established for the purpose of furnishing a basis for the payment of the claims of depositors of failed institutions. In practically all, the calculations of the amounts needed to keep up the liquidation have proved erroneous, and in some the indirect effects produced by the expedient

upon banking conditions generally have been little short of disastrous. In others, failures have proved so impossible to cope with that the State has resorted to the plan of keeping the banks open under the management of State officers, even when they were insolvent, receiving new deposits while unable to pay the old ones, but refusing to permit a receivership because that would throw upon the guaranty fund a burden it could not meet. Generally speaking, our States have tried practically every form of deposit guaranty during a period of over one hundred years, and without much success.

In Canada there has been a successful guaranty of note issues based upon a fund contributed by the several banks and maintained in gold and government bonds in the hands of the Canadian Treasury. In the Federal government likewise, we have had something of the same sort for national bank notes, since these latter issues have been protected by depositing with the Treasury of the government bonds dollar for dollar. The notes, which were claims against their issuers, exactly as were the deposits of the banks, were thus “guaranteed”, and they were guaranteed by those who made use of the banks—the people of the United States whose bonds constituted the basis of the protection. Apply the same principle to the deposits of the several banks, and it will be equally successful; but remember that it can go only so far as there are “safe” forms of assets that can be used as protection, and only so far as the deposits are what the name implies, and not credits produced by lending to borrowers on paper made by the latter.

There is a growing public admission of these old principles even among our “economists” and “authorities.” There are many who now see that to “guarantee” our

deposits, or banking assets, we must limit the guaranty itself to deposits that do not grow directly out of loans (*i.e.*, to savings deposits or time deposits, "inactive accounts"); and that it will be desirable in so doing to separate the two kinds of business, confining our deposit banking to the making of commercial loans, and to the holding of demand deposit accounts; while subjecting our savings banks—whether independent or carried on under the same roof with commercial deposit banks does not matter—to the utmost rigor of examination and prescription as regards the assets they hold.

Ultimately, we shall also admit that the best sort of guaranty is that which prevents bonds from coming upon the market under that name, or guaranteed mortgages from being sold, unless they are in fact merely the legal evidence of real and unquestioned values moderately stated, in which case the true guaranty will be furnished by the man who makes the asset that the bank holds. If, with such a separation and such a regulation of portfolios, the public should still call for a general mutual guaranty of deposits, there will surely be little harm in it, because only negligible losses will be likely to occur.

VI

It will take a good while to educate the public fully to the point at which it will not lock the stable door after the horse is gone—particularly to educate it to the point where it will recognize that he has never entered the stable at all. It will take still longer to realize that, unlike charity, guaranty should begin not at home but with the neighbors, by seeing that banks absorb only assets that need no guaranty. If the reply should be, as some bank-

ers answer, that they cannot in that case "make any money", the retort must be the same said to have been returned by a board of deacons to a clergyman who contended that he could not live on his salary: "We expect you to die for the truth's sake."

In fact, bankers in other countries do make a living by banking on exactly these fundamental principles, and ours can do likewise, when they get accustomed to it. If they should have to content themselves with less marble in their front offices and less income to call for "charging off", they will be none the less prosperous and serviceable.

"There may be Heaven, there must be Hell; meanwhile, we have our life here—Well?" Congress has embarked upon an "old-fashioned guaranty plan", effective on January 1. What about it? The first thought of the American brought face to face with a disagreeable or unworkable law is how to avoid it. One method is to leave the Federal or national system and to take out a State bank charter. This implies leaving the Federal Reserve system; and it necessitates inconvenience and difficulty in other ways.

The new act provides that unless a bank shall be found by strict examination to have enough assets to meet the claims of its depositors and other creditors, it shall not be admitted to the benefits of the guaranty; and the new Board which is to administer the act says that in interpreting this provision it will not regard the stockholders of the banks as creditors. But still, the banks must have enough assets of an unquestionable value to suffice to meet the demands of depositors and other creditors whoever they are—excluding stockholders. That one provision alone, if sincerely applied, will doubtless drive out of the proposed guaranty system many

a bank whose assets could not now be sold for enough to meet its claims, though they doubtless would so suffice if given time enough for realization. A good many banks, faced with the necessity of raising new capital if they are to be guaranteed, will simply liquidate and leave business. Others, which had planned to enter the field, will not do so. Of those who remain, the question how far they can furnish the funds to pay the assessments levied upon them (which may be unlimited in number and amount under the act) will be of curious interest.

There are not a few persons who think that, in frequent cases, banks will be gradually driven to recapitalize themselves, though at first unconsciously, becoming the guarantor of the deposits of the nation, until at last banking here, as in other countries, slips into the hands of the government, or its managers become government functionaries, as is now the case, to all intents and purposes, with the officers of Federal Reserve banks. That in such a case, or perhaps in any case, under the operation of a guaranty system, there may be an epidemic of wild or "political" loans, with consequent bad results, is at least possible.

The contrary possibility is that the larger banks, fearing the losses they see involved in careless lending, may exert upon their smaller neighbors influence to prevent the latter from lending with even the degree of freedom they should. All these represent contingencies devoutly to be prayed against.

VII

Perhaps more important than anything relating to banking is the renewal of a right spirit within the popular breast, which will be directed to the casting out of hypocrisy and all uncharitableness in finance. Banks should not guarantee one another's deposits, if only because they have never, in the last analysis, been the depositors of anything, but merely the creators of credits. Moreover, they cannot guarantee them because they have no funds adequate to the purpose; and the use of their capitals in that way will merely mean the destruction of banking for the reasons I have already set forth. The "guaranty" must come from honest and safe banking and lending.

When we are asked for a sure cure-all we must, like Lady Macbeth's physician, answer, "Therein the patient must minister to himself"; and if the retort is (as usual), "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it", we can only respond, "This disease is beyond my practice." Before we come to that conclusion we must, however, attempt the rectification of public understanding on the subject, and the adoption of remedial legislation that will permit our banks to exist, while requiring them to confine themselves to legitimate banking business and to content themselves with the returns that accrue purely from such service. It is not an impossible ideal, but one which will involve a good deal of self-education on the part of the public before it can be attained.

MY UNCLE, STEPHEN CRANE

BY HELEN R. CRANE

A YOUTH whom men later come to look upon as a genius may not have attracted any special attention in his family. His brothers and sisters may be the last persons in the world to note his gifts; if they happen to be many years older, married, and engrossed in their own children, he probably always remains much of an outsider to them.

It was like that with Stephen Crane. He created no furore whatever in his family, except by being born so tardily. The Reverend Johnathon Townley Crane's parsonage was for a time all agog because it had been such a long while since a baby had appeared there, but things soon quieted down, and after that Stephen brought upon himself no more interest than babies generally do.

Stories are told everywhere about how his brothers watched over the budding flower of his art (his father died in his early childhood and his mother during his first year in Syracuse University), how they guided his uncertain, faltering footsteps with encouraging words, beefsteaks, and dollars.

The truth is that they did many things for him when they thought about it, for they were all kindly men, but they had their own responsibilities and interests and did not think of it often. It never occurred to them that he was a promising boy: he was merely their younger brother, rather strange and erratic, and a person who, if he mentioned his needs,

did so in such a light manner that they did not take him seriously.

Being a Crane he was born with printers' ink in his veins, and therefore it was not surprising that he should run a column of gossip in the New York *Tribune* while he was at the university. Since the age of fifteen or sixteen he had been writing for newspapers, contributing to his mother's *Tribune* column, and covering certain affairs for his brother Townley who was with the Associated Press. His brother Wilbur was also on the *Tribune*, and sometimes he had written stuff for him. No one thought anything about these activities; they were the same as the rest of the family's.

Thomas Beer and some others would give the impression that the dark, hungry days of the young author of "The Red Badge of Courage", before fame came to him, were ones which might have been avoided had he but gone to the ever-open doors of his solicitous brothers in Port Jervis, a few miles from New York.

My father was Wilbur, one of the brothers, and—the saints console his shade!—was as indifferent and unconcerned about Stephen as the others, Townley, Will, and Edmund. He made no pretense of understanding the queer, uncommunicative boy who used to show up at odd times, often in the middle of the night, and after staying with one or another of them for a few days, would disappear in the same wonderful manner.

Father enjoyed talking with him; he enjoyed his marvelous command of English and his sardonic humor, but he felt with the others that the boy was not going to make a success on the papers. Dad joined Will and Edmund in suggesting some other kind of work—perhaps he could fit in somewhere, if he would only make the effort, and if he would only stop fooling away his time on the East Side with that driftwood of humanity! Why did he not try to get a job? But when the conversation had developed this far Stephen faded away—with no ado he was on his way back to New York City and his driftwood of the East Side.

The casual quality of his visits was not the only thing that tried his relatives; there was also his untidiness. His clothes reeked eternally of tobacco and garlic. He did not bother to explain about the house-keeping facilities of the loft on Twenty-third Street, where he was living with a group of struggling young artists,—how they slept on the floor and cooked on a miserable old wood-stove, all in one room. He slept in his clothes half the time—it was too cold to take them off—and they looked it. As for the garlic—his comrades were Bohemians and so garlic was essential to their well-being.

He never had a clean shirt—I am speaking still of those dark days, those days that eventually broke his health and caused his early death,—and most of the time his toes were coming through his shoes “most lamentably”, as he expressed it. His old gray ulster would have made quite a satisfactory stable-mop, but was scarcely good for anything else. His hands were finely textured and small, but they were always stained with cigarette yellow, and his hair—that was sailing in the general direction of the last wind.

How could he go up to his brothers’

home very often? Will was a respectable small-town lawyer, quite the leading light of Port Jervis, even to singing in the choir. He was painfully respectable. Edmund undoubtedly was respectable too, but he was not so affluent, except in children; and then there was my father who, between children and asthma, never got anywhere in the world. Father had, by the way, temporarily deserted the city in hopes that the mountain-air of Port Jervis would enable him to throw off his asthma, and so, during all that period of Stephen’s difficulties, we were in the up-State colony.

Will had money, that is, he had what was a comfortable amount for a small-town lawyer in the 90’s. With the rest of us it was different; we did not have much, but to compensate for this lack we sheltered ourselves in an exclusiveness which was very satisfactory.

II

It is easy to see how Stephen failed to fit in to the nicely-laundered lives of these relatives. Even discounting his unheralded popping up out of the ground and his want of grooming, there were still his unfortunate views on life, views that did not fit in very well with those held by the “best people” of the town.

For he was by this time in full rebellion against the traditions on which he had been nourished and reared. His mother’s memory was dear to him, he had nothing dearer, and although he never questioned her ways when he was outside the family portals, he did marvel always that such an intellectual woman, a university graduate, and capable of being a regular contributor to magazines and newspapers, could have wrapped herself so completely in the “vacuous, futile, psalm-singing that passed for worship” in those days.

His rebellion was not a quiet one, to be enjoyed by himself alone; he must cry it everywhere; and while he raised no clouds on Broadway with it, the gentle citizenry of Port Jervis were made of sterner stuff—they had a happy acquaintance with the tribal god which was to be unquestioned. A man who was brooding over “Black Riders” could hardly be a companionable soul.

He wilfully and painstakingly went about it to shock them. No power on earth could have dragged him into a church, but the whole social life of the community was founded upon its bulwarks, and escape from it was impossible wherever he went or whomever he saw. The bourgeois complacency of everyone, even of his brothers and their families, goaded him to act in a manner which at times was a bit disconcerting.

His sisters-in-law never knew what he was going to do. There were instances when he behaved very nicely, but there were more when he did not. Sometimes, on being introduced to a socialite, he would assume an East Side accent (which he could do perfectly) and blare forth yarns he had picked up in the night-courts.

My mother and my aunts never got quite used to the idea that he might suddenly interrupt a dinner conversation which was running along smoothly on croup or hats to inquire earnestly if any of the guests had ever seen a Chinaman murdered in Mott street. Nor did they feel any happier when he called attention to his black eye and explained how he had got it in a grand fight on the Bowery.

It was impossible for him to be a social lion, because he simply could not understand small talk. He could spend hours with Mike Flanagan who drove a beer-truck on the East Side, for Mike’s life

was so foreign to his own world that all its details were colorful, and he could talk all night with Theodore Roosevelt, Hamlin Garland, or William Dean Howells about the virtues of the Single-Tax or the genius of Flaubert, but when it came to the inanities of ordinary gossip, he was sunk. And he did not get along with young people, the boys and girls of his own age. They thought he was cracked and he thought they were stupid.

When Dad got Stephen alone they had most interesting confabs. He would lay aside his rôle of One in Rebellion and just be himself. He could not talk unless he was walking up and down the room with his hands stuffed into his pockets and a cigarette balanced on his lip.

We never heard him laugh, and former friends of his I have met say the same thing, but he had a charming way of smiling quickly and with his eyes. He was humorously bitter and always kept his hearers laughing and urging him on to say more.

There is no doubt in my mind that my uncle courted hunger and privation. This was before he realized that one may not turn the tap and cut off these unpleasant things at will. He had never known want at home and had no idea it could hurt so much.

When his father died, he left a goodly income to his wife, and at the time of her death this was divided among the six surviving children. Much of the inheritance was in the form of coal stock in Pennsylvania mines, and Will, the lawyer, being more affluent than his brothers, bought up their shares for a very low figure. Stephen’s were among these. He received a little money as down payment and hied himself immediately to a poker-table, and that was that.

The period of starvation followed—a

period which lasted for three years, until lifted by the phenomenal success of "The Red Badge." During this period he published "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets" at his own expense with money Will gave him—most of it the last payment on his stock and a little bit on a loan.

Thomas Beer says that Will kindly loaned him this money but,—well, anyway, Stephen, like my father, sold shares for a meagre sum which are still, forty years later, supporting members of the family and probably will go on doing so for a long time to come.

Most of "Maggie" was written at our house in two or three nights. It did not sell very well, and I remember playing over yellow piles of copies in our attic. What happened to them I do not know, but Mother, like the rest of the family, had no respect for them, and I presume she burned them sometime when a house-cleaning spell came upon her.

III

I said a while back that Stephen's rebellion did not raise any clouds on Broadway: that is not wholly correct, of course. It did raise clouds but they were the kind that brought him fame; so if we must stick by our metaphor we will say that Broadway saw the light beyond and Port Jervis saw only dust.

Stephen did not change after fame came. He moved into better quarters, had more to eat, and wore decent clothes. He made plenty of money but never seemed to have much of it, for he gave it away to his East Side friends and he was always playing poker.

We never believed the story that went the rounds of the clubs in New York about the country girl he lured into the primrose path and then abandoned to the

streets. He was laconic and brief but not secretive, and would not have lied about his behavior. I can't imagine him lying about anything. In fact, he was the kind of person who would have got a great thrill out of being shot at sunrise and all that sort of thing. He said there was nothing to the story and we believed him. So far as we knew he never had a real love affair. He had many romances, for he appealed much to women, but a great love eluded him.

It was when he went to Florida in 1897 for the Batchellor Syndicate to write up the filibustering expeditions into Cuba that he met Cora Taylor, who later became his wife. In Jacksonville in those days there were many luxurious houses of joy—beautifully appointed clubs they were, where all the men about town and visitors went to gossip and drink and, if it so pleased them, to pass the time of day with the fair ladies who lived there.

There was one famous house, the most exclusive of them all, and it was run by Cora Taylor. Stephen met her there and, according to all reports, she fell for him on first sight. She knew he was famous, but many famous men came to her place and so that was nothing: it was the man himself that she loved. A few days after their meeting he was in the *Commodore* adventure and nearly drowned, and while he was laid up for a time recuperating she went to see him regularly and became more and more enamoured.

Stephen wrote my father about the sinking of the *Commodore*. He seldom wrote letters and probably would not have written this one if he had not been bored to desperation by having to stay in his room and nurse a cold that threatened at any moment to turn into pneumonia. Father was a champion swimmer and canoeist when he was in Columbia University, and

he had helped Stephen learn to swim and paddle, so now the latter wanted to explain that doing those things for fun was one thing, and spending two nights and a day in an open boat with "barbariously abrupt waves" leering at you with every breath you drew was an entirely different one.

He pointed out that he had always loved the water, but remarked that he doubted whether it would interest him in the future. When he sent that letter he apparently had no intention of writing "Open Boat," at least he did not mention it. He did not speak of Cora in this letter, nor in any subsequent one, until he announced his marriage to her later on when he was in Greece.

She followed him over there. From Jacksonville he went back to New York, and then William Randolph Hearst asked him to go to Greece to cover the Balkan War. Before he sailed he spent a few days in Port Jervis, and he said then that his "equatorial zone" was causing him considerable unrest. I am sure he had tuberculosis in his lungs before he went a-filibustering, and that the experience caused the infection to spread to his intestines.

Poor Mr. Hearst made a bad bargain when he sent my uncle to Greece, for he became so ill that he was good for nothing, and his work as a war correspondent was quite a flop. Cora Taylor learned of this further illness of his and, selling her house in Jacksonville, went to Greece. She was several years older than he and was very motherly in her manner. She nursed him until he was able to leave his bed, and then he married her.

He wrote home an embarrassed, self-conscious letter telling what he had done, but he never mentioned her romantic life. Other correspondents, however, who had been in Jacksonville and knew her, were

quick to spread the story. The whole truth has not been published before—only whispered with many beautiful and tasty embellishments. But no one who whispered these things bothered to tell how good she was to Stephen, or that her care unquestionably prolonged his life a couple of years.

After their marriage they went to live in England, and when the Spanish-American War broke out he left her there and rushed to Havana for the Batchellor Syndicate. Then the story that he was lost was flashed throughout the United States and Europe, and Cora went almost crazy. His brothers suddenly realized that he was an extraordinarily nice kid, and they started routing editors out of bed, and consuls, too. The American Ambassador cabled to Washington and Washington cabled everybody. Finally, the British Foreign Office took it up, and its consul in Havana, Lucien Jerome, found Stephen. He was hiding away at Mary Horan's house, doing some writing.

Stephen told us all about it later when he came back to New York. It seems that Bertram Marburgh of Leslie's Syndicate had never met the famous author of "The Red Badge," but he had heard he was in town. One day, when all the correspondents foregathered at the American Bar, Matthews and Nichols of the *American* told Marlburgh that Crane was lost, had perhaps been done away with by the people who did not like newspaper publicity. Marburgh immediately sent the news back home.

Now, the attention of the Leslie man had been attracted for weeks before this to a mysterious slight figure in a white suit that used to slink along the street around eleven o'clock every night near the house where he was stopping. He had no idea who the man might be or why

he was furtively dodging the lights about the same time every night.

The story soon appeared in print and created a good deal of excitement around Havana. Crane was found, but still Marburgh did not meet him until one evening, when he was sitting in the American Bar, this mysterious white figure came in and sat down alongside of him. They began talking and the Leslie man offered his name. "I'm Stephen Crane," said his new acquaintance. Marburgh apologized for what he had done and Stephen explained that "certain dignified and venerable Ambassadors, not to mention a few Cranes, had been sorely upset by the news."

This Mary Horan, in whose house Stephen was found, was a well-known character in Havana. She was a huge Irish-woman who ran a small boarding-house and bullied the men, and when any of them were ill, nursed them as she would her own children. My uncle shut himself up there in her place for forty days and nights to do a piece of writing. I don't know what it was, but it was something

he was anxious to get done and out of the way.

Mary did not approve of his long hours of work, and she used to go in and hover over him with a great tray of food. "I don't want to eat, please go away." "Go away, me eye, you're goin' to eat this if I have to feed it to you spoon by spoon!" And Stephen ate. It was she who made him go for a walk every night about eleven. She came into his room, pulled the chair out from under him and drove him bodily into the street. This woman became quite famous for her care of the American boys, Dick Little of the *Chicago Tribune* being one of those she nursed during a serious illness. But Stephen was one of the first to live at her house and he was alone there—that was how he got "lost."

After Stephen's death in Germany in 1900 Cora was crushed for a time. She had no money, and so she went back to Jacksonville to her old trade.

Someone told us that she was doing it to support her two sons. I think that was just another rumor. Stephen Crane never had any children.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

SETTLEMENT of a great international problem:

The question of whether the armaments of the world should be reduced or whether the United States should build her navy to treaty strength will be voted upon by members of the Methodist Church of the San Joaquin valley district. It is planned to cable the results to Geneva.

COLORADO

THE trials and tribulations of a free, Christian American citizen of Boulder, as revealed in the *Silver and Gold*, the student publication of the University of Colorado:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I believe in Jesus Christ.

I believe our President to be a God-sent man.

I do not understand his policies, but believe him sincere in thinking them just.

I have not signed his N. R. A. pledge because:

My business intelligence tells me if I do, I must immediately start cheating in order to exist in my particular business.

I prefer to keep a clear conscience.

I will keep the prices and hours imposed by the majority related organizations.

TOWNSEND & TOWNSEND
BARBER AND BEAUTY SHOP

1806 17th St. (17th at R. R.)

By *W. Elwyn Townsend*.

ILLINOIS

CHRISTIAN decorum in the up-and-coming town of Robinson, as disclosed to the

world by the local correspondent of the United Press:

One hundred and twenty mugs, bought by a Robinson minister to be used for serving water at a revival meeting, were returned because they resembled mugs used in serving beer. The minister apologized to the objecting revival committee and carried the mugs back to the store where the purchase was made and exchanged them for glasses.

FROM the Church Notices of the Chicago *Tribune*, that great newspaper:

Comell *Hearl* *Seel*

SHE WAS DEAD

AND MIRACULOUSLY RAISED!

Miss Johnson suddenly interrupted plans for her funeral by coming back to life and healed from serious illness. She tells of her trip to Heaven, etc., at the

CHURCH OF THE FULL GOSPEL.

Revs. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lewen, Pastors.
6633 Normal-blvd., Chicago.

Every eve. at 7:45 except Sat. All seats free.

MAINE

SWAP advertised in the Portland *Express*:

If the thief who stole new bag with instruments from my car early Saturday morning, will return bag with instruments he can keep the morphine and I will throw in a hypodermic and pay him \$10 and no question asked.

DR. ADAM P. LEIGHTON, JR.

OKLAHOMA

A SCIENTIST comes to Oklahoma City and announces his wizardry in the *Black Dispatch*:

I. DABNEY SMITH
Wizard of the Age

PERSONAL TROUBLE EXPERT

*Tell Me Your Troubles and Desires.
 I Never Fail to Help You*

Personal analysis of any trouble	\$3.00
Personal Information.....	\$1.00 & up
Personal advice	\$1.00 & up
How and when to pay your debts or obligations	\$3.00 & up
How and when to collect money owed to you	\$3.00 & up
Money Numbers	\$3.00 & up
Life-Time Money Numbers...	\$10.00 & up
When to play the races for luck	\$1.00
My Pal for Just a Little Luck.....	\$1.00
Hotel, Rooming or Boarding House Luck	\$3.00
Personal Money Hand	\$10.00 & up
A Little Personal Money Luck	\$3.00 & up
The Truth About Your Buried Treasures	\$2.00 & up
How to Locate Any Buried Treasure	\$10.00 & up
Preacher or Teacher's Luck or Aid	\$5.00 & up
To keep your husband or boy Friend	\$3.00 & up
Pullman Porters Money Luck	\$5.00 & up
Hotel Employes Money Luck	\$5.00 & up
Cooks, Waiters, Porters and Maids Money Luck	\$5.00 & up
To get some work	\$1.00 & up
To get a job	\$3.00 & up
Luck with the Law.....	\$10.00 & up
To aid you win your lawsuit.	\$10.00 & up
For Enemies or Troublemakers	\$5.00 & up
To marry, do well, be happy and prosper	\$5.00 & up
For better health and happiness	\$3.00 & up
To keep your wife or girl friend	\$3.00 & up
Good Luck Around the Home	\$1.00 & up
Lucky Hand Treatment	\$2.00 & up
Luck for the Barber or Hair- dresser	\$5.00 & up
For any personal trouble with the law	\$10.00 & up
To attract to you those whom you admire or desire.....	\$10.00 & up
For Personal Influence	\$10.00 & up
For Personal Control	\$10.00 & up

Hustlers Luck and Secret for
 women\$3.00 & up
 Hustlers Luck and secret for
 men\$5.00 & up
 To Increase your Trade or
 Business\$10.00 & up
 How to do whatever you wish and get
 by without scandal or gossip—just tell me
 your desires confidentially. Enuf said. Per-
 sonal Hands fixed for all purposes. What
 do you wish? I don't care who you are or
 what your troubles are, as no job is too
 large or small to consider. If you don't see
 what you want, write in and ask for it; I
 have it. All service strictly confidential and
 by correspondence only. Send your birth-
 date when writing.

Write today. Send stamp for reply.

"THE PERSONAL GOOD LUCK MAN"

CANADA

CONTRIBUTION to anthropology, as disclosed
 to the world by the Canadian Press cor-
 respondent at Edmonton, the pride and
 joy of Alberta:

An award of \$56,860, with costs, was made
 by Justice W. C. Ives in Supreme Court
 today to C. H. A. Powlett and Armand
 Powlett of Calgary in their damage action
 against the University of Alberta. The suit
 was based on an allegation by Mr. Powlett
 that his son, Armand, became insane as a
 result of 1932 initiations at the university.

The initiation ceremony took the form
 of a mock trial of young Powlett, during
 the course of which he was said to have
 been dragged along a corridor, beaten,
 subjected to cold showers and to have had
 the name of Premier R. B. Bennett writ-
 ten on his forehead with indelible ink, be-
 cause he had refused to say that a sopho-
 more was the highest form of humanity.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

FROM the celebrated Manchester *Guardian*:

Mr. Burt said he wanted the boy to go to
 a Bible class every Sunday and also eve-
 ning service and join the Boy Scouts. "That
 is the hall-mark of a gentleman," he added.

A MAN OF STEEL

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

ERNEST TRUAX and his wife moved into the Fox place on the hill above Merry-all toward the end of May with several suitcases and a bulky equipment that made the country people circulate the report that he was a house painter. As he came with very little baggage and did not begin painting houses, there was some suspicion about his ability to pay his bills.

There were five other city couples retrenching themselves in that community. They lived in houses of varying degrees of ruin and had one thing in common: they had all lost out, some temporarily, some permanently, in one way or the other. The hard times had left them without jobs, or Prohibition booze had knocked the wind out of their sails. The country revived them all and they gabbled about seeds, and the Shermans and the Bowens and the Fitches put in gardens and went around with paint brushes touching up the woodwork in their kitchens. The mouldy city look worked out of their faces, and as summer came on they took long walks up and down the hills and every Saturday went in a body to the town three miles away to do their shopping.

From the start Truax was a man apart. It was not that he was an Englishman, although he took pains to impress the superiority of his race upon the others in the most obnoxious way. As Bowen pointed out, you could no more judge the English by Truax than they could judge

Americans by the kind of thing that passed for such upon the English stage. They could have overlooked the English in him, but what galled them very early in the game was the kind of cringing superconfidential way he had of patronizing his wife by his intentions toward her.

He was the most verbal man concerning his intentions any of the five city couples had ever known, and he seemed to be continually uneasy lest it should not be clearly understood that he adored her and would gladly give his right hand for her. The words "I'd give my right hand for her" always closed any particularly confidential bit he had to impart, and he gradually came to be known as Right Handed Ernie.

He was also distinguished by having been a crack aviator during the war. Very shortly after his arrival he was buzzing around to the houses of the other city people hatching up acquaintances and breaking the news that he had been one of the crack aviators of the Royal Air Force. He could chummily worm himself into the Shermans' kitchen and keep them for hours from going about their business with his long narratives of his exploits and narrow escapes. He had a startling way of jerking up a trouser leg off-hand to show his scar, and as June came on he took to shorts and the old wound lay open to the eye, a jagged dull scrawl.

To get rid of him, the Shermans were forced to spring up at the end of a long afternoon and suggest that they all walk

back up the hill and keep Miranda Truax company. For a man devoted to his wife he spent considerable time away from her. The entire brigade of city couples often met off-hand at the crossroads and charged together to Truax's home. Miranda rose to the emergency and could beat up a batch of biscuits and whisk a meal together for the mob that would make your mouth water.

Ernest was the engaging host on these occasions, mixing and pouring the drinks around the fire if it was a cool evening, and sometimes the disturbing sound of an axe furiously chopping broke in on his pleasantries. One or another of the guests, strolling out, would find Miranda, her slight arms lifted, feverishly hacking away at a huge block of wood for kindling for the kitchen cook stove. Bowen or Sherman would fill the woodbox for her and later, at the table, kid Ernest about it.

"Darling, why didn't you tell me?," he would say, laying his knife and fork down as if they scorched him. In the early part of the summer she snuffed out the sudden surprised look in her face with "Why it's nothing," but toward the end when she was beginning to call him Deadly Ernest she came right out with a bitter "How many times do you want me to tell you?" that never dampened Ernest. He tossed that off as just so much temperament on the part of his wife, and he still held his own as a gentleman who would give his right hand.

But in the beginning no one of the five city couples had much time or inclination for brooding or analyzing one another and they took Ernest good humoredly. He made great strides with Bowen and Fitch and the three went out sketching together. Fitch and Truax even sat up all one night guzzling cider and airing theories about life and art until it was gray outside. The

smell of coffee and bacon at five o'clock woke Mrs. Fitch and she came down to eat with them and be lectured on the way to live with enthusiasms that carried one beyond the need of sleep.

With the village people Ernest established credit by a little ready money. His English accent and the authoritative way in which he discussed tobacco convinced the simple country store-keeper who had never been jipped out of more than a few dollars. The Truax bill ran along mounting higher and higher and no one but Miranda worried. When there was doubt in the clerk's eye Truax bolstered himself with a demand for chutneys. Miranda's murmured warning made him feel a perfect martyr, and all the way home, up and down the hills, he made her feel small and cheeseparing for wanting to deny him chutneys after all he had suffered in the war.

II

In the early summer the city couples seemed to be the winners in that country, and they were caught with the vegetation and the sun into acceptance of one another. The women talked of having babies and the men of apple picking, cider making, and boat building. Only the country people had no time for talk or enjoyment, they were at it day and night getting in the crops, cultivating and setting out tobacco plants. Even the six-year-olds toiled and moiled in the fields while the city folks lolled and talked and felt the sun with real pleasure.

The old New England settlers, those who had sold their birthrights to the newcomers, the Poles and Swedes, kept inside their shacks and drank the last dregs of cider before the new batch of apples came on. It was hard to find any cider so late

in the season and they grew peevish and made short inquisitive raids on one another. Late spring was a bad time for them, they stayed indoors and the apple blossoms were only so many apples that came on too durned slow.

Between the city couples and the old natives there was a sort of communication centering around the common bond of cider, but between the city couples and the working farmers there was only a thin veneer of friendliness that had to do with buying and selling milk and eggs. In the case of Truax the farmers did not even bother to hide their natural aversion. They had an instinctive distrust for a man wearing shorts who had no more sense than to walk around in broad daylight exposing knobby knees. Even the Shermans, who got on well with the Chemeskis, felt like tourists in that country, wandering the roads distracted by the flowers and trees.

The ground bubbled with ripe yellow buttercups and the shade sprouted rich blue gentian. Miranda sat in the sun against the stone of their house and talked of Mexico and the South, Texas and New Orleans, purple bougainvillea, magnolia and honeysuckle, and in that Northern summer her tropic summers were hot and strong. The Connecticut hills were lush with a kind of tropic richness and the flowers were lavish, seething and crowding, but when she picked the dandelion blossoms for wine their yellow reminded her of the deeper orange of the squash flower that the Mexican girls stuck behind the ear for courting.

She sat propped against that wall many an early summer day looking across the valley to the little graveyard, talking to one or another of the city couples who liked to idle, looking down the valley where big Chemeski led his horses to

water. Truax was proud of her talk and yet he was always on the outskirts of it, hanging around with a kind of hangdog look. Once, when the couples had trailed off, he cleared his throat and said he certainly felt out of things. It was bad enough to be in a country not your own, but to be in a house where the talk excluded you certainly made him feel that he played a pretty minor part around here. He should have known better than to come to a country like America.

"What are you driving at, Ernest?," Miranda said, looking up at him and squinting because of the sun. She knew very well but let him say it, let him put it into words.

"I know I should be used to it by this time, but when a man adores a woman it's hard to face the fact that he's nothing to her. Just a useful man about the premises, that's all I am. Oh, I can bear it, I've stood enough in my life and can bear that but I hate to see it exposed to other people. When you go on like that about the past how can they help but think you aren't happy with me? And what do I feel, not that my feelings count, even if it is practically our honeymoon?"

Well, if he could think he could make her feel guilty for a little conversation, he couldn't. And what did he want? The place was run for his convenience, wasn't it, not hers. Look at the big room, cluttered with his things, his work bench, his easels, his paints, his tools, not a place to sit and call her soul her own.

"Why darling," he said, "why darling, you know yourself I only got the work bench there because there wasn't any other practical place to put it and I wanted to make your chair——"

"Yours, you mean," said Miranda. The two chairs, modeled after club chairs to be seen along Piccadilly, upholstered in stout

blue denim, were now ranged in front of the fireplace, but hers had its legs in the raw without covering and its arms were naked and frayed. "I'm going to finish your chair today," said Ernest. "I only did mine first to learn how it was done."

"Yes, I know, Alibi Ernest," said Miranda. "I never knew a man who could turn everything to his own account so neatly. Surely never did."

"Say what you like, but you won't find someone every day who is willing to give up everything for you and go bury himself in the country."

"At my expense," said Miranda.

"That's the end," said Ernest. "Imagine referring to money when everything I've got is yours. Now I see where I stand. Just a hired man. Just a furniture maker. I knew it all along and I'd give my right hand for you, you know it."

He was almost sobbing, and in his hysterical mood started off alone toward the pasture. She let him go. She had absolutely no use for his right hand. Let him keep it. How much better the Indian Salvador had been who had not even offered a hair off his head, much less a right hand. Served her right for having had three husbands and getting harder to suit every year. What was wrong with her? She didn't want to think about herself any more. It made her tired all over.

Better to lie here and look down the valley. It was good, all the crops coming up and the strong Chemeski brothers hard at it all day long. In the mornings she felt proud in her garden, weeding as if she made a living trucking, while Ernest kept his right hand to himself and sat indoors at God knows what. When the Gutenblatts from across the road saw her hard at work, the weeds piled high, the carrots and beets standing up fresh and alert, she could respect herself.

The trouble wasn't with Ernest, she should be kinder to him, but what was wrong with the man that all he did reminded her of the dead and gone? It sometimes seemed as if her stillborn baby that had never breathed was the realest of all to her. He had had arms and legs, a perfect thatch of hair, everything for living except life. Why hadn't he lived? Why had everything she loved withered and died to her touch? She got up off the dampish ground and went around to the back. The black cat mewed and stretched, arching his back as he came toward her. Even he had worms in spite of the eggs and olive oil and the vegetables that she pampered him with. She petted him now and he rubbed himself against her still mewing. If she had a dog it would get fits, a horse, it would break a leg, a bird, it would die of the pip. A kind of cursed black doom seemed on her like a mould.

III

Ernest was floundering around in the meadow, looking lost and foolish. Coming toward the house he saw her watching him from the porch and began to limp. She had to laugh, he was like a child. Sure enough when he was within earshot he began, "I don't want to be a bother but do you know if we have any liniment?" He came toward her hobbling, his face squeezed up. "It's my old wound hurting me again." She made up her mind to humor him. After all, it had been for better or for worse.

"Poor boy," she said. "Come right here, I'll get a nice hot-water bottle and we'll get you all stretched out on the couch and fixed up good as new." His whole face lit up and he looked happy for the moment, almost purred she said to herself as she tried to find the water bag. But no one

could say she didn't mean to try to make something of her life with him. Not that you could make a statue out of runny sand. And yet at times Ernest had backbone.

The other couples were so involved in their daily needs and adjustments to country life and, as the season wore on, their worry for the future, that the problems of Miranda and Ernest Truax did not strike them as unusual. Miranda grew more close-mouthed and Ernest more loquacious perhaps. About that time a popular novel appeared with a line about aviators, those men of steel. Ernest pretended to laugh at the line and his laugh gave him an excuse continually to drag in the illusion. Miranda stood it as long as she could, but one night coming home from a cider-drinking bout at the Shermans' she let out at Ernest who, because it was a black night and he felt her silent animosity, was beginning to limp in a threatening way.

"Now Ernest," she said, "bear up, you man of steel, and get yourself home and to bed."

"Why should I expect sympathy from you? If I was a cat, you might love me. I can't help it that my nerves are all shot and my wound aches. Oh, oh, I can't go on." He doubled up suddenly as if he had terrific cramps and she rushed to him, frightened, and put her arms around him. "Lean on me and we'll get home and get something nice and hot."

"All I want is for you to be good to me," he said, limping along, but he had put his foot down firmly and without real pain. The idea of frightening her like that. She dropped his arm and in a second he crumpled again. "Now come," she said, none too tenderly. "Come along." But at that moment she didn't care if he groveled there forever. She thought of taking a train, of getting away, it didn't matter

where. He was groaning and dropping on one knee and the next minute if she didn't do something drastic he would begin to writhe. "Now Ernest, quit that and come along, you're tight, that's all it is."

"Oh, oh," he moaned, "on the very anniversary too, how can you be so hard?"

"What anniversary?" she demanded.

"Why, the anniversary of the wound, today is the very day. I just remembered it was on this very date I was brought down." He stood there now burbling and sobbing, making himself ridiculous.

"Don't be dramatic," said Miranda. "Get up and come home." She started walking on alone.

"You aren't going to leave me here, are you?" he called, making his voice sound as feeble as possible.

"I certainly am," said Miranda. She ran and heard him floundering and groaning in the road behind her. Back of some bushes she waited and when he thought he was alone he got up quite competently and began walking toward the house. She turned into the pasture and went over to a great flat stone. I'll lie down on this nice stone, she thought. She could hear him as he moved up the road and every now and then he stopped and bellowed, Miranda, Miranda. Of course he'd have no consideration for the Gutenblatts trying to get their sleep. They couldn't lie in bed thinking of their wounds, they had to get up at four, milk forty cows, do chores and get the milk to the State road.

No, he must think only of himself, and lying there on the stone she had a suspicion that she had pretty generally thought only of herself. She had been brought up that way and if she didn't do something about it she would go on that way. She had been lured by Ernest's talk about all he was going to do for her and it served her right that all she got was a

big flat stone in a cold meadow. The night sky seemed like a big blueblackish bowl pressed down and around her. Lying on the ground, it did not even seem so high. She wanted to get out of that bowl. The Chemeskis and the Gutenblatts were out, they had never got in. Now Ernest had reached the house, she could see the spurt of a match and the larger flare of the lamp. A warm yellow glow lit the downstairs room. But the house was no good. Say what you please it had had no luck since its farming days were over.

Everyone knew this house had been the center of a fine farm for a hundred years. Big families had crowded its generous rooms, its pasture was the best, its apples the finest. Miranda had done what she could toward putting life back into the old rooms, had kept fires going on chilly days, filled bowls and bottles with flowers. Around the house the earth steamed with an almost jungle richness, the big heavy leaves of the chestnut threw spotted shade into the bed-room window. Queen Anne's lace and Indian paintbrush cropped from any old rocky hole in the ground, but the house itself had a tight shut look.

Perhaps the last occupant, the race track man's widow, had put a mark on the place for good and all. Money she had had and had done nothing with it but to make a scandal with her pier glass mirror and big carved bed and the young boys she adopted for no good purpose. She had walked off one day when one of the boys went suddenly mad and never showed her face again. The outfit was sold to the Salvation Army for a dollar and they had resold it to more city folks who had come there to be miserable, with no knowledge of what to do when a shutter blew down or the apple trees got tent caterpillars or the spring rains seeped into the cellar.

Miranda figured that she and Ernest

were just as bad, pressing what they could out of the land, milching the soil for a garden, and in the fall they would pull up stakes and let the weeds come in and do their work. The folk in the village would be out some money for credit unwisely loaned, for she didn't have any idea that Ernest would be able to pay that bill. The chutneys and tobaccos and the thick steaks were of his ordering and if he meant to take care of them he was better than she gave him credit for.

As no more noise came from the house she went back quietly and found him asleep with a towel wrapped around his leg in a last effort to make himself thoroughly pitiable. She laughed and lay down gingerly beside him. Once she heard the squeak of an old car as Fun and Frolic Swenson rolled home on their way from cutting up somewhere all evening. The clatter went down the valley a long way. The valley was deep asleep. The house of the Lebidinskis was beyond Chemeskis'. The woman there had died having her tenth child. There had been nothing wrong with her, just tired. A big ripe woman, too tired. With all their work and their pinching and wondering and stewing, she had nothing left to keep herself alive.

She was almost asleep when she heard Fun Swenson's clear tenor as he walked across the marsh grass from the barn to their house. The barn was out by the fields and on moonlight nights you could see the stiff marsh grass sparkling with a kind of shiny dew. The song floated up from the valley. What was it? She sat up and Ernest, disturbed, grunted and dug deeper into his side taking all the covers with him. She got up and went down to the door. The song came straight up out of the deep dark valley. Nothing but "If I had the wings of an angel I'd fly to the

arms of my love." Well, who wouldn't? She knew what love was. When it went, it was like losing an eye or an arm and she knew that she could walk out of that house now and never feel that way about Ernest.

What a romantic thing music was! How it made you feel in your bones and veins! Happy. Just plain lunatic happy. It made her feel soft toward Ernest. It wasn't his fault. It was the war, his mother, his boyhood, his first wife, a combination of things that did for people. He was all warped out of shape like a shoe that has got soaked and has been mistakenly lain by the fire to get dry. She went upstairs and looked down at him. Poor kid.

IV

The next day was a beauty and they forgot their troubles and talked of the future and he got enthusiastic about how much he understood her and how much he meant to do for her in the future. In spite of herself her mind wandered, she thought of Salvador who had never pretended to understand her and never referred to the future. Even his demands for chocolate at four in the morning and hot food that burned your insides seemed amusing. She tried to focus on Ernest but his very face got misty before her eyes.

She would find herself dreaming of the past, of little Clara, her niece, with the lovely never-to-be-forgotten voice. Such shells of ears, such perfect fingers, such a way of talking and looking, even now as she thought of that child a terrible thickness seemed to rise up in her throat and stifle her as it had that day when she heard the little thing was dead. No, she didn't want these old thoughts, go away, and yet just looking at her husband, that man of steel, brought them in a flock to her.

Still, she would have stood it trying to make something of it and they would have gone on lured by their good days. Like the one when the Hortons' cows broke out of pasture and raced down the road for miles lapping up apples that had fallen under the trees. The overripe apples were strong as cider and the soon drunken brutes pushed on from tree to tree, greedy and giddy, their tails streaming, off on a mad bat after years of patient standing and milking and bearing. It was a sight and gave Ernest a good excuse to get up a big jug of cider and make a large evening.

Not that Miranda objected. Mercy no. After all, what were they accomplishing in that countryside? Putting in time, so far as she could see, and the rest of the city couples too. One by one their little places disintegrated and they made their way to other spots to "begin again." Charles Fitch left his wife to find work in Montreal. The Bowens were uneasily planning a getaway. Ernest learning of it told Miranda that he meant to beat them to it. They would be leaving unpaid bills in the village and it would go hard on those who were left.

"How does that concern us?" Miranda said, knowing very well.

"Why, I can't pay that bill. I worked and scrimped." True, he had turned out some little items for an advertising firm in New York. "I've worked and worried and don't intend to be trapped now. These little store-keepers don't starve, you never see one go out of business. You've got to be hard in this world."

She supposed that was what a man of steel would do. But she liked the store-keeper, had exchanged *recipés* with his wife, liked going in and standing around with the country people exchanging comment about the dropping price of milk

and eggs and the rising price of feed. How could she face them again? She had nothing herself any more, her two hundred dollars had been sunk in getting this place together. "Well, Ernest," she said, "I should think your right hand might find a way to get us out of this."

"Oh, I have," he said. "Just leave it to me. Listen, baby, we'll leave here day after tomorrow with one of the milk teams. Get down to the State road and get a bus to the city. I can even get my easels out. The Shermans will keep them for me until I can get them. Pretty slick, isn't it?"

She had to admit it was slick. Too slick for her. There was no need to tell her own plans made firmly on the moment. If she couldn't help the store-keeper she could at least avoid leaving in Ernest's tow. It was a lovely moonlight night, she sat out on the steps and encouraged him to get his mouth-organ. When he played the sad English airs she wanted to cry. She put her arms around him, she would do her best to make their last night good to remember. Not that he knew it was the last night.

He was sound asleep when she got up early, tiptoed down the stairs and out of the house. Oh, the outdoors smelled good and clean. It was exciting to leave a note, to be hurrying down the road. At the corner the big Chemeski was turning the team toward the road. Sure, he was glad to give her a lift. Pretty early for her, wasn't it? Well, he didn't blame those who could sleep for sleeping. He'd like to sleep himself sometime for a whole week and not give a darn for the cows, their teats could bust for all of him. Not that the poor brutes were to blame. But milk wasn't worth selling any more. Slave yourself to skin and bone and then pay for the privilege, that's what it amounted to. Yes sir, couldn't even keep the old car going,

so danged blamed hardup and gas cost more than letting the horses crop.

"Now what do you think of that?," he said, turning suddenly and looking at her with a fierce eye. She didn't have time to say what she thought because in a second he answered, "Well, I'll tell you something, it won't go on forever." The way he said it gave her gooseflesh. Who knew what might happen?

"That's right, Mr. Chemeski, you don't want to stand things that aren't worth bearing." She thought to herself she was only giving herself reasons for running away, but Chemeski backed her up and said again that things couldn't go on like that forever.

It was a fine healthy morning. On the train she kept holding to the good feeling. She had to have something to take back and there was nothing much else, that was a sure thing. Her clothes were worn out and some day she would have a fur coat for herself or go rot in the Tropics once for all. Had it been a mistake to run off? It was funny how little thought she gave to it. Even in town, getting settled, finding a room, putting her few things around, the box of cheap little paints Ernest had bought her, a book, a jade ornament some one had given him and he her, a few little tools for sculpting, all playthings, but she loved those things. When she spread them around she felt at home.

V

Ernest, deserted, could not believe his eyes. He raved to all the city couples that were left, cried, had tantrums and carried on until they were sick of him. The one thing that dragged him off from his wallowing in self-pity was the fear the store-keeper might get on his track. He could hardly wait, once he was started, to tell Miranda

what he thought of her, how terribly she had hurt him, how he had suffered for her. It wasn't hard to find her, through friends, and he toiled up the four flights of steps to the top with all his rehearsed speeches knocking at his ribs. Her face fell when she saw him but she was kind, offered him a chair and a cigarette.

"How could you?," he began and then the torrent fell. She felt as if her skin must be blanching, her bones cracking. What a rage he was enjoying. What tears. Only her hollow heart could not feel. She kept saying, "But Ernest," but his roars drowned her. In a final burst he darted toward the big table, snatched up all her little treasures.

"You shan't keep my presents, all the things I lavished on you, they are too good for you. You didn't deserve such love. You'll never get love like that again. No, never."

He stood there with his pearls before swine gathered into his shaking hands. She ought to cry but she could hardly restrain a terrible need for laughter. When he had

stamped down the stairs, she stood there. What now? She ought to remember the good times they had had together, feel sad thinking of their first meetings. But now he was gone not only their past together but all the other sad memories seemed to have left her. For the first time in a long while she felt happy and free. There were the present and the future, that was all.

Outside the boys and girls picketing across the street walked stiffly up and down with cards on their chests. Last night in this very house a half-starved young man had taken gas, had been carted away feet first. He should have stuck it out, got in a fight. Say what you please, a good fight cleared the air. Her coffee was boiling and she yanked it off, sat down, lit a cigarette. The newspaper on the big table was all that he had left her, but it was alive and crackling with terrible realities. Fruit was lying on the ground in Connecticut. Winter was coming. She had no right to be happy. But she was happy. Never had a cup of black coffee tasted so good.

AGAINST AN AMERICAN THIRD PARTY

BY JOHN STRACHEY

THE present situation in America has evidently made many people feel that what is needed is a new political party, based upon the workers and farmers of America, avoiding alike the now meaningless Liberalism of the Democrats, and what is conceived to be the "extremism" of the Communists.

Such a party would be, were it to arise in America, a fairly close equivalent to the British Labour Party. Hence it may be worth the while of American students of affairs to pay some attention to the experience which the British labor movement has undergone during the last thirty years. It may be that there are lessons to be learnt and mistakes to be avoided. For there are undeniable similarities between the outlooks of the British and the American workers. It is undoubtedly true that both the British and the American workers find it difficult to become Socialists. We are often told that this is because of some peculiar national characteristic. The press of both countries loves to talk of the "innate sanity," or "sturdy conservatism" of the British and American working man.

We may dismiss this sort of talk as quite meaningless. There are definite and adequate historical reasons for the comparative conservatism of British and American workers. The main reason is, of course, that the British and American capitalist systems have been the most successful. The British and American bourgeoisies

have been the richest and the most powerful in the world; they have dominated the lives of their respective countries; they have monopolised the whole thought and consciousness of every section of the British and American peoples to an unparalleled degree. Moreover, and this is the most important factor, their wealth has enabled them to create a distinct section of the workers who have been raised above the normal subsistence level of the proletariat, a section which we call "the labor aristocracy." This section has had a certain small share in the wealth of their masters; its conservatism has, therefore, had a material basis.

The development of these two great capitalist systems has not, however, been simultaneous. The British system came to its zenith earlier than and in different world circumstances from the American. The British system has been in decline for these forty years, while the American only passed its highest point in 1929. And it is often forgotten that the British workers of the heyday of British capitalism, namely the 70's and 80's of the last century, were just as conservative, just as unclass-conscious, just as apparently impervious to socialist ideas as the American workers are alleged to be today. But the British workers of those times, again like the American workers of today, although the great majority of them would have repudiated with anger the suggestion that they were Socialists, were stubborn and

often heroic participants in industrial struggles. They engaged in obstinate and widespread strikes. They fought hard against the perpetual encroachments of capital on their standard of life. But, like the American workers today, they did not fully realize what they were fighting for.

II

However, in spite of everything, in spite of the dominance of capitalist ideas in Britain, in spite of the unparalleled super-profits which the British imperialists, being first in the field, have been able to maintain, the British workers have during the last forty years become Socialists. For slowly but surely the ever deepening crises of British capitalism, the greatest of which was the War itself, have left them no other way out. But, as the British Empire has been maintained, and, in some respects, even extended, the British capitalists have been able to maintain that comparatively small, but highly important, sub-class, the labor aristocracy. They have been able to keep two or three million out of the twenty million persons gainfully employed in Great Britain on a decidedly higher standard of life than that of the masses as a whole. And, as this labor aristocracy of the best paid, highest skilled, and most intelligent workers has, on the whole, dominated politically the rest of the working masses in Britain, the process by which the British working class is freeing itself from capitalist ideas and is achieving socialist class-consciousness, is an extremely confused one.

The history of the rise of the working-class movement in Britain should begin with the great Chartist movement of the early decades of the Nineteenth Century. Chartism, however, was dead by 1850. We may compare it to the American I.W.W.

movement of the early years of this century. Chartism, like the I.W.W. movement, never quite achieved a clear consciousness of the true objectives of working-class action, and it was followed by that flood tide of capitalist success which flowed in upon Britain from 1850 to 1880. Similarly, the "Wobblies" were drowned in the American prosperity of the 1920's.

The modern British working-class movement dates from 1889. It had its birth in the great strikes which were occasioned by the serious slump which began in that year and which continued through most of the next decade. It was then that trade union organisation began to spread to the unskilled workers. Beginning with the London dockers and gas workers, what was called "the New Unionism," trade unionism that is, for the laborer as well as the craftsman, began to excite the English workers. Again one is tempted to an American parallel, and this time to a parallel with the America of 1933.

In the England of 1889 the existing trade union movement was conservative, hide-bound to craft, and subservient to the two great capitalist parties. It was, in a word, very like the American Federation of Labor. In England in the 90's there were a great variety of groups and parties of a more or less revolutionary nature. These groups fought bitterly among themselves, yet felt a desperate need for unity at any cost. They were jeered at for their bickerings and for their lack of contact with the masses. Both in mood and in size they strongly resembled the present American "radical" groups. Indeed, the similarities between the situation of the whole British "left" in the 90's and the American "left" today seems so striking that it may be of interest to consider the birth pangs of the Labour Party in some detail. For the birth has permanently conditioned the child.

Inevitably this sudden spreading of trade unionism in Britain had its political consequences. The workers soon saw that they must organise themselves for political as well as industrial action. Unfortunately the movement towards independent working-class political action split up from the very outset into two divergent streams. Two antithetical and complementary errors quickly developed. First, the majority of those who felt the need for a new working-class party in Britain seem to have felt that need instinctively rather than rationally. They knew that a new "third party" was needed, but they do not seem to have realised what it was needed for. In other words, though they rejected the existing Liberal Party, which the organised British workers had hitherto mainly supported, they had no clear conception of what to put in its place. They had rejected the Liberal Party, but they were quite unable to free their minds from Liberal principles and Liberal ideas.

III

It was such men as these who founded, in 1892, the Independent Labour Party. Eight years later, in 1900, the Trades Unions, the Fabian Society, and other advanced bodies, came together with the Independent Labour Party and made an all-inclusive merger. This was the foundation of the present British Labour Party. From the outset its apparent success was very great. The Trades Unions provided adequate funds, and in the very first General Election in which it took an active part, that of 1906, no less than fifty Labour representatives were returned.

But the men who came to the top, both as practical organisers and as the guiding thinkers and theorists of the new party, were deeply imbued with the characteris-

tic doctrine of British capitalism, *i.e.*, with Liberalism. The most important of these leaders were Ramsay MacDonald and Keir Hardie, as active parliamentarians and organisers, while Bernard Shaw, whose prominent part in the foundation of the Labour Party is often overlooked, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb were the dominating theorists.

Hence from the very outset the new working-class party, the British "third party," had a double character. On the one hand, at its base it undeniably represented the fact that the British workers had grasped instinctively that neither of the two great capitalist parties could represent their interests. The very fact of the foundation of a political party based on, and financed by, the Trades Unions, instead of by the great capitalists, marks a decisive loss of faith by the British workers in the British capitalists.

But, on the other hand, the new Labour Party was led and dominated at its top by men who were still part and parcel of the liberal tradition. This, in its turn, reflected the fact that the British workers were only groping their way out of the domination of capitalist ideas; that they were still possessed of every kind of illusion as to the possibilities of changing and reforming the capitalist system; that they were still easy prey to the MacDonalds, the Webbs, and the Keir Hardies, who, with varying degrees of consciousness, used vaguely Socialist phraseology to clothe their essentially Liberal-Capitalist point of view.

The foundation of a Labour Party of this character represented the main stream of the political consequences which flowed from the awakening of the British workers in the late 80's and early 90's. But there was, as I have suggested, a second and antithetical, though much smaller stream. There were a certain number of people in

Britain who from the outset had grasped the fact that, if the British workers were to achieve anything, they must free themselves, not only from the organisations of the capitalists, viz., the Liberal and Conservative Parties, but also from capitalist ideas and capitalist economics. These men had some grasp, though, as it proved, a most imperfect grasp, of working-class economics and philosophy, as they had just been scientifically formulated for the first time by Marx and Engels. Their most characteristic leader was a talented, if perverse, figure, Hyndman.

This group founded the Social Democratic Federation. (A sub-group immediately split off from the Federation under the leadership of the poet, William Morris, and called itself the Socialist League.) But, if these two groups had a much clearer conception than had the Independent Labour Party or the Labour Party of the need for rejecting capitalist economics and philosophy, they had opposite and just as serious defects. From the first they began to exhibit the most ruinous forms of sectarianism.

With disastrous folly they cut themselves off from the real and powerful, if extremely confused and politically unconscious, struggles which the British workers were actually engaging in at that time. They committed acts of folly, such as refusing to assist in a great London dock strike because the workers would not use the red flag on their platforms.

Again, they boycotted the main working-class party, the Independent Labour Party, which might conceivably have been prevented from becoming Liberal and opportunist if the Marxists of the Social Democratic Federation had worked inside it. Hyndman and his followers hugged their own theoretical superiority, misunderstood the practical application of Marx-

ism as seriously as they misunderstood much of its theoretical basis, and remained a barren and unimportant sect.

IV

There did exist, however, a still smaller group of non-sectarian Marxists. This group was led by Frederick Engels, who, of course, lived in London. It opposed both the Liberalism of the Fabians, the Trades Union leaders, and the Independent Labour Party, and the barren sectarianism of Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation. This is how Engels, interviewed by a Liberal newspaper, the *Daily Chronicle*, defined his position in 1893. I quote from a valuable book which has just come out in England entitled "The Class Struggle in Britain in the Epoch of Imperialism," by Ralph Fox:

The Fabian Society I take to be nothing but a branch of the Liberal Party. It looks for social salvation only through the means which that party supplies. We are opposed to all the existing political parties, and we are going to fight them all. The English Social Democratic Federation is, and acts, only like a small sect. It is an exclusive body. It has not understood how to take the lead of the working-class movement generally, and to direct it toward socialism. It has turned into an orthodoxy. Thus it insisted upon John Burns unfurling the red flag at the dock strike, where such an act would have ruined the whole movement, and, instead of gaining over the dockers, would have driven them back into the arms of the capitalists. We don't do this. Yet our program is a purely socialist one. Our first plank is the socialisation of all the means and instruments of production.

What Engels wanted was, on the one hand, to create a group of men and women who had really understood Marxism and freed themselves from the whole capitalist point of view, yet did not on

that account think themselves superior in any way to the workers, but, on the contrary, would devote their whole energy to furthering the practical, if half blind, political struggles of the British working masses.

This is, of course, the policy which all Communist parties today seek to pursue. That it is the correct policy has now been proved over and over again, and, although Engels forty years ago in England was only able to persuade a tiny group to follow his lead, he was able to achieve some notable successes. True to his principles of basing his work on practical limited demands, which the workers really felt, he led an agitation for the eight-hour day. A United Front Committee was established, and powerful demonstrations, which shook middle-class opinion badly, marched from the East End, the workers' part of London, through the whole of the West End to Hyde Park. Later the United Front Committee became the Legal Eight Hours and International Labour League.

In spite of these successes, however, the forces which Engels was able to muster were not sufficient to present the disastrous divergence of the British movement into the opposite errors of Liberal opportunism and Social Democratic sectarianism. In 1885 Engels himself died, and there was no one left to carry on his work. This is how Fox sums up the reasons for this failure:

There can be no doubt that the reason why the group of able proletarians and intellectuals who grouped themselves round Engels in the 80's and 90's failed to form leading cadres for the new labor movement was their inability to absorb the theoretical positions of revolutionary Marxism and apply them to English reality. They were drawn to Engels by their dislike of the sectarianism of Hyndman and the S.D.F., but one by one the difficulties of

manoeuvring in the sea of English opportunism overcame them and they went back to opportunism themselves, or even, as in the case of John Burns, directly into the camp of the bourgeoisie. Tom Mann alone, after long years of wandering, was to find his way back again into the camp of the revolutionary proletariat, the Communist Party of Lenin.

V

We can now see that the whole history of the British working-class movement in the present century has been conditioned by these initial disasters. But it must not be supposed that most members of the Labour Party during, say, the last ten years have been conscious of all this. This was not at all, for instance, how things looked to me when I joined the Labour Party in 1924. The Labour Party seemed unquestionably the chosen instrument of the British working class. The Communist Party seemed to be composed of doctrinaire extremists. From 1924 onwards I had a fairly varied and active experience of the British working-class movement. I was an unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate in 1924, and during the following five years I edited one of the official organs of the Independent Labour Party, the *Socialist Review*. At the time of the General Strike I became editor of the *Miner*, which was the official organ of the Miners Federation of Great Britain, the greatest of British Trades Unions, and in 1929 I was elected as a Labour member of Parliament and sat in the 1929-31 Parliament. Hence any conclusions which I have arrived at in regard to the British Labour Party are not simply the result of theorising, but are based on experience of its workings.

In brief, experience has convinced me that the Labour Party never was an organisation either aiming at, or capable of achieving, the overthrow of British cap-

italism and the emancipation of the British workers. No doubt it was for a time an instrument by which the British workers succeeded in obtaining certain concessions from the then still rich and prosperous British capitalists. But even that period has passed by, and today we are driven to the conclusion that the existence of the Labour Party is no advantage to the British workers, but is, on the contrary, an immense source of strength to the British capitalists. I ventured thus to define the present position two years ago: "The machinery of the Trades Unions and Labour Parties has become an apparatus used, not by the workers to oppose the capitalists, but by the capitalists to control the workers." In the two years that have elapsed since then we have had striking proofs of the truth of this definition.

VI

But how, it will be asked, can this be? How can this party, which even you admit was formed by the workers when they felt the need for independent political action, have become an instrument of capitalistic control? This has happened, logically and inevitably, because of the whole character and policy on which the party was founded; because of the domination of the party at its inception and throughout its career by the ideas of such men as Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. MacDonald, and Mr. Henderson. It is but the working out to its logical conclusion of the tendencies which Engels struggled against in the 90's. If, however, I were asked to answer in a sentence the question, "How has the Labour Party become an instrument of capitalist domination over the workers?" I should say, "By carrying on the policy of the 'inevitability of gradualness' into the era of capitalist decline."

I remember very well the coining of that now famous phrase, "the inevitability of gradualness." I was just entering political activity—about, as a matter of fact, to fight my first election as a Labour candidate. I attended the Labour Party conference held at the Queen's Hall in 1924, and I remember Mr. Sidney Webb's speech on the necessity of continuing to pursue the existing line of party policy. It was then that he used the phrase, "the inevitability of gradualness." Sidney Webb meant, of course, that, if only we would be patient, sensible, wise, we should certainly and inevitably achieve gradual progress. He meant that the British workers would gradually win concession after concession from capitalism by a painless, pacific, and, to the capitalists, apparently invisible process. And, as the total effect of this process, continuing over the years, capitalism itself would be transformed into Socialism.

Today in Britain, just nine years later, there is hardly anyone, I should think, to whom that phrase "the inevitability of gradualness" means this. For what has happened in the intervening period? Has concession after concession been won from the capitalists? Have the British workers slowly but surely advanced? Has their standard of living risen? Has a process of socialisation begun to transform the very nature of capitalism? On the contrary, slowly but surely the British workers have been driven down and down. Concession after concession has been won, but they have been concessions given by the workers to the capitalists. One by one the earlier gains of the working class—comparatively adequate unemployment relief, short working hours in the mines, pensions and social insurances generally—are being taken away from them.

The Labour Party has faithfully followed Sidney Webb's advice. It has stuck

to gradualism, but its gradualism has been the gradualism of retreat, not of advance. The inevitability of gradualness has slipped into reverse gear. The gradualness, the inevitability, are both present—only now the whole movement is gradually downwards instead of gradually upwards.

VII

The rise and decline of the British labor movement is, I suggest, well worth the study of those Americans who are today supporting the attempt to set up a gradualist third party. There seems a possibility that Mr. John Dewey would like to play the part of theoretical godfather to such a party, to play the part which Mr. Shaw played in England. But surely even Mr. Dewey cannot want to create another British Labour Party? Perhaps, however, he thinks that, even though an American third party were founded in the same way as the British Labour Party, by a fusion of all socialist bodies, of the farmers organisations, and of the trade unions, it might turn out very differently. Perhaps he or his supporters think that our unfortunate experience was not owing to any factors in the Labour Party's policy, but to the personal faults and shortcomings of our British Labour leaders—of Webb, Shaw, Kerr Hardie, or MacDonald. I believe this to be a complete misreading of history. I certainly hold no brief for the leaders of the British Labour Party. But I believe that it was events which molded them, not they who molded events.

Alternatively it may be suggested that the American farmer-labor third party which it is hoped to create will be a fundamentally different type of organization from the British Labour Party: that there can be no analogy between the British and American situation: that the farmer-labor

party will be in fact revolutionary in method, and far-reaching in aim, avoiding only the alleged "doctrinaire sectarianism" of the Communist Party. For this it is charged antagonises the all-important lower middle class, the farmers and small urban producers, and drives them towards fascism. Indeed if we may judge from the speech of Mr. Thomas Amlie, the chairman of the new Farmer-Labor Political Federation, reported in the October number of *Common Sense*, the organ of the third-party movement, the methods of the present leaders of the farmer-labor movement are to be avowedly revolutionary.

When we come, however, to the aims of the new movement, we find that Mr. Amlie defines them as the carrying, by force, of an amendment to the American Constitution forbidding "absentee ownership" of any part of the means of production, and providing for their public ownership and operation. The effect of such a law would be, of course, to nationalise all large-scale, and indeed medium-scale, production, leaving in private hands only such small-scale enterprises as could be conducted by a man and his family without hired help.

The political objective of this demand is obvious. Mr. Amlie hopes to swing the lower middle class to him by the promises that he is attacking "big business" alone. Immediately, however, there leaps to mind the fact that Mr. Amlie is not the first to make this promise. Who was it who conducted the most violent and apparently ultra-radical propaganda on exactly these lines—who "promised" to nationalise all the big banks and trusts," while leaving the property of the small man untouched?

It was Hitler.

It is true that Mr. Amlie's speech is incomparably more rational, more Marxist, than anything which, so far as I know,

was ever said by the German fascists. Moreover, I am sure that Mr. Amlie and his friends today sincerely believe, not only that they are not fascist, but they are the one true bulwark against the rise of fascism in America. Alas, what we believe about ourselves, however sincerely, is of very little importance. What we do is everything—what we think we are doing, nothing. And the ominous fact remains that the present leaders of the Farmer-Labor Political Federation have chosen a line of policy and propaganda which is the typical characteristic of all Fascist parties.

We very readily agree that if the present leaders of the Farmer-Labor Political Federation have their way the American third party will not develop along the line of the British Labour Party. In that event (in itself by no means certain, since the present leadership is necessarily at this stage highly provisional) it would be proved that the balance of American social forces was sufficiently different from the British to prevent the rise of a Social Democratic party.

But this would not mean that the new third party would become more "left" than the British Labour Party. On the contrary, if it continues to base itself upon the lower middle class, and shapes its policies and propaganda to suit their prejudices, it must, it is only too apparent, develop along the lines of fascism. Nor will the sincere protestations of its leaders that they abhor fascism and all its works alter this destiny in the least degree.

I have been able to do no more than outline very briefly the history of the British Labour Party and the rôle which it has played in recent British history, but I would seriously ask those Americans who are considering the question of the formation of a "broad, popular third party" to study this history for themselves in detail.

Is it not just possible that by far the best feature of the present American situation, from the point of view of the workers, is precisely that there exists no social-democratic third party in America; that the American workers are not entangled in the support of any nominally socialist, but, in fact liberal or, far worse, fascist party?

To a European there appears to be something direct, straightforward, and broad about the whole American approach to life. Is it not possible that the American workers may realise already that there is nothing worthy of their serious attention between capitalism and communism, between Morgan and Lenin? Is it not far better that they should go on voting for the two old capitalist parties until the indispensable lesson of events has taught them the necessity, in the interests of their own self-preservation, of establishing a fully revolutionary American workers' party? And, as for American radical thinkers, is it not possible that by learning from the bitter and costly experience of the British labor movement they may skip the whole futile transition stage between capitalist and communist economics and philosophy?

Hegel said in his bitterness that the only thing men learn from history is that men learn nothing from history. We now know that he was wrong. The existence of the Soviet Union, which has maintained the rule of the workers for sixteen years, proves that he was wrong; proves that history is no mere weary, meaningless repetition of identical social forms. Is it not possible for the American masses to leap over a whole historical phase, the phase of that nauseating thing, social-democratic reformism, and to pass direct from the domination of capitalist ideas to the clear-sighted revolutionary struggle for Communism?

INTRODUCTION TO CHICAGO

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I COULD have stayed in Lewistown, Ill., where I grew up and studied law, and been appointed master in chancery, which office paid at the time about \$2,000 a year, but I was determined to go to Chicago, though warned by the village doctor that the Lake winds would be the death of me.

My departure marked the breaking up of the family circle, which my father could scarcely bear. I had been working for him in his law office under a nominal partnership, and I was of help to him in writing briefs, looking up law, and running errands. All of these things were involved in the determination I made one Saturday to leave the village, where I was sinking deeper and deeper into weariness and ineffectual striving, and to take up newspaper work in Chicago. I had spent part of the summer before in Minneapolis, a city then of about 125,000, but this was a small town compared to Chicago, with its million and a quarter of people. Everywhere the name of Chicago was on the lips of travelers. But I had never seen the place, though living for years about 180 miles from it; Minneapolis was the nearest thing to a city that I had ever seen.

My father paid me what was coming to me. After I had settled my bills about the square I had less than \$15. The editor of the local newspaper could not get a pass for me on the Burlington road, which was the most direct way for me, but he got me one on the Santa Fé, which by connections

from the town of Havana ran into Chicago. So I had to take the Narrow Gauge from Lewistown to Havana, and there wait till midnight for the Red Express. It was July 20, 1892, and as hot as the Black Hole of Calcutta there in the windless bottoms of the Great Valley. But tomorrow I would breathe the cool airs from Lake Michigan; I would be in the great city which next year was to celebrate Columbus and his discovery by a World's Fair.

So it was with elation that I left my foreboding family on the station platform, and walked into the little car, which soon was twisting through the cotton-wood jungles of the Spoon River bottoms as the pygmy locomotive with a great whistle sped the eleven miles to Havana. The station there was on the west side of the river. The train did not go all the way into Havana. We arrived at about seven o'clock, and I started to walk across the long bridge, and down a mile through Havana to the station of the Red Express, there to wait for it until midnight.

I was carrying a heavy canvas suitcase which contained my clothing, a lot of manuscripts, a copy of Anthon's Homer, Rousseau's Confessions, an Italian grammar, and a copy of "Mademoiselle de Maupin." I had in my pocket two letters of introduction given to me by my father: one to the general solicitor of the Alton Railroad, an old friend of his, and his former associate in notable trials in Central Illinois, and the other to the general solicitor

tor of the Northwestern Railroad, who had once lived in Lewistown and had figured with my father in the Democratic politics of the State, and in particular in the nomination of John P. Altgeld for Governor that very Summer. In the same pocket with these I was treasuring a letter written me that month of July by William H. Busbey, managing editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in which he had said that while there was no place open on the paper for me, he would keep my name in mind as that of the author of many verses printed in the *Inter-Ocean* which he admired.

At that time the *Inter-Ocean* was owned by H. H. Kohlsaas. Its dramatic editor was Elwynn Barron, and its Boston letter was contributed by Lillian Whiting, who had come from Bloomington, Ill., and was a schoolmate of our nearest woman neighbor in Lewistown. A few months after this I met Barron, and in a few years I became acquainted with Kohlsaas. But at the start I knew no one in Chicago except my Uncle Henry, who was running a boarding house at 2128 Michigan avenue, and getting ready to make a fortune next year when the World's Fair filled Chicago. I had not seen Uncle Henry since I was nine years old. At that time his wife was my mother's sister, but she had died and he had recently made a second marriage. I had written to him that I was coming. He replied to come and to stay with him. I thought this meant board at a very nominal rate until I got a foothold in the city. But in this I was disappointed.

The heat in Havana was unspeakable. The fish-flies swarmed about the street lights as I trudged along carrying that satchel. The sweat poured down my face; my tall stiff collar, as shiny as celluloid from the hands of Yee Bow at the village, wilted down. My white vest crumpled; but on I walked, gazing across the Illinois

river into the jungles fed by the fat mud of the shore, which stank of dead fish and decaying weeds. Chicago was ahead of me, and I hoped it would be many days before I saw this country again.

There was a lonely agent at the station of the Red Express. He was walking back and forth behind the grating of the window; he was whistling at times in a nervous way. I knew the exact minute when the express was scheduled to arrive, yet I asked him its time, and then took up the long wait of five hours for the train. I began to go out to the platform and to return to the waiting-room. Finally, the agent spoke to me, perhaps asking me where I was going. Gradually he began to tell me, under my questioning, that he had a girl who was driving him to distraction by her mystifying ways. Thus a long conversation ensued, in which I gave him advice out of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and other books that I had read. So the five hours went by, while I was anxious for the train to come and take me to Chicago.

The agent was still talking about his girl when the Red Express rolled in. In the sudden whirl of the exciting moment I parted from him, and never saw him again. I took a seat in the chair car, as I had no money for a sleeper. Anyway, I wanted to see the country from the window. I did not want to miss the first appearance of Chicago. So I sat all night long looking out at the prairie, an expanse of blurs and darkness, and at the stars which looked like splotches of running grease in that hot sky. When the sun came up, refreshed from more stoking, we were still many miles from Chicago. There were hours ahead of enduring the stifling atmosphere of the car, impregnated with the hot breaths of sleeping men, women and children slumped down in the chairs.

II

Going to Minneapolis, I had traveled along the Mississippi river and suddenly came into the middle of the town. I was wondering what Chicago would look like, how it would begin. It turned out that it didn't exactly begin. It came in such a way that it was hard to tell how and when we left the prairie, where the Illinois and Michigan Canal ceased, where it was that we first bumped over the tracks of the out-lying belt lines, where there was still farming country, and widely separated houses. Then came truck gardens with houses closer together along half-made streets which stretched into vanishing distances of flat country. Then there were the new subdivisions springing up all around, with newly built and half finished apartment buildings and houses, all in anticipation of the Fair, along streets half-plowed and half-curbed, where newly planted trees were making a desperate effort to grow.

Factories, lumber yards, coal yards, grain elevators, tugs, sailing vessels, steam boats on the river and the canal swam into view as we rattled over the switch tracks; and all around the increasing density of the illimitable city, formed of miles of frame houses, presented itself, smothered this July morning in heat and smoke, in gas and smell, in exhalations from the breweries, in reek of the stockyards. There were noises from a thousand engines, the crash of switching trains, the yells of laborers, and now and then the dull thunder of dynamite; for already the Drainage Canal was being dug to connect Chicago with the gulf, and purify the drinking water of the city. Chicago thus began for me as a mist arises from the sea, in a sense without a beginning.

The train drew under the dark shed of the Polk street station; and there was

Uncle Henry. He was about sixty. He was a silent man, a sad-looking man. But he smiled a weary cordiality upon me; and off we started to take the Cottage Grove avenue cable to Twenty-second street and Michigan avenue. Around the station were insistent cab men, and ragged men wanting to carry satchels.

I took my first glances of Chicago now. Here there were countless saloons, and near at hand a whole street given up to bagnios. North along Dearborn street, as we hurried along, I could see the city of the Loop district, not then called the Loop. The Mondanock Block, the Owings Building and some other sixteen-story structures were then standing in that street. Crossing State street at Polk, we were in the midst of saloons, dives, flop houses, cheap hotels, tough places of assignation. The streets swarmed with people of every clime: Chinese, Poles, Negroes. The great trucks made the cobblestones rattle. The air was suffocating with smoke and gas and the rising heat of middle July.

My white vest soon looked as if it had been dragged through the dirt. I was thirsty, tired and sleepy. At Wabash avenue we boarded the cable, and swept down that feculent thoroughfare, turning at Twenty-second street until we came to the patrician Michigan avenue, where the jingle of harness and the glockenspiel of the docked horses, trotting upon the pavement, gave a very different impression of what Chicago was, after all. Here stood the new Lexington Hotel, finer by far than anything I had ever seen; and two blocks south was the Metropole, and all down and all up the avenue the houses of the rich. Uncle Henry's house was one of those three-story-and-basement structures which lined the avenue. Up the steps we walked to the front door.

They were all there to meet me, and the door was opened as we came up. There was my new aunt, and her mother, and her sister—all at the door. They looked exactly alike. They looked the same age. They looked like the Grææ of Greek mythology, those old women gray from their birth, who had only one eye and one tooth in common, which they borrowed from one another. However, I was greeted by them with effusive affection, and conducted at once to the basement dining-room, after I had washed the cinders from my eyes.

Back in Havana, no doubt, the station agent was commencing another day of thinking about his girl. Here was I facing a group of unfamiliar types at the breakfast table of Uncle Henry, standing there with my white vest and long hair, as I received the satirical smiles of a huge man, who turned out to be a race-track gambler, and of his wife, a woman of opulent breasts and many jewels. The others were Madam Y, a French nurse, off duty for the time, and generally off duty, as it happened. Another was a girl with bandaged wrists, who had but recently returned from Mt. Clemens, where she had taken the waters for her rheumatism. Another was Billy Finnegan, an accountant at the Chicago Edison Company, which just the year before had come under the presidency of Samuel Insull, a protégé of Thomas Edison.

All these stared at me; they smiled and then hid their smiles. They began to talk suddenly with that loudness which betrays an effort to conceal what the talkers are thinking. Pretty soon another habitué came in. It was Clarice, the aunt's niece. Clarice had sultry eyes, and rutilant hair, and thick red lips. She stared at me with unconcealed amusement. I was the nephew from the country.

At once I wanted to see the city, and to call upon Mr. Busbey, and the two railroad lawyers. Though I was addressed at once by the Grææ as dearie, and pressed to have more omelette, I was suspicious of them. I began to think that there was no hospitality here to relieve me of thoughtfulness about my finances. Uncle Henry had to do his morning work before he could take me down town. He turbaned his bald head with a towel and began to sweep the rooms. He went up and down the four flights of stairs, changing sheets and mattresses. All the while his wife stood around, saying that he was the best man in the world, and giving him kisses every now and then. The other Grææ also showered endearments upon him. Uncle Henry looked sheepish; he glanced furtively at me. Perhaps he was thinking that I knew that he had once been a prominent citizen of a down-State town, and as a prosperous man and the husband of my mother's sister had occupied a respectable position in life. Here he was trying to get rich off the World's Fair, and was thus strangely domesticated.

At last his work was done and we set off, while I took in everything going down Wabash avenue to Madison street. The *Inter-Ocean* building was on the corner of that street and Dearborn street, a towered structure very impressive to my eyes. Uncle Henry waited for me in the hallway. I went upstairs, sent in my card, and immediately out popped Busbey from an inner office. He was a white-haired, white-bearded man, with coal black eyes which looked me through, yet with smiling interest, and genuine cordiality.

After he had talked about my verses, his eyes deepened with evident concern as I told him that I wanted a reportorial job. "Look at me," he said. "I am the managing editor, and what does it come to? Go

into the law and be independent. I won't give you a job." He turned to his desk and wrote a letter. "Go see this young man. I kept him out of this slavery. If he says he isn't glad that I did, come back and I'll give you a job." So I departed, bearing a letter to this man—his name was Maltravers—whom I tried to see the next day without success.

I joined Uncle Henry and we walked about the district since called the Loop. Except for a few buildings, Chicago was just as it was rebuilt after the Fire: whole streets of four or five story buildings in the manner of London and Paris, and in that style of architecture largely. The exceptions were the few so-called skyscrapers: the Home Insurance Building of about twelve stories, the Tacoma of a like height, the Unity and the Ashland Block of sixteen stories. But there was also the Masonic Temple of twenty-one stories, at the time the tallest building in the world, from the top of which, according to an old Polonius back in Lewistown, one could see Council Bluffs, Iowa, 230 miles distant. Uncle Henry took me to the Masonic Temple, as we passed the Courthouse, a pastiche of every decadent kind of architecture. He invited me to one of Kohlsaats' bakery restaurants for luncheon. After that I tried to find the Northwestern lawyer. He wasn't in. I called afterward a dozen times. He was never in. Perhaps, after all, he and my father were not political friends. The only time I ever saw his face was at his funeral, a year after this time, when I escorted a new landlady, a friend of the lawyer's widow, to the great mansion in Goethe street which he had left.

The days went by as I tramped the streets and familiarized myself with Chicago. J. Irving Pierce, the owner of the Sherman Hotel, was a client of my father's.

I saw and dined with him. I entered the gorgeous saloons to see the pictures, and the gilded gambling-houses to watch the players. I haunted the Art Institute, and walked by the lake. All this in the intervals of trying to find the Alton lawyer. It was mid-summer and many were away on vacations. At night I sat on the stoop of the boarding-house with the Grææ and the others, looking at the procession of millionaires as they drove by.

Two blocks east of Uncle Henry's house was Prairie avenue, where Field, Armour, Pullman and other magnates lived. Two blocks west was the sporting district, where Minnie Everleigh and her mopsies had their sumptuous abode. Around the corner on Cottage Grove avenue were some concert-halls where the habitués sat at tables and drank beer, and where the chorus queens on the stage sang "Little Ruby," to which the rhyme was "so would you be." Billy Finnegan, seeing that I needed cheering up, took me one evening to one of these halls. At a table sat Clarice with some other bright-haired doxies, waiting for company. One day Madam Y caught me reading "Made-moiselle de Maupin," which inspired in her an interest in me from which I had to extricate myself by finding another boarding-house.

In the meanwhile, Madam Y instructed me in the ways of Chicago. We took long walks together up and down Michigan avenue, where she pointed out to me the Romanesque and Renaissance residences of the Cranes, Yerkeses, the Armour sons, the lumber kings, the brewers and truckers, the politicians, the rich gamblers and lawyers. She took me past the Calumet Club, the most swagger club of Chicago at the time, and told me of the Moore brothers, who later grabbed the Rock Island Railroad, and of Arthur Caton, the horse

fancier, of the Pullman boys, and of Marshall Field and his son, nearly all of whom, by a turn of fate, I was to meet at this club two years later.

After some time I found Maltravers, who also warned me against newspaper work. So I closed my relations with Busbey, though in later years I was accustomed to meet him. The next Sunday, after I found Maltravers, I was at his house near Humboldt Park for dinner. An intimacy began at once. He was a member of the Press Club, and I began to go there within a few weeks of coming to Chicago.

III

At last I was out of money. The Grææ still called me dearie, but they eyed me suspiciously. I went forth and pawned my watch. I could have written home for money, but that would have evoked the retort: "If you want money, come home. Be the master in chancery."

One morning I read an advertisement calling for printers. I was a printer. I went to the shop, located amid the railroad tracks at Eighteenth street west of State street, a thoroughly foul neighborhood. I had to join the union to get the job. I set to work amid indescribable heat and stench. The foreman was about to discharge me the first morning for going out for a beer. I could not drink the water in the bucket, warm as Summer rain. I worked one day and never went back. Months after I drew the \$1.50 that was coming to me.

I was broke and did not know what to do. Finally one day I went to the office of the Alton solicitor and found him in. He sat at a desk piled with papers. He had a cone-shaped head and rat-tailed hair which fell over into his eyes. He wore his glasses

on the end of his nose. His eyes, gray and bright, stared at me like those of a mink. "How is your father?" he asked in a monotone. He then proceeded to scold me for coming to Chicago. "Lawyers are not made here," he said. "They are made in the country. Go back there. My son is coming out of Annapolis soon. He will get the only place there is here with the railroad." He turned and wrote a letter, and handed it to me. "Go and see Judge Harmison. He is close to the Bar Association."

So off I posted to see Judge Harmison, who was office attorney for one of the banks, as it seemed on the surface. In point of fact, he was the poor slave of the most notorious money-lender in Chicago, who was constantly in litigation and often was attacked by victims, who even sought to take his life. Judge Harmison took my letter, read it, put it in a pigeon-hole, and began to tell me stories. He had no job for me, and knew of none. I left him scarcely knowing what to do.

One evening I was sitting on the stoop, and Billy Finnegan, seeing that I was blue, began to give me encouragement. "Pluck up, kid," he said. "By the way, I believe there's a job down at the Edison Company. We had a collector there who used to try justice cases and chase bad bills. He stole a thousand dollars and ran away with a woman. Go down in the morning and see Gorton. He's the treasurer. A nice fellow, not like Insull, the president."

The next morning, attired as I was in the village, I went to see Gorton. I entered his office with a beating heart. Conscious of my white vest and flowing tie, I stood there observing his creased trousers of gray check, and the red initials on his hand-made shirt. He didn't look up from his desk. He was a handsome man of about forty-five. It turned out that he was

a resident of Prairie avenue, a horseman, and of such wealth and independence that Insull did not try to run over him, but on the contrary would smile wryly when he saw Gorton at the cashier's window asking for a hundred with which to attend the races at Washington Park. I had no idea that he would be my best friend among the officers of the company, and that the friendship of his wife for a grand lady of Prairie avenue would be a factor in my career.

Finally, he looked up, revealing a large, rather benignant blue eye. "What do you want?" he asked gruffly. When I told him he repeated what Finnegan had told me, adding that if I stole anything I would go to jail. I turned on my heel, remarking that if he thought I was that kind of man he could go to hell with the job. He broke into a hearty laugh. "By God, I believe you'll do," he exclaimed. "Got any letters of recommendation?" I mentioned that I knew the Alton solicitor, who turned out to be Gorton's intimate friend at the Iroquois Club. "Get a letter from him and the job is yours." I hurried away to see the Alton solicitor. He had gone to New York.

In desperation I went to Judge Harmison to get the letter that had been written to him by the Alton solicitor. I got it and hurried back to Gorton, who read it with the remark, "You must be all right." So I was hired, and entered upon a galling service.

It was an inhospitable set at the Edison Company. There were the electrical engineers, all high-salaried men, who put on many airs. There were the superintendents of construction, who were a tough crowd, and the accountants, who were cynical or surly. To all these I was quite ridiculous. Finnegan was my only friend among the employés until I battled my way along,

and after laying a rowdy accountant low one day made the others shy of starting a quarrel. Meanwhile, Insull stared at me through his hypnotic glasses, but rarely spoke to me.

What I had to do was to walk from one end of Chicago to the other all day long from 8:30 in the morning to 5:30 at night, going into tough saloons, into business offices, into gambling halls, like Harry Varnell's and Billy Shakel's, into bagnios to collect bills. I was cursed for the sins of the Edison Company, and railed at as the representative of a thieving corporation. My other duty was to try cases in the sinister justice courts, where the meter-readings as evidence were neither understood nor accepted as credible, and where I was often defeated because the books of the company were not received in evidence.

In a few weeks I knew every part of Chicago. Night after night I returned through the heat of that Summer, and the bitter cold and deep snow of the following Winter, with my pocket full of checks and money, which I delivered to the cashier, only to be asked why I had not collected a certain bill which had been given me in the morning. As a relief to this slavery I often went to see Maltravers. He would take me to the Press Club, where I would sit beside Opie Read, or Colonel Will Visscher, or Stanley Waterloo. I could then pride myself that I was in a place where the clerks of the Edison Company could not enter.

With my economic problem thus settled, I started out to enjoy the roaring city. It was not long before Maltravers had introduced me to nearly every *Weinstube* and restaurant in Chicago. Whenever there was a bear dinner at the Press Club, or a haunch of venison served, I was invited; and with a guest card given me at once, I

often dropped in to see Opie Read surrounded by a group of admirers as he told stories of Arkansas and Kentucky. At that time he had but recently retired from the editorship of the *Arkansas Traveler*.

Maltravers admired my verses far beyond their deserts, and as he introduced me around I saw that these men of the Press Club knew my name. Thus it happened that Opie Read and I became very good friends from the first, and in the years following I saw much of him when he was writing "The Jucklins" and other plays; when he was hurrying through a novel to get money to keep up his life insurance. I spent one Summer with him and his family up the St. Joe river, where we fished and walked and talked. He had an amazing fertility of plots, an exhaustless storehouse of characters. He poured out novel after novel, all sold on the trains. His humor as a writer and as a raconteur was amiable and human. But somehow he never explored reality, or gave a picture of the lands and the types that he had seen.

There was also John McGovern, known as the Carlyle of Chicago, according to the fashion there to label writers. He had written a novel about the Fire, and was spoken of in terms of awe by his fellows for his great erudition. It happened that in the Spring before I went to Chicago I had published two sonnets in a *World's Fair* magazine which McGovern was editing. He greeted me gladly at the club, and we became friends who talked of literary matters when I stole away from collecting light bills, and dropped in at the club to find forgetfulness of my job.

Years later, about 1908, William Jennings Bryan came to town, and telephoned me from the Press Club that he wanted to see me. He was by that time a life member of the club. When I arrived I

saw him hemmed in the corner of the room surrounded by newspaper men who were listening as John McGovern was prodding him with questions. I neared just as McGovern said to him, "Think, why don't you think?" Bryan's weary reply was that he was tired of thinking. When McGovern died, about 1919, I was asked to be an honorary pallbearer. I had to listen to an oration by Opie Read in which McGovern was placed alongside Victor Hugo and Euripides.

At the club was always Colonel Will Visscher, who had published a book of verse which contained two or three arresting poems. He was the living image of Cyrano de Bergerac, and was as waspish as that visionary. With his bulbous nose and his very bald head he was a spectacle to excite laughter, and his vanity and irritability only made him the more comical. His conceit that he was a swain, and his tendency to recount his amorous successes, caused him to be whispered about with amused interest. He told inimitable comic stories in faithful Negro lingo; and when Opie Read put on his plays at the Schiller Theatre, rechristened the Dearborn, he took Negro parts with great success.

At this time George Horton was writing editorials for the *Herald*. He was a poet who had recently published a book of sonnets, and translations from Sappho. He entitled the book "Songs of the Lowly." He was a close friend of Maltravers, and we three sometimes dined together. Horton was very well educated. Soon afterward he was sent as consul to Athens by President Cleveland, and I saw him no more for years.

Perhaps the solidest man of the Press Club was Stanley Waterloo, whose scientific novel, "The Story of Ab," made a stir in Chicago, and almost brought him gen-

eral fame. He used to bore me through with his cock-eye and ask me about the state of poetry. Somewhere in the offing were George McCutcheon and John T. McCutcheon, of the Indiana school, a very different breed from the Illinois crowd. I met neither of them until some years later. I used to hear Maltravers speak admiringly of Frank Norris, but he never came within the range of my acquaintance.

IV

All of these men of the Press Club, except those who had regular employment on the newspapers, were habitually broke. They drank heartily and supplemented their casual incomes with what they could win at poker. They composed shocking parodies of "The Lost Chord" and "Rock of Ages," and wrote wanton and rakish verse, as Eugene Field did too. They organized suicide clubs, and burned the bodies of dead mates on the desolate shores of Lake Michigan at ghostly midnights. In these particulars they were the sons of Marlowe and the Elizabethan age.

An exception to all this was Emerson Hough, who was always steadily at work. We became friends then and remained so till his death. Also there was Henry S. Canfield, who wrote a few short stories of merit, and many tirades against the Republican party. He was a brilliant man, who might have gone far; but he despaired of the land under McKinley, and cut his throat one morning. Somewhat akin to him but of solider fibre was Horatio W. Seymour, who fought Bryan on the *Chronicle*, and whose editorial on Bryan's defeat in 1900 was a ruthless impeachment. We were friends at once, and along the years. I scarcely had a speaking acquaintance with George Ade, and did not meet

Peter Finley Dunne until some years after this time.

I should have known Eugene Field, who did not die until 1895. He and Maltravers were friends. Besides, a clergyman of Lewistown who had been Field's teacher when Field went to school in Springfield, Mo., urged me to see him at once when I got to Chicago. In a way I tried to do so. I asked Maltravers to take me to see him. But at this time Field was rather detached from the Press Club. He seemed to have no very regular hours at the newspaper office; and though I had published verses in his Sharps and Flats' column while living in Lewistown I was diffident about calling upon him. The result was that I never met him.

In February, 1893, the marriage of my relative occurred which connected me after a fashion with Prairie avenue. And then in addition to the Press Club I had *entrée* to the old mansion of an elderly *grande dame* of Chicago, who had traveled, and lived in Paris in the early seventies. She seemed to be the opportunity for me to follow the injunction of Balzac and make friends with elderly women of experience and wisdom. And so I began to see her and to talk with her about Ibsen and George Eliot, whom she had known, and with whom she had corresponded. All this while I was the collector for the Edison Company.

About two years after this time I did the incongruous thing of joining the Calumet Club, which was the result of my contact with Prairie avenue. Here I saw Samuel Insull again as he sat by the pool tables staring, and waiting for some one. He smiled rather graciously upon me now. It was here that I became acquainted with Frank O. Lowden, a corporation lawyer, who had composed an apostrophe to the flag which sent banquetters of the

Calumet Club into the wildest ecstasies. Lowden was an Iowa product, a son of the soil, who had thus risen to the top.

In celebration of their absorption of Diamond Match the Moore brothers of Rock Island fame gave a banquet at the Calumet where champagne flowed like a mountain stream. All financial Chicago was there: the Fields, the Pullmans, and Lowden, who was reputed to have made a fortune through the Moores. And I was there too, and saw the saturnalia. I threaded my way about like Satan, knowing that I was not finding myself by being there, and for that matter not knowing just how and where my real self would manifest itself out of the many experiences that were distracting me. Some waste in one's life must take place. But I do not count it a loss that I knew the woman of Prairie avenue. Through her I learned that there was a Chicago quite apart from that of the packers and the parvenus, and which can never be omitted when a comprehensive description of the town is attempted. What many people do not know is that Chicago was founded by New England and New York; and that in these years before the days of the megalopolis it was distinguished by families of the pre-Fire days who were educated and traveled, and who did not live ostentatiously, but in a kind of old-fashioned elegance.

At last the job with the Edison Company became intolerable. I had walked and dunned indignant customers of the corporation for nine months. Along came Maltravers with the news that his closest friend was going to set up a law office of his own, and needed a partner. So on May 1, 1893, I was practicing law in Chicago, and doing business sent me by Insull, and by some connections with Prairie avenue. The World's Fair opened; and this partner and I saw it almost every day

during that brilliant Summer. We had plenty of money to loaf and to play. Nearly every evening we dined at Old Vienna on the Midway. One time James J. Corbett, just then the marvel of the world, strolled by our table. We became acquainted; and many times that Summer he sat with us and told us how he had fought Peter Jackson and conquered John L. Sullivan. I did not talk with him after this until 1928, when, on my meeting him at the Lamb's Club in New York, he expounded the difference between training as he used to train for a long fight, and training as Dempsey did for a short one.

Through this law partner I came into contact with the German neighborhoods of Chicago, and with the gardens in places like Wheeling, some miles from the city. I frequented the old German restaurants up Milwaukee avenue, where the sanded floors, the cuckoo clocks and beamed ceilings, the good beer and food often tempted me up that foreign thoroughfare. So that at last there was not a spot of Chicago, or in its environs that I did not know.

The Bryan campaigns, especially that of 1900, fired me to take part in saving the country. The result was that I made friends with my father's political friends in Chicago and from down the State; and so I came to know Roger Sullivan, Carter H. Harrison Jr. and Adlai E. Stevenson, besides Tom Johnson and Governor Stone of Missouri. As I have told at another time, I knew Altgeld before I left Lewistown, and saw him occasionally in the weary years when his power was breaking; and then quite intimately when he was bankrupt and his power was gone. It was a meandering path that took me around where I met and knew referees like Malachy Hogan and George Siler, and sport-writers like Louis Houseman; and then

led me in a different direction to Henry B. Fuller and Bert Leston Taylor; or to the Press Club to hear Ben King play the piano and recite "Jane Jones." He was the most gifted of all these men, and an interpreter of life somewhat akin to Ring Lardner, even though he did not turn much to Chicago, the city, for material.

As for that, who did picture this Chicago? The Cliff Dwellers and the Little Room stood aloof, and dreamed of foreign lands, of French and Italian art. In these days Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor was writing of Molière and Goldoni, Margaret Horton Potter was producing novels like

"Ishtar of Babylon," and Otilie Lilje-crantz was recreating "Lief the Lucky." Robert Herrick took up with realism, but all the vitality of Chicago did not give life to his dead art. The transient eyes of Frank Norris knew this city. Georg Brandes learned about it, partly from me, when he came about 1914, as did John Cowper Powys in 1915.

By that time it had begun to vanish. The megalopolis took the place of the metropolis. Thinking, feeling, living changed; and it mattered nothing that the old buildings and streets remained. The Chicago of the nineties was gone.

THIS BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT AGE

BY ALBERT PARRY

ROBERT LE ROY RIPLEY was born in Santa Rosa, Calif., on Christmas Day, 1893. At the age of fourteen he sold to *Life*, for eight dollars, a drawing showing a small-town girl twisting some laundry over a washtub, the caption reading: "The Village Belle Was Slowly Wringing." In 1909, when he was sixteen, he repaired to San Francisco and got himself a job, at eight dollars a week, as a sports cartoonist on the *Bulletin*. Then he went to the *Chronicle* of the same city, but now he made twenty dollars a week. Soon he asked for a raise of two and a half dollars, and was fired. "If I was your age, kid," said Peter B. Kyne, on listening to his sorrow in the local press club, "I'd go to New York." Ripley went, and got a job on the New York *Globe*. He was no better and no worse than hundreds of other sports cartoonists in the land; but on December 18, 1918, he was blessed with an extreme dearth of ideas, and this made his fame and fortune.

"I could not think of a single thing to draw for the next day," reminisced Ripley to an awed Broadway audience in 1932. "I was turning mental and physical hand-springs. As the deadline approached I hurriedly gathered together a few athletic oddities that happened to be lying on my desk and made them into a cartoon—never for a moment expecting that it could mean any more than a day's work done."

He first named the cartoon "Chumps and Champs," but on further reflection

changed it to "Believe It Or Not." The cartoon was noticed, talked about; a repeat order came from the editor, and in a week Ripley had enough strange stunts in sports for another masterpiece. The B. I. O. N. became a regular weekly feature. Presently, Ripley made it twice a week, and soon had to make it daily, cutting off his usual sports cartoons once and for all. When the *Globe* died, Ripley was snatched up by the New York *Evening Post*, and somewhat later was taken over by Mr. Hearst and his King Features.

The Lindbergh flight to Paris was the great turning point for Ripley. He drew and said that, believe it or not, Lindbergh was not the first man to fly successfully across the Atlantic Ocean—that, in fact, he was the sixty-seventh man. A storm of protest and ridicule broke out, but Ripley proved that before the Lone Eagle there flew Brown and Alcock in 1919, and the crews of two dirigibles, the English R-34 and German ZR-3, and presto! there was a gale of huzzahs for him.

This scoop was followed by his amazing statement that in Dedham, Mass., there lived a one-armed paperhanger, named Albert J. Smith, who had the hives. This simply wowed the American people. They repeated this revelation in shops, at home, on the street, in restaurants, on trolley-cars and trains, and at filling stations. They laughed and laughed and laughed. A more profound sally was essayed by the Master when he drew the picture of a bottle and

asked his readers: "If a bottle and a cork cost \$1.05 together and the bottle cost one dollar more than the cork, how much did the cork cost?" The entire country got busy with the problem, suspecting a profound puzzle. In Washington several Senators, dizzy and panting, submitted the riddle to President Coolidge himself. That thinker considered the Ripley clipping solemnly, and then handed it back unsolved, remarking:

"You folks in the Senate seem to have the time to solve these puzzles."

Then came Ripley's first radio-talk and the great scoop of the Marching Chinese. It rivaled, in the wonder and talk it caused, the scoop of the one-armed man with the hives. I quote from the aforementioned address of the Master in 1932:

I recall that Sunday night in February, 1929, when I appeared before the microphone for the first time. It was *Collier's* hour. It would have been the first and last time except for the story I told of the Marching Chinese. I said that if all the Chinese in the world were to march four abreast past a given point they would never finish passing, though they marched forever and ever. This is true. If the Chinese followed the United States Army regulations, but 26,280,000 could pass a given point in one year. Assume the birth rate to be 10%, and allow that half of the new-born babies die before they are old enough to walk, there will still be more than 30,000,000 of new-born Chinese coming on each year to join the long procession. So! The longer the Chinese march, the more Chinese there will be.

The Marching Chinese, coming as they did at the time the Simon and Schuster people were ballyhooing the Master's first book, clinched his fame on the air. One thing helped another: the Marching Chinese made the Simon and Schuster task lighter just as the publishers really made the Marching Chinese possible. A year or

two later, in the worst days of the American depression, the Master complained good-naturedly: "Since the publication of my first and second books I have had neither time nor rest nor peace. Instead of one secretary, a dozen are necessary. A million letters a year pour into the Believe-It-Or-Not Studio. There are lectures, talking pictures, radio; syndicate features to prepare and illustrate, more books to write." In 1933 there was the grandiose "Ripley's Odditorium" to be arranged at the Chicago Fair, a thoroughly coney-islandish business but thoroughly successful. By the fall of 1933, his books had sold more than 110,000 copies.

The Master would surely have broken down under this burden were it not for his athletic habits and general asceticism. Early in his career he got himself a room in the New York Athletic Club. He exercises regularly with the ball and the boxing gloves. In his youth, as a matter of fact, he craved to be a ball player, and at least on one occasion he sparred with Jack Dempsey. For a long time, until very recently, he used to rise each morning before seven, and start the day's work at once. He works in a semi-nude state, a single and simple robe over his buff. He neither smokes cigarettes nor tastes any sweets, though an occasional cigar gladdens his labors. His suite of rooms is littered with heavy tomes of encyclopedias and dictionaries and enlivened by two Paraquita birds which he brought from the tropics. He is unmarried. His hobby is travel, and he boasts that he has already visited, in search of B. I. O. N. material, close to 200 countries. He is patient, thorough, and spends months chasing proof of a single item before he prints it. He is assisted by an ample staff. One of his research men speaks thirteen languages and is ever digging in the libraries and mu-

seums of New York. It was he who a few years ago unearthed for the Master the exact record, jotted down by a learned ornithologist, of a dying swan's song.

II

The success of the Believe-It-Or-Not idea coincided with that of the tabloid newspaper. The base of both American phenomena is identical: more pictures to gaze at as you chew your gum, less text to read. Both are easy on the intellect where there is a marked shortage of the latter. Was it the ancient Chinese who had the proverb, "One picture is worth ten thousand words"? Then a national association of American engravers has the motto, "Your story in pictures leaves nothing untold." And that is what the great American public has always been wanting: all the inside dope, of aspects queer and lurid, conveyed in that most rudimentary method of communication, the drawing or picture.

Regarded in the light of the history of American journalism, this Believe-It-Or-Not business is not so new. It is the good old vanishing Sunday feature section suddenly come back and turned graphic and concise. Within the last two decades many Sunday supplements of the daily press have succumbed before the terrific onrush of the comics, so popular with the kiddies of all ages. Wherever it has held its space, the Sunday feature section of the American newspaper has, of late years, grown too long-worded, too stuffy with economic discourses, too by-lined with big names saying precisely nothing, too feminine with hints on interior decorating and summer salad-making. The reader does not want such a Sunday supplement. He wants the old wondrous stories of the four-year-old Willie Strumpf of Hole Corners, N. J., and his astonishing habit of smoking ten

cigars a day, said habit being encouraged by his fond parents and endorsed by his doctor. The reader wants the chance to exclaim: "Can you beat it! Isn't this the limit! What a cockeyed world!" It is to such free American citizens that Ripley and his imitators came as a godsend.

Probing deeper for the reasons for the success of Ripley and his apers, we find, first of all, the feeling of superiority which swells the common man when he reads of monstrosities and eccentricities of other people near and far. Ha-ha, chuckles he to his wife and himself, aren't those people looney! He finds, in those drawings and terse captions of the Believe-It-Or-Not masters, an affirmation of his own normality. In other cases, where he himself is afflicted with secret sins or idiosyncrasies, he finds in the Ripley sketch and text an absolution of his own quirks: so, other people are afflicted, too! well, I can't be so bad, after all! Finally, there is the satisfaction of the purely sadistic desire to see monstrosities and to gloat over them, because they represent other people's misfortunes.

The painful craving for superiority is again assuaged when a man is offered the opportunity to hear or read and then repeat an unusual story and see the wonder in the eyes of his listeners. He interprets this wonder as a tribute not only to the qualities of the story but also to his telling of it. By telling an unusual story the man also becomes unusual. By telling it, he lifts himself above the humdrum, he becomes part of that romance with which the story is permeated. Here the same principle is at work as that which makes it possible for the novelists to earn their daily bread and praise. For, generally speaking, men like to read of wonderful things in order to escape the drabness of their own lives. They identify themselves psychically with

these things and thereby achieve, vicariously, a delusion of grandeur.

Moreover, this being the age of scientific wonders, there is a widespread notion afoot that nothing is impossible in this world and age, and so the forgotten man wants to hear of more and more impossibilities come true. Unusual stories of did-you-ever happenings and I'll-be-damned habits are often a substitute for that awesome thing called Learning. By following the Believe-It-Or-Not and How-It-Began cartoons and captions assiduously enough, men and women absorb heaps of information about distant lands and past times and curious present-day experiments—a painless equivalent to a draggy high-school or college course in geography, history, physics, biology, mathematics—or so it seems to the Ripley fan. As good as plowing through scores of text-books and listening to teachers, and maybe better. The authors of the cartoons are sage professors to their customers, and the authors themselves are beginning to take themselves seriously. Last year, in a public print, Ripley modestly compared himself to Herodotus and Marco Polo, but added that he was better off, because, while those two ancients had not been believed in many of their honest assertions by their doubting contemporaries, he was believed by his clients, and how!

"Happily for me," he rejoiced, "there is an abundance of authority in the world today to back up statements that could only be set down as fables in the time of Herodotus. When he told of the export of dried pygmies from India, people probably spoke the ancient equivalent of 'Oh, yeah?', but when I tell about a mummified South American Indian boy shrunken to a length of six and one-half inches, I can produce the body—well, anyway, a photograph contrasting it with my own hand."

With much pride the executives of United Features point to the fact that their "How It Began" cartoon has found its way from the local subscribing newspapers into various school rooms, elementary and high. In a Columbus, O., high-school there arose a spontaneous "How It Began" club to follow the feature and to do further research along that line. In Colma, Calif., a class in ancient history receives from the teacher regular assignments to do such research; what the scholars unearth they send to United Features.

Even college professors here and there have pinned clippings of the cartoons to their classboards.

III

"How It Began," by Russ Murphy and Ray Senusky, and "Strange As It Seems," by John Hix, probably come closest to Ripley in their success. Started in 1930, the Murphy-Senusky cartoon is now distributed to nearly a hundred periodicals, about a dozen of which are sedate British journals of the provincial shires. The Hix cartoon already has found its way into the films and a book. Then there is "Scott's Scrapbook," by R. J. Scott, distributed by the Central Press Association; it, too, is an omniscient work, but of a more subdued and conservative spirit.

Taking it for granted that many readers could not help but be annoyed by so much omniscience, H. R. Walmsley recently came out with a cartoon entitled, "Nobody Knows." It is a success, and is syndicated throughout the country. Its chief customer in the East is that intellectual of the New York tabloid, the *News*. Then there is Ray Gross's cartoon, "Can It Be Done?," which deals graphically with the wide range of possibilities in the field of mechanical invention. It, too, recently

achieved the dignity of a book. Among other special-idea cartoons there was one of freak events and nutty people in sports (a throwback to Ripley's dawn), one of eccentric adventures in an adventure magazine, one of crazy bits of jewelry lore in the *Jewelers' Circular*, two of screen oddities, one of strange tobacco-facts, one of curious tea-facts, and many others too numerous to be listed here. Many of them have been used in advertisements for jewelry stores, cigar manufacturers, tea companies, and other establishments.

Based on the modern man's impatience with the printed word, this Believe-It-Or-Not wave can hardly be called a fad. It is not another mah-jong or miniature golf. Blooming in the early Terrible Thirties, when to say that you were making a mere living was considered as so much bragging, the B. I. O. N. and its imitations constitute now a solid, steady industry, serving millions of faithful fans and giving livelihood to hundreds of artists, "researchers," secretaries, printers, and the brain trusts of the syndicate companies.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

VINCENT D'INDY

By EDWARD ROBINSON

VINCENT D'INDY is a striking example of an artist whose prestige is great, but whose work few people actually know. When he died in Paris three years ago at the age of eighty, he had been recognized by serious critics for at least forty years as a leading figure in French music. His activities as an educator, to begin with, were of enormous influence. More than any other single man, he was responsible for placing French music upon a plane of seriousness and dignity it previously had not boasted for many decades. It was owing largely to his indefatigable efforts that the music of his teacher, César Franck, first became known and valued at its true worth. He was a pioneer in the reform of church music, and in the revival of interest in the classics.

With Saint-Saëns, Franck, Fauré, Lalo, Duparc, and others, he was an original member, and then president, of the Société Nationale de Musique, founded in 1871 and justly called "the cradle and sanctuary of French art." Most of the new composers of the time obtained their first hearings at the concerts of this society, and the extension of the programs to include the masters of other countries was a primary force in re-awakening public interest in serious symphonic and chamber music. D'Indy was also a founder, in 1894, of the Schola Cantorum, which became, under his leadership, one of the most important educational institutions in France. In addition

to his work there as teacher and lecturer, he conducted concerts regularly, edited new works and reconstitutions of forgotten masterpieces, collected and arranged a large number of French folk-songs, wrote criticism for various periodicals, and published analytical biographies of Beethoven and Franck, as well as the "Cours de Composition Musicale," a monumental work on the evolution of musical forms.

The unquestionable distinction of his compositions, besides, won public notice from the very beginning. As early as 1885 his dramatic legend, "Le Chant de la Cloche," gained the prize at the competition of the city of Paris. Lamoureux produced his symphonic scores when the composer was still in his twenties. "Fervaal" was mounted in Paris and Brussels shortly after its completion in 1895, and "L'Étranger" was acclaimed as a masterpiece of French opera when it appeared in 1903. Gericke invited him to conduct his own works with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in December, 1905; and the Kneisel Quartet and the Longy Club signallized his visit by performing several of his chamber music compositions.

His music, nevertheless, has made little popular headway. The list of his compositions numbers more than a hundred, including three symphonies, two operas, three quartets, three trios, and three sonatas, as well as sextets, oratorios, choral pieces and essays in almost every other vocal and instrumental form. Professional musicians rarely put any of them on their programs, and in most cases do not bother

to learn of their very existence. One or two examples, such as the "Istar" Variations and the "Symphony on a Mountain Song," are occasionally played for concert audiences in this country, but d'Indy still remains for us hardly more than a name—and usually a mispronounced one at that. European circles are quicker to concede that he was "un maître," yet even there the concession brings respect rather than actual renditions of his scores.

The most obvious reason for this curious contradiction lies in the austerity and aloofness with which d'Indy surveyed his own destiny. His entire artistic approach had a deeply thoughtful cast, which was opposed in spirit and conception to the prevailing character of contemporary music. He looked upon the function of the artist with an almost monastic asceticism, and he refused to follow the superficial fashions which gained popular success for the Ravels and the Stravinskys. He was almost alone in maintaining, contrary to such men, that no composer could hope to write anything of importance unless his thought and method were logical accretions to the material already evolved by his great predecessors. The basic tenets of musical art he held to be indestructible, and he insisted that new developments had to have their roots in the common heritage of the centuries in order to be truly valuable.

In his own work, d'Indy adhered to these principles unshakably, despite the divergent trends of his time. The essential stuff of his music, first of all, was drawn preponderantly from French folk-song. The early symphony "sur un chant montagnard Français" (opus 25), the "Jour d'été à la Montagne" (opus 61), and the "Six Chants Populaires Français" (opus 90) for chorus *a capella*, are examples, at various points in his career, of what was a

general practice throughout. Even where he does not indicate specific folk-songs—as in the "Ronde des Villageois" from his piano suite, "Contes de Feés," or in the middle section of the scherzo in his piano quintet (opus 81)—the melodies are usually in their same character and spirit, so that one can almost hear the words as if sung by a high, nasal French tenor. Thus permeated with the broad folk element of his people, d'Indy's work has a clear Gallic ring that no other French composer has caught with any comparable degree of authenticity.

This primary melodic material rests on a harmonic support which fuses the diatonic character of German music with the chromatic aspects developed by César Franck. By his constant use of fresh tonalities, and by increasing the variety of his cadences, d'Indy extended the boundaries of both sources to achieve a harmonic idiom peculiarly his own. It is at times distorted by an overemphasis of the enharmonic principle, and the so-called "false relation" frequently becomes a rather exasperating mannerism. But for the most part, his absorbing skill and imagination conclusively demonstrated that within the traditional framework, it was easily possible to state original ideas without destroying in any way the fundamental laws of syntax and grammar.

D'Indy's style, as such, wove these two basic elements into an essentially polyphonic fabric, which was itself derived from the contrapuntal methods of the ancient church composers. It is profoundly illuminating to see how he uses the fugue—a form supposedly exhausted—as a vehicle of expression for warm and living emotions. The fugue in his "Thème Varié, Fugue et Chanson" for piano (opus 85), is written in a lovely meditative mood, and has a quality of peaceful beauty and charm

that was not only characteristic of the man's temperament, but also was as far away as possible from the mathematical dryness usually considered an inevitable consequence of the form.

As a matter of fact, it was a fundamental thesis of d'Indy's teaching that modern composers needed to re-study the polyphonic school as a fertile source of suggestion for their own work. The group of compositions he himself wrote during the last decade of his life—to my mind the most important of all his works—were powerfully influenced by the ancient classics. Within the austerity of their style, they have an extraordinary ease and plasticity of movement. The engaging candor of the folk-music which forms their thematic basis is welded to the severity of the counterpoint with an emotional appropriateness that is astonishing. The purely decorative element that sometimes overloaded his earlier compositions is eliminated, the harmonies become simpler, there is a greater economy of actual notes, and the result—as in the setting for chorus of the “Chants Populaires”—is remarkably fascinating and beautiful.

The architectural scheme of the large works rested primarily on the sonata form, but with special emphasis on the principle of variation, as in the piano sonata (opus 63), and on the use of the thematic germ as the basis for all the movements and all the themes, as in the second and third string quartets. The intellectual postulations of his æsthetic system here drove him into effects that were often theoretically interesting but musically strained and obvious. With increased experience, he modified his forms by returning to the style of the dance suites, and the last group of works are filled with such things as the sarabande, rondeau and divertimento in engaging versions of the older prototypes.

D'Indy's most original contribution, however, was the extension of rhythmical patterns to include five and seven accents, or beats, as primary units of manipulation. Before his time, the group of three beats was the only uneven unit in use as a basic metrical figure. Such things as Tchaikowsky's familiar $5/4$ movement in the “Pathétique” symphony, or Brahms's alternating $3/4$ and $4/4$ measures in the Hungarian variations (opus 21), were experimental exceptions to the rule, but in most of these instances the beats of five and seven were thought of actually as additions of three and two, or three and four.

Many modern composers, as well, have introduced all kinds of rhythmic eccentricities into their scores, and most of them write hardly two consecutive measures with the same time signature. But d'Indy employs the group of five or seven—as in the scherzo of the piano quintet—throughout an entire movement in the same sense that the more traditional units are used; and he is the only one I know who presents these uneven measures as altogether convincing entities. He does this by extraordinarily skilful placement of chord resolutions and cadences, so that it becomes impossible to divide the measure, either harmonically or melodically, into smaller component parts. In accomplishing this difficult feat, he extended the boundaries of rhythmic expression enormously.

Now, it is at once apparent that these highly admirable aspects of d'Indy's art, however solidly founded, were too unspectacular in appeal to compete successfully with the noisy “innovations” of other composers. There was, besides, a more concrete explanation for his lack of popularity. Compared with the German giants, d'Indy was deficient in pure animal passion. Fine artist that he was, he knew enough to base his music on a broad melodic foundation,

and his work is filled with a constant lyric element of a very beautiful order unequalled elsewhere in modern music. Yet the particular character of that lyricism possessed a reticence which the crowd would naturally fail to welcome. His art was a highly civilized thing; but lacking the impact of searing emotional struggles, it failed to exert an immediate and compelling attraction on a wide scale.

Apart from this artistic deficiency, unfortunately, d'Indy was also personally afflicted with an intellectual myopia that froze even his warmest admirers. A devout Catholic, he let his creed lead him to opinions that were not only often ridiculous, but, to independent minds, definitely repellent.

Thus he deduced that the origin of art is in religion, and then proceeded to reason that since his was the best religion, all art that grew under other auspices was necessarily inferior. As a result, he became blindly prejudiced against Protestantism and Judaism, decided that the art of the Middle Ages was much superior to that of the Renaissance or the Reformation, and concluded that the Christian God could be the only true source of modern inspiration and accomplishment.

These premises he invoked not only in his own work, but also as basic platform for his critical writing. In order to justify his admiration of Bach, whose greatness naturally could not be denied, he concluded that the Leipzig cantor, though a Protestant in outward observances, was really a Christian at heart. Palestrina slipped into his world of great composers only with the judgment that the Renaissance in music really did not begin until the Seventeenth Century. Jewish musicians were rejected without reservation. Out of the finale of Beethoven's quartet (opus 132), wrote d'Indy, "sprang the entire

melodic vein of Mendelssohn; but the phrase of the Titan of Bonn is expressive and touching to the same degree that the ideas of the amiable and correct Berliner—which derive, nevertheless, in their essence, from that phrase—are cold and arid of emotion." Of Ferdinand Ries, who was Beethoven's close friend for many years, he wrote that "although an impeccable virtuoso with regard to *digital* execution of the greatest difficulties, he was of Semitic origin, and could not penetrate into the arcanum of the master's essentially Aryan music."

This pietistic bias often rendered him completely impervious to the actual realities of the subject he was treating. "Beethoven, a being eminently chaste and of deep Christian conviction, could not conceive sensual love otherwise than according to the commandments of God—solely in marriage," he wrote in describing the man whose contraction of syphilis from a prostitute was one of the major catastrophes in his life.

From his biography of Franck, which presents the composer as a stuffed saint rather than as a human artist, one would never suspect that the good Belgian's life was deeply clouded by a marriage that had been unhappy from its very inception. Indeed, the pressure of d'Indy's sectarian dogma was so strong that even technical phenomena in music were interpreted in terms of theological symbolism. Thus the mark of God in Three Persons was discovered in things like the ternary rhythms, which d'Indy called "an admirable application of the principle of the Unity of the Trinity."

It is jarring, of course, to come upon this kind of thing in an artist otherwise so keen and discerning, and doubtless there were many who were strongly alienated as a result. The emotional striction thus

indicated I also find occasionally to be present in the quality of his music itself. But these were merely the imperfections which prevented him from being a truly great artist. Despite them, his music will probably prove to be of more genuine importance than that of any other composer since the days of Brahms and Franck. He worked at a time when the whole edifice of his art was visibly crumbling to the ground, and he fought for vital principles which contemporary musicians were seriously threatening with destruction.

D'Indy refused to capitulate, showing a lone tenacity of purpose that was little short of heroic. He devoted his life to his

art with a completeness and consistency truly reminiscent of the medieval masters. His learning was tremendous, his power of synthesis profound, and his industry unrelaxing throughout his long life. Faith in his work never faltered for an instant, and in a city which loses its head over pigmies like Poulenc and Satie, he demonstrated once again that in art, as in life, the best and the worst in men can flourish side by side.

The true aspect of French culture is to be found in his music, not in the caricatures drawn by Debussy and Ravel. Ultimately, that fact will be more generally recognized.

Military Science

RADICAL CHANGES IN INFANTRY TACTICS

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY

THE armies of England and America are moving rapidly toward the complete abolition of the line, on the parade ground as well as on the battlefield.

In early modern times, battle power depended upon shock, the manpower of one mass of men hitting another mass of men and overwhelming them. Then the musket and gunpowder brought fire power. Troops were formed in four lines, because it took a man three times as long to load his musket as it did to aim and fire it. The soldier who had fired ran quickly to the rear. Each rank in succession did the same, uncovering the next rank so it could fire, and reloading in the security of the screen formed by the other three ranks in front.

Frederick the Great so skilled his minions that they could reload more quickly than other troopers, and he was thus able to reduce his four lines to three. The ad-

vent of more modern rifles brought the two-deep formation of the Civil War. The magazine repeating rifle introduced in the late Nineteenth Century enabled a man to reload more rapidly than he could take careful aim and fire, and therefore from the time of the Spanish War to 1917 troop formations were in skirmish line—all men on the same line and almost shoulder to shoulder, one man per yard of front.

Intense artillery fire, and particularly the rapid small arms fire from machine guns and automatic rifles of the World War, soon exposed the folly of troops attacking across the open in a solid line. The advance was in small groups at wide intervals, at least five yards between men, and the tactics of assault required advance by squads, each under its leader and each coöperating with, but not aligned with, its neighbor squad. From offensive tactics the line became as antique as the British at Bunker Hill and the Virginians under Pickett at Gettysburg. The infiltration initiated at Cambrai in the German counter-attack put an end to it forever.

Several infantry officers decided in 1925 that our troops were still clinging too affectionately to the antique shibboleth of the "line." They said that the way to get rid of the idea of a line was to get rid of the line. They saw troops on maneuvers reverting to drill ground habits. Soldiers who form every morning for reveille and later for drill, and every afternoon for fatigue, and every evening for parade, and always form by falling in "in line", and do most of their marching and drilling in line, are not going to forget their daily habits when the guns begin to pop. These officers discussed the matter for a while and talked over what could be done about it.

And then, by a stroke of fortune, one of them was appointed on a board which was to suggest corrections and alterations in drill. No one dreamed of a radical change. The board was supposed simply to smooth out little irregularities and make minor corrections. It ended by recommending a complete revision of drill.

This recommendation was a blow to many higher up. It followed some of the doctrines of those alert British military writers, Fuller and Hart. It begged for approval because it would simplify drill and save time in the conditioning of a suddenly raised emergency army. As soon as this suggestion met an initial, favorable reception, the group of progressives did not sit back and consider their work done. They knew only too well the monastic conservatism of the average military mind in high places. The "old army", you know, is always best, and the old way of doing things is always perfect. The purpose of drill, said the old regulations, was to inculcate discipline.

The insurgents knew they would have a hard time convincing many a hard-shell that the intricacies of "squads right"

wasted more training time than the "discipline" was worth, and that the practical impossibility of attaining perfection in some movements made much drill effort actually subversive of, rather than beneficial to, exact and precise discipline.

So they tried propaganda. They decided to prepare the infantry for a radical change. They inspired a regular army captain to write a suggestion to the *Infantry Journal*, advocating something like the new drill and criticising in scathing terms some of the inherent difficulties of the old squads-right routine. They inspired a National Guard colonel to write another article suggesting that the civilian components would prefer to have a simpler drill and more drill hours devoted to more valuable phases of training. They impelled two other regular officers to suggest alternative forms of simplified drill, but both based upon the same basic theory: that parade ground formations should bear some relation to battlefield formations, and that the way to get rid of the habit of the line was to get rid of the line altogether.

It took.

Higher authority was favorably impressed with the arguments. The New Drill was published to the services, and sent out in tentative form for test and report. The reception has been favorable, and there is little likelihood that "squads right" will much longer be heard in barrack yard or armory hall.

Nevertheless, though apparently doomed from drill ground and attack formation, the antiquated line has persisted in defensive schemes. That was the next object of assault.

It might be dangerous to walk across an open field in a close line, but was a line so inappropriate on defense? Defense is by fire power, and the more men you

get together firing abreast of one another, the greater the fire power, for the zenith of rifle power is a line of men crowded shoulder to shoulder and each working his rifle as fast as he can. Is it so very dangerous for men to stand abreast in a single line, if they all stand in a trench, mostly protected from view and from harm by the wall and parapet of the trench? The question badly overlooks the matter of concentrated artillery shell fire; but it is a logical question, after all, and has made the argument the harder. The very war which tended to shatter lines into small groups of soldiers, by the phraseology it made common, fixed the idea of the defensive line almost beyond erasure. There was the "line of trenches" from the Alps to the sea. There were the "front line" trenches. And the books on tactics and battle orders spoke of "the main line of resistance." The idea may be gone, but if the words persist it may return.

It did return.

In 1923 the U. S. Army Field Service Regulations, supposedly written to embody and adopt the best World War experience and practice, talked at length about "combat posts" and "strong points" and "centers of resistance" in a fashion to gladden the heart of any enemy of the ancient line, but then broke that heart completely by going right on and defining a main line of resistance as "the line in front of which the fire of all elements of the defense is concentrated to break up the hostile attack and which must be taken by counterattack in case of hostile penetration."

Over in England, whence Hart's "Re-making of Modern Armies" had come to start our "new drill" spasm, they were as stubborn as we. Bulldogs of the battlefield (witness Waterloo, and Spion Kop, and Le Cateau!), they do not like to give

ground. By 1926 their Infantry Training text still said:

Organization of a defensive position in mobile warfare. The first consideration will be to determine the general line in front of which it is intended to stop the attack.

And we and the British, in our maneuvers and our map problems, went right ahead trying to keep our main line of resistance active and vigorous. For years we drew a main line on every defense map we prepared. We were told it did not have to be a straight line at all. It could crook and bend and turn, and it might be badly warped in order to join up with the corresponding main line of adjacent battalions, but it had to be in there, and we also had to have an "out-post line" and a "battalion reserve line" and a "regimental reserve line." We put our combat posts or groups where they looked likely and grouped our companies and battalions into strong points and centers of resistance, all this in loops and circles and dots, but then we went right ahead and swayed the old charcoal pencil over the map, waving across the fronts of the groups, and lo, it was a main line of resistance! We were just trying to keep an old habit, though we had discarded the theory. The phrase and the line persisted, and remained in the consciousness to warp the mind and thwart the judgment.

Even the British, those most hide-bound of all conservatives, managed to abolish the line before we did. Our Field Service Regulations of 1923 still stand. The British Infantry Training book of 1926 was within one short year—in 1927, to be exact—strikingly changed to conform to good modern thought. In 1927 British Army Orders No. 246 effected the deletion of the wavy main lines of resistance from their charts. There was no longer to be

a "general line in front of which it is intended to stop the attack," but instead there was to be just the "ground vital to the conduct of the battle," and the "line" disappeared into the phrase "foremost defended localities." You defended an area instead of a line. The distinction is vital. You picked the hills or knobs or ravines which, if you held them, would prevent any substantial enemy success. You defended these to the last. You let the enemy bend or bump or pierce in between, if he would, but you held on like grim death, and were able to fire on the flanks of his penetrations.

Still the American doughboy was unperturbed. Still he clung to his conception of a main line of resistance, and to his marked lines on his maps. Pretty old charts showing sample "organizations of the ground" still made those wavy lines. In 1928 a dictionary of terms prepared at the Fort Benning Infantry School was still saying that the line of resistance was "the line on which the principal resistance of a position is to be made."

It is hard to get anything changed in the army. You would think it would be easy, for the Adjutant General seems to get out a multiplicity of "changes" to orders, circulars, manuals, and regulations. But it is not so. The old conservatism still conserves, and changes are difficult to effect.

All the more credit, therefore, to the clear thinking and mental courage of another group of infantry tacticians. They have discarded the line, even though the regulations still keep it. They teach a new method of defense, akin to the British. It is deemed sound by all thinking soldiers, even though it completely disregards the "main line of resistance" as defined in regulations.

They do not defend a line. They say you

can do it on a billiard table, or on a perfect map, or on a perfectly level plain, or on such open fields of absolute smoothness as surround many of the cities of China. But they add that you cannot defend a straight line on any characteristic terrain of America, simply because there isn't anything straight there at all. They follow the lead of the British and defend an area.

They seize the high spots, and hold them, and how they do hold them! If the brigadier or the division command talks to them about a main line of resistance, they say: "Oh, yes. That's the line across our front. It simply is a boundary between us and the enemy; it helps in defining the area we have to hold just as the sector boundaries help in telling us how much space to right and left we have to defend."

They do not even concentrate all their fire power on it. They are looking out for their area, thinking about that hostile group that may infiltrate between forward positions and threaten those key localities in the rear. Half of their troops are likely to be two-fifths of the way back into their area, unable to fire on that main line at all. They have brought to maturity the modern idea of defense, the idea of separate defended localities, conceived by the World War and only recently born to respectability.

No "battalion reserve line" exists any more, no "support line", and the "regimental reserve line" is important only in so far as it acts as a rear boundary of the battalion area. It is the fourth side of the rectangle. This is radical doctrine, but it is sound and well supported. It does not conform very strictly to regulations, but it is effective.

The enemy is going to infiltrate. If he gets through a line of the old style, it

cracks and breaks, and the whole thing is gone. If he infiltrates between some of your defended localities, he'll just be getting himself into dangerous pockets, and you can crack down on him from front and flank, and perhaps even from rear, with rifles and auto-rifles and machine guns, and perhaps even with artillery. Resistance is on and in a position, not in front of it.

The abolition of the line in military tactics is quite phenomenal. Even a civilian, accustomed to seeing soldiers nicely lined up, will be surprised. And the army folk are as surprised as they. With the lines gone, we are now defending places, localities, this hill top, that nose of a ridge, that ravine and gully. The commander must have a keener sense of the value of ground, a quicker appreciation of the danger spots where the enemy might

most readily enter his area, a surer feeling for the dominating, and therefore the essential, spots in his area. He must feel unerringly their importance and their inter-relations. He must send his subordinates to their separate defenses, and tell them how he desires them to coöperate for the common defense. He can no longer merely give them a few lines and leave them to fight it out on that front. The result is that the battalion commander commonly exercises a closer supervision over the assumption of each separate place. He says where he wants each single platoon, each pair of machine guns, and what he wants them to do. He cannot leave it to chance, or to the independent and possibly variant judgments of his company commanders. He is the architect of the whole, and must prescribe the details.

A FEW CAREFULLY SELECTED CHILDREN

BY GRACE ADAMS

“ELIZABETH MEREDITH, M.D.,” read the announcement that I was typing from Dr. Meredith’s own elaborately edited notes, “will again this year take into her home a few personally selected children who need special psychological care. No sick or defective children will be considered, but only those from the very best families who are having difficulties in adjusting themselves to the routine of regular schools. We feel sure that after a few months in this sympathetic atmosphere, which is especially adapted to their particular needs, these carefully selected children will have become adjusted to the real world and can, with renewed confidence in themselves and a renewed joy in living, resume their standing in their school work and their place in society.

“In addition to Dr. Meredith’s personal attention to their emotional and personality problems, we have in our home this year a trained psychologist who will study the children’s mentality and supervise their school work and recreation on a strictly psychological basis.”

This communication, after it was finally transformed into handsome blocked letters upon soft maize paper, was sent out to all the really prominent psychiatrists in New York City and to the principals of all those schools which had received a neat check in Dr. Meredith’s latest edition of Sergeant’s Handbook because their yearly tuition was in excess of \$1500. But

none of these great ones, I am sure, read its bland promises with quite so much interest as I. For in that sentence about the psychologically supervising psychologist I believed I had detected a novel description of myself. If so, I now knew why tonight I was sitting alone in the hall bedroom of this low brick house, with its shiny brass knocker and its mahogany paneled doors, instead of still living noisily, as I was the night before, in the Greenwich Village apartment of two of last year’s school mates.

Just one day earlier I had had my first brief interview with Dr. Meredith—a vague, disconcerting little chat, during which she had asked me nothing about my qualifications and told me nothing about my duties. She had merely looked searchingly at my feet, my hands, and the back of my head, remarked with an air of rare acumen that my accent was Southern, and then dismissed me with a casual “I think you will do quite nicely.”

My entrance into her home the next day did little toward clearing the mystery of why she wanted me to come. I had just passed through the front door when I heard a dreadful scream, and a little golden-haired girl, about five years old, hurtled down the stairs and clutched me around the knees. I picked her up and asked her what was the matter. She didn’t answer, but she stopped crying, patted my face like a kitten, and gurgled at me like a baby.

Then I saw Dr. Meredith, in gray *crêpe de chine* and black pearls, sedately descending the stairs. The child saw her, too, and began to scream again—this time right into my ear, for she was trying to bury herself in my neck. Above her wails I heard Dr. Meredith's calm but now authoritative tone: "You will understand, Miss Adams, that we never allow the children to be fondled—not even by persons who are *not* their parents."

At that moment a little stooped old woman rushed down upon us, gabbling in German. She gave Dr. Meredith a dirty look, grabbed the child from me and marched off upstairs with her. Dr. Meredith followed leisurely; and I heard two doors shut, one with a bang, the other decorously.

Before I had time to wonder what sort of place I might be in I saw that someone else was coming down those stairs. This was a big girl of about fourteen, who walked like a duck. She had masses of shiny black hair and deep brown eyes, and her face would have been rather pretty if it hadn't jumped about so spasmodically.

She waddled determinedly up to me, thrust out her hand with a jerk, looked down at the place her toes would have been if they hadn't pointed out so far from each side of her body, and told me breathlessly, and with a pathetic eagerness, that she was Dorothy, that I was her new friend, that we were going to tea with her mother, and were going to ride there on the subway. "On the subway, the subway," she repeated almost in an ecstasy of delight.

Dorothy enjoyed her subterranean ride much more than our tea at the Plaza, and was obviously and audibly anxious to leave the cool dining-room so that she might again swelter happily and noisily below ground. But her mother kept us long

enough to describe to me all of her miraculous other children, especially the one who had made such a successful *début* the year before. I was trying so hard to keep Dorothy quiet that I am afraid I didn't pay much attention to her until I realized that she was telling me that Dorothy herself had a *début* in the offing.

"Yes, indeed," she assured me. "Dr. Meredith believes Dorothy's trouble is purely emotional, just a form of inferiority complex. And I think it must be. There's never been anything like it in either my or her father's family. And both the other girls and the little boys are so lovely. You think she will be all right in a year, don't you?"

I suppose I agreed with her. I was really far less curious about Dorothy's future coming-out than my own present job. To my vast relief, and in spite of our far flung announcements, Dorothy and Sylvia, the five-year-old screamer, were our only clients for several weeks. And Sylvia might just as well not have been with us.

The little old woman who had grabbed her away from me that first day was Miss Kutner, her German governess, who had also been sent along to board at Dr. Meredith's so that she, too, might learn the secrets of infant psychiatry. But after Miss Kutner had witnessed the terrifying effect of Sylvia's first encounter with psychoanalysis, she was determined that she should never have another. And she was successful. She had the child dressed, fed, and out of the house every morning before the rest of us were awake. Immediately after Sylvia's afternoon nap she took her away again and kept her away until bedtime. We saw Sylvia only at lunch, and then only to marvel at Miss Kutner's influence over her.

If anyone else asked Sylvia a question, any question at all, Sylvia would either

repeat the query exactly as it was put to her, say "Little Bo Peep has lost his sheep, Little Bo Bue has lost his shoe," or "Hello, Mother dear, Sylvia has to go to the toilet," or, less frequently but distinctly and with a decided if very infantile leer, "You can see the human body, you can smell the human body, why can't you touch the human body?"

But when Miss Kutner would ask, "What was that you saw at the aquarium today?" Sylvia would smile intelligently and answer brightly, "Why, the tur-tle, Miss Kutner. It was the tur-tle." Then Miss Kutner would look hard at Dr. Meredith as if to say, "You see she is really a very smart child if you only know how to manage her."

I thought Miss Kutner and Sylvia must spend every day at the aquarium, but one noon Miss Kutner came in all excited and said they had been to Central Park and had met Sylvia's mother there and that Sylvia, herself, would tell us all about it at lunch. So as soon as we were at the table Miss Kutner asked, "Who did you see in the park today, Sylvia? Who was the pretty lady riding in the big car who got out and gave you a big kiss?"

And Sylvia smiled her intelligent smile and answered brightly, "Why, the tur-tle, Miss Kutner. It was the turtle."

II

It was the very next day that Dr. Meredith asked me to write a detailed report upon Sylvia's mentality, and to make it as scientific as possible so that she might read it to the famous psychiatrist who had referred the child to her. I didn't know exactly how to do this, because although I had studied enough psychology to have acquired a Ph.D. in the subject, I had specialized only in its adult normal phase

and was rather ignorant of the peculiar terminology that must be applied to children. But I felt it was a little late to confide this fact to Dr. Meredith. So after much labor I completed my report. I was even pleased with the result.

But Dr. Meredith wasn't. She was as nearly angry as anyone with her studied poise could be. "Miss Adams," she reproved me, "I don't believe you can really understand Sylvia at all. Why, you actually made her appear to be a subnormal child."

With that I realized that rather foolishly I had been taking my duties and my position in "our home" much too seriously, and that to Dr. Meredith the greatest value in a "resident psychologist" lay in her ability to keep the children quiet and inconspicuous when there were other people in the house.

And there were lots of other people in that house, droves of them, for the children were really just a side line with Dr. Meredith. She spent her days analyzing the adults who came to her by hourly appointments from nine in the morning until six at night. If Miss Kutner had only stuck around long enough to realize this she would have seen that she needn't have stayed so much in the aquarium. After she studied their emotions on the day of their arrival and after she made sure that their blood and urine had been tested and their brains and all their glands x-rayed and itemized in her monthly report, Dr. Meredith hardly had time to think about the children except at meals and when their parents came to see them.

About once a week she would take a little longer for lunch and go to work on Dorothy's inferiority complex. She went through the same routine every time. She would remind Dorothy that she would be going to finishing school soon and then

she would tell her, "You're going to play tennis and basket-ball and become the most popular girl in the school. And after you have graduated and made your *début* you are going to be the best dancer and the biggest belle at the balls. Aren't you Dorothy?"

Dorothy would shuffle her grotesque feet beneath the table, look down at her pitiful hands, which couldn't hold a knife steady enough to cut her meat, try to keep her lower jaw from jumping, and murmur politely, as she had been taught, "Yes, Dr. Meredith." Then she would fight back her tears until the rest of us had finished our dessert and she could be excused from the table. Once I saw her bite her lip so hard that it left a red spot on her napkin.

My own supervision of Dorothy was almost as simple, for the child had but two passions in her life. One was to learn enough arithmetic to be able to leave our sympathetic atmosphere for that of "a regular school"; the other to make friends with stray dogs, which always bristled and growled, or shied away in terror, at the convulsive movements with which she tried to pat them. And although my duties as resident psychologist gradually absorbed such strange functions as selecting Dr. Meredith's underwear, table wines, and theatre tickets, I really had things pretty easy until Eleanor came.

Eleanor was the daughter of a renowned and prolific feminine novelist, but Eleanor herself, though a well developed child of four, had not yet learned to talk. Her mother, however, could speak and ask questions even more rapidly than she could write, and she was as adept at psychiatric patter as Dr. Meredith. At the most inopportune times she would appear in our back yard, watch me solemnly as I played with her daughter, then ask me to explain in retrospect the precise psycho-

logical motivation behind each word I had said to the child and each task I had tried, always unsuccessfully, to make her do.

Worse than that, Eleanor's mamma wanted her to get the full benefit from her psychological treatment, so she had sent no protecting Miss Kutner along with her. As both Dr. Meredith and her three Irish maids considered baby-tending far beneath them, it fell within my province to dress and feed Eleanor and to attend to the most intimate details of her life.

If Eleanor found small use for her voice, she was versatile enough with her hands. As soon as she saw a pencil she would begin to mark up the walls. Lacking a pencil, she would daub with anything she could find. One day she got into Dr. Meredith's office, tore up her appointment book, overturned all the over-stuffed furniture, and with a small pair of scissors cut off most of her own hair and snipped the telephone wire. After that I didn't dare leave her alone for a minute. As she was always awake by five in the morning I took the precaution of locking her in at night, with nothing movable in her room except her tooth brush and a necessary vessel. She would then harmlessly amuse herself by tearing her bed to pieces. When I would come in to dress her for breakfast I would find her sitting stark naked upon the wreckage, her plump cheeks red from exertion, and crowing with triumphant delight.

But one morning, as I approached her door, I heard an Irish voice raised in anger and the sound of a sturdy hand thwacking infant flesh. The maid was thrashing Eleanor soundly and calling her a filthy, dirty brat. And not without reason. While the rest of us were innocently asleep, Eleanor, with the aid of her tooth brush and her vast ingenuity, had managed to

paint her entire room—not only the walls and furniture, but the clean clothes from her bureau drawers and the shoes from her closet—so effectively that only after several days and a thorough fumigating could it be used again.

I felt it was very unpsychological for Kate to be beating Eleanor that way and calling her names; but I didn't try to stop her. Dr. Meredith, aroused by the racket, described Eleanor's action in fancy psychological terms, but Kate called it just plain nastiness.

III

After this I thought it would be a good idea if Eleanor had a normal child to play with so that she might learn cleaner games. But before I found her a suitable companion, Peggy had descended upon us. Peggy wasn't a new pupil but an alumna of our institution, back for a post graduate course. She had already spent two years there, been deemed adjusted to society, and sent on to boarding-school. But it seems that in concentrating upon ridding Peggy of her father fixation Dr. Meredith had overlooked a few other traits which the school authorities had subsequently found somewhat unpleasant. These included a tendency toward lying and stealing and an addiction to filthy language. How Peggy, with her serene, innocent face, and during the ten carefully guarded years of her existence, had acquired such a vocabulary was inexplicable; but it was powerful enough to offend less squeamish ears than those of school mistresses.

One day something went wrong with our furnace and Dr. Meredith sent me in search of the janitor. I found him in a dingy basement on Third Avenue eating dinner with his wife and a polite, perky

little daughter. The child seemed to me just the type that might help Eleanor. So, forgetting for the moment Dr. Meredith's possible distress over such an arrangement, I asked the mother if the child could come around some afternoon and play at our house. Both mother and daughter ducked their heads and smiled, but before they said anything the furnace man himself spoke up.

"Thank you no, ma'am," he said. "Ida May ain't never going to set foot in that house, not while I know it. I've seen them children. Why, that kid that was there last year and just come back, why, I never heard dirtier talk from a man. No, ma'am, we are trying hard to raise Ida May to be decent. We can't afford to have her playing with such as them and learning their words."

If Peggy and Eleanor had a tendency toward filth in more or less tangible forms, Helen made up for them in saintliness. Helen was Dr. Meredith's favorite of all the children who came to live in the house—though it was stretching it a little to call Helen a child. She was a great hulking creature of twenty-three; but the first day she was there she told all of us, servants and everybody, "Just call me little Helen, dear."

Helen, according to both her family and Dr. Meredith, had a very fine mind, but she also had fits—only she called them the shudders. And she dearly loved to tell about them, especially about the times when they had seized her in large and important gatherings. Dr. Meredith was so interested in Helen that she psychoanalyzed her as frequently as though she had charged for it by the hour instead of by the month. And Helen was never so happy as when she was having her unconscious probed. After every session she would screw up her face, beat one fist

against the other, and announce dramatically, "I am going to be a better girl. I am going to be a better girl." Dr. Meredith said Helen was doing finely, but Helen continued to shudder.

After a few weeks Dr. Meredith decided that the shudders were caused by excessive introversion and she told Helen she must extravert herself. Helen said she didn't know how to do that, so Dr. Meredith told her she must always think about other people and try to be good to them.

She made her first attempt at extraverting late one afternoon as she and I were walking along Second Avenue. Dr. Meredith didn't like the children to walk on any avenue west of Fifth or east of Park, but after the day when Helen had shuddered particularly violently in a Schrafft's tea room, and broken a lot of soda water glasses, we did our strolling on less fashionable thoroughfares. As she felt the urge to extravert coming on Helen asked me to give her a nickel, and with it she bought a bag of peanuts. Then carefully, and with very dirty gloves, she shelled one nut and handed it to me. I told her no thank you, but she said I must take it, "because she says I must be good to poor people." I assured her she needn't be so good to me, but if she must give away her nuts to watch out for some children who might want them. I even pointed out a few bedraggled little boys to her.

But she held on so firmly to her bag that I thought she was done with extraverting for the day. Then suddenly, as we were walking peacefully along, she whirled around and went charging back toward a saloon in whose doorway a murderous looking thug was lounging. When she got directly in front of the man she stopped, reached into her bag, extracted from it the one peeled peanut that I had refused, and with a regal gesture of pres-

entation said, "Here is something to make you happy, dear."

The man's expression did not change. He straightened himself, took off his cap, and with his cigarette still in his mouth said, "Thank you, lady."

That night at dinner Helen pointed her finger at me and told Dr. Meredith, "To her mind I gave the peanut to a big, bad man, but to my mind I gave it to a dear little boy."

IV

After Helen's advent our children seemed to become constantly older and more intellectual. We even got one college student. But as she had decided to be psychoanalyzed on the same day she read in the newspapers that Heywood Broun had been, she started her treatment before she had worked up any really convincing neuroses, and Dr. Meredith had a tough time diagnosing her case. Not that Miss Ainsworth didn't try to help. Almost every day she would either start to commit suicide or confess to a sudden passion for a truck driver or garbage man. But Dr. Meredith wasn't to be diverted by such contemporaneous aberrations. She was determined to find a more subtle psychosis from Miss Ainsworth's past.

Miss Ainsworth, unfortunately, seemed to have had an exceptionally normal childhood, and Dr. Meredith was getting discouraged. Then one evening she called me away from Eleanor's bath to tell me that she had just stumbled upon the secret of Miss Ainsworth's hidden life. Miss Ainsworth, herself, had unexpectedly dug it out. Not five minutes before she had suddenly remembered that when she was a child of no more than three years she had once drawn a picture of "God going to the bath-room."

That was the only time I ever saw Dr. Meredith really excited about anything. I forget all the interpretations she read into that picture, but I do remember that she drew many striking analogies between gods and fathers, and toilets and societies, and that she said she considered it the most successful analysis she had ever made—even superior to the one in which she had persuaded an older woman to recall the exact details of her own birth. After this so many grown people began to live in the house that I had to give up my room and sleep in the attic.

But some of them didn't stay very long. One walked out one morning with my new spring hat on and never came back. Another, a young teacher from one of the schools to which our announcement had been sent, left abruptly in the middle of the night. She, it seems, had got Dr. Meredith's address from her school registrar and had believed for some strange reason that she was a stomach specialist. But when on the first night she was with us Dr. Meredith had appeared suddenly in her doorway, moved quietly toward her bedside, and asked her solemnly if there might not be some psychic connection between her frequent tummy-aches and an unrecognized wish to have her mother dead, she borrowed taxi fare from me and fled. Mrs. Cabwell was moved into her room the next morning.

Mrs. Cabwell was almost as ladylike as Dr. Meredith, except that she was more natural and simple in her refinement. She had come to us because after forty years of marriage to a man to whom she was completely devoted she had just learned of his unfaithfulness. Something pretty terrible had happened to her then, and in the night she had packed a suitcase and slipped back to New York. A friend had sent her to Dr. Meredith.

During those forty years that she had been living in the Adirondacks with her engineer husband, Mrs. Cabwell had been out of touch with sophisticated New York. She didn't know that during her absence a new class of doctors, whose whole profession consisted of prying into the most private affairs of other people, had come into being. So when Dr. Meredith began asking intimate questions about her life with her husband she was horribly distressed and refused to answer a single question.

Dr. Meredith was then convinced that Mrs. Cabwell was repressed. And she began to talk to her about the facts of life—not just the ones that modern parents tell their children, but those in the restricted medical books and in Dr. Meredith's own case histories. Mrs. Cabwell told me that she had hoped to enjoy New York a little after being away so long, but now she hated to go out on the streets because she would see all those nice looking people and then have to remember all the awful things Dr. Meredith said they did.

By then Dr. Meredith was becoming almost angry with Mrs. Cabwell for being so recalcitrant. She told her she was too cerebral and must make herself more manual. She even bought her a little hand loom and got a woman to come in and teach her to weave. Mrs. Cabwell was an old lady and she had never done anything like that, so she didn't learn very quickly. She cried a lot because she would get the threads tangled up and have to start her little toy rugs over again and again.

I tried to stay with her as often as I could get away from the children. And I discovered that so long as she wasn't questioned too directly she was willing enough to talk about herself. I learned that before she had been disinherited for marrying a

man her family considered socially beneath her, but whom she had subsequently helped to become successful, she had been a promising young artist. And she was childishly eager to get back to her paints again. One day she timidly asked me if I would take her for a ferry-boat ride so she might see the sky line. As we crossed the river she slipped an envelope from her purse and made a little sketch of the Woolworth building on it.

V

That gave me an idea. I thought that if I could prove to Dr. Meredith how well Mrs. Cabwell could draw she would let her stop weaving and she wouldn't be so unhappy. I got some pencils and paper for her, and almost every afternoon she and the children and I would ride back and forth to Jersey City. While I kept the young ones quiet at one end of the deck with soda pop and ice cream cones, Mrs. Cabwell sat at the other end and sketched. And she perked up immediately. She bought some new spring clothes and got me to teach her how to smoke a cigarette.

I didn't tell Dr. Meredith about the sketches until I had about a dozen to show her. When she saw them she looked as pleased as I hoped she would. But her congratulations came as a complete surprise. "Why, Miss Adams, I don't believe an authentic psychologist could have done better! This is just the data I need to prove the depth and strength of Mrs. Cabwell's repression. Look at those pictures! In each one there is an elongated, erect, piercing shaft, with a strong, vital base beneath. Surely, from your study of Freud you must know what they mean."

I did know now—when it was too late to do anything about it. But Mrs. Cabwell didn't, and when Dr. Meredith elu-

cidated the symbolism to her she became so ill that she had to go to bed. I was ashamed to face her. I was sure she must think I had been conniving with Dr. Meredith all the time and had betrayed her.

So I did the only thing I could think of, which wasn't a bit ethical. I sneaked out to the corner drug store and telephoned to a friend of Mrs. Cabwell who had impressed me as being very sensible. As well as I could I told her what had happened. She understood and the next day took Mrs. Cabwell off to the seashore.

Dr. Meredith was not as worried as she might have been over Mrs. Cabwell's leaving, because she was already planning her own vacation. She asked me what I thought of the swanky resort she had selected. I knew little enough about such places but told her it sounded fine, and asked if she wanted me to stay on and close up the house.

"Of course not," she said. "You are coming with me. My trip will be as much for business as pleasure. It is during my vacations that I meet many of the charming people who become my patients the next year. The only trouble about going to a new place is that it is not always easy for a woman of my age to make friends quickly. But for you it should be a simple matter. You could enter the golf and tennis tournaments and attend the dances with the college boys and school girls and get acquainted in a short while. Then through you I could meet their parents. I am going out today to buy some sport clothes for you."

Dr. Meredith had suddenly ceased being my unpredictable and often terrifying boss, and had become like a jolly maiden aunt or a solicitous big sister. But it was too much. During that winter I had learned, like Dorothy, to murmur, "Yes, Dr. Meredith" to many strange commands,

such as giving Peggy a shampoo or Helen an enema. But to metamorphose myself immediately from a nurse maid to a pampered school girl was more than I could manage. Dr. Meredith, despite all her appeals and protests, went off to her resort alone.

There is a curious thing about the job I had that year. I never heard of another like it, so I find it rather hard to char-

acterize. The only thing about those children of which I am sure is that they came from the most aristocratic families it has ever been my privilege to meet. Yet whenever I describe my experiences with them to anyone who has done much work for charity organizations, I always receive a comradely smile and a prompt and serious "Why, of course, I understand what you did. You were a psychiatric social worker."

BAND-CONCERT NIGHT

BY CARLTON BROWN

THE square was lined with parked cars. They stood with their radiators to the iron railing encircling the band-stand and the little square, and at the end of every number their horns tooted applause.

Duck left Aunt Irene sitting in the car and crossed the street to the sidewalk opposite the park. He felt conspicuous returning to this familiar scene. People to right and left recognized him, nodded or called a greeting; some of them he had to stop and talk to. What had he been doing these last two years? Traveling!—Lord! Wasn't he the lucky boy!—Jeez! some guys get all the breaks!

It was nice to see Mrs. Carroll, his old geography teacher. She was the kind of large, warm, smiling woman his heart went out to.

"So you've been to China and Japan and *Africa*! My! I'll bet it was fun! And I'll bet you know a little more geography than you used to." She had a friendly laugh and happy red cheeks.

"Yes," he said, feeling a little ashamed, hoping she would not think he felt superior because of it. "Yes."

"Whom did you go with?—Or did you work your way?"

"No, I went with my father."

"Oh."

"Well," said Duck after a moment, flinging up a limp hand in a leave-taking gesture, "guess I'll be going along. Have you seen Freddy or Ray around?"

"No, I haven't. Guess you'll find Freddy down at the store."

"Thanks . . . Well, see you later."

"So long, Duck."

"So long."

Freddy was standing behind the pop counter reading a newspaper. There was no one else in the store. When Freddy saw Duck come in, he dropped the paper and came out from behind the counter.

"Well, well," he said. (It was not an exclamation; his eyes were dull and he seemed to yawn the words out.) "If it isn't the old sheik himself. Well, well, I'll be switched!" He held out his hand to Duck.

"Hello, Freddy," said Duck, "how's things?"

"Oh, can't complain." Freddy had only changed a little in appearance, nothing else; he was half an inch taller than Duck now, but he had the same old mannerisms, the same lazy drawl and expressions. "Hear you've been tearin' around the world. Must seem funny to get back to this dead burg, huh? Not so hot after New York and Gay Paree, huh?"

"Oh, well," said Duck, "I just came here for a week or so. Just wanted to see the old gang. Guess I'll be spending the rest of the summer in Provincetown."

There was an awkward silence. Freddy picked up a banana knife and plunked the tip of the blade into the end of the orange crate. It made a funny hollow sound.

"Guess I can't leave the store tonight," Freddy said. "Pop's sick and Louie's over to Brockville."

"Gee, that's tough. What's Ray doing these days?"

"Aw, I guess he's over to Brockville tonight. I didn't see him this aft. I s'pose you heard he's drivin' the paper truck for Casey's now."

"Yeah," said Duck, "I heard. Well, guess I'll be going along now. I'll drop in again later on, maybe."

"O.K., Duck, I'll be seein' ya."

"Yeah. . . . So long."

"S'long, Duck."

Duck started walking back up Main Street past Casey's. Several fellows were leaning up against the drug-store across from Casey's. One of them was Bub Nahant. Duck knew him all right, and he knew some of the other guys by sight. They were all older; none of them had been in Duck's old gang. Bub and the others had been in high when Duck was in Waterbridge two years back, and Duck had only been in junior high then. Bub used to go around with Duck's sister Bee. He never used to have anything to do with Duck. But then Bub had been one of the few older guys Duck had wished he were like. Bub did about everything: played football and baseball and basketball on the high-school teams, had all the girls in town after him, started riots at band-concerts, swore, and told dirty jokes better than anyone else could.

"Well, hello, Duck!" cried Bub, coming forward from the others and clasping Duck's right hand in both of his. "How's the old kid? Hear you been travelin' all the hell around since you left here."

"Yeah," said Duck.

"How's Bee?"

"She's all right, I guess. She's in France this summer."

"What d'you—own a couple steamship companies or somethin'?"

"No, the old man has to travel around for business. He's got a lot of dough. That's all the good it does me, though."

They were walking up towards the park, away from the fellows leaning against the drug-store. Bub hadn't even told them where he was going nor asked them to come along; he had just walked away without a word.

"Why?—don't he send you none?"

"Huh! I guess not! Don't be *funny*!" Duck was conscious of affecting the dry New England accent he had lost since living in Waterbridge; but he didn't want any of his old friends to think he'd gone toney—they'd kid the pants off him.

They walked along in silence. Duck was wondering if Bub wanted to borrow some money from him or something. He never used to be so friendly; he never used even to treat Duck like a human being.

II

In front of Durton's Clothing Store they met Phyllis Carr and Marj Holton. The band was playing right alongside, and they had to talk loud to make themselves heard. Phyllis was all blushes and giggles. She hasn't changed any, Duck thought. She was a couple of years older than Duck, and he had always disliked her. Her old man was preacher at the Unitarian Church where Duck used to have to go every Sunday, and Phyllis was linked in his mind to unpleasant memories of church suppers, Sunday-school picnics, childish Hallowe'en parties.

She was a wet blanket, that was all. She never had a fellow when Duck used to be there; he hoped she never would have one. There was something about her

that said "keep away" to all the guys; she looked like the kind of girl who would slap you if you tried to kiss her, and go home and tell Papa about it. Duck couldn't imagine anyone wanting to kiss her. All the parents in town pointed out Phyllis and her brother John (funny no one ever called him Johnny!) as models of deportment: the kind of children they would like to have. That was enough to put any kid on the blacklist.

Marj Holton was a nice kid, though. Maybe a little too hard and smooth and wise for Duck's taste (he thought of most blondes as hard and smooth and wise), but a nice kid all the same. Funny she went around with Phyllis, though; what could the two possibly have in common?

They all talked and kidded, treated Duck just as though he were one of their own gang. None of them paid any attention to him two years back—not even Phyllis. He had been a kid then—no one you should be seen going around with, or dancing with at a party. They had been Bee's friends, and Bee's friends all thought of him the way she referred to him: "the kid brother." He felt funny with them, as if they were strangers who had heard a lot about him. Bub was too friendly, it seemed put on, and Phyllis . . . Wow! she was impossible! Coy, cloying, gushy . . . and a wet blanket.

"Let's go in Hersey's and have a sody," Bub said. They all laughed at his pronunciation of *soda*. Bub was a good wisecracker all right, and it was pretty funny the way he could take off a New England hayseed's accent. Bub lived in town and his old man and his brothers worked in the shoe mill, but Bub had never done anything but go to school, and tinker around with old cars in his vacations.

In Hersey's there were a lot of kids Duck used to go around with. Mr. Hersey

didn't recognize Duck. His eyes weren't so good, and Duck hadn't been around for two years. Duck thought that probably two years was a longer time to an old man than to any one his age.

Kitty Carpenter and Alice Gorman, two of his old girls, were sitting at a table at the back of the shop with Ernie and Red, classmates of Duck's. They were glad to see him, apparently, but Ernie seemed a little jealous of him. His smile was more like a sneer when he said hello. Kitty looked shy and admiring. She had changed quite a bit; she was still small and cute, but her long curls had been bobbed.

It looked as though Duck was with Phyllis, because Marj seemed to stick to Bub's side, and they had been going together even two years ago, off and on. Marj sat beside Bub at the table, and some of the time they talked about things the others weren't in on. Their table was next to the one where Duck's friends were sitting. Funny, Duck thought, that Kitty and Ernie and Red and Alice were in the same gang now as the older ones. They talked as if they went around together a lot. Probably because they were all in High now, half of them freshmen and the rest seniors.

"What did you do, Duck—quit school?" Kitty asked.

"Yeah, for the time being. I'm going to prep school in the fall."

"*Prep school!* What's that?" Bub was being facetious.

"Like High," said Duck. "Gets you ready for college."

"You going to college?" Bub thought that was a great joke, going to college.

"Yeah, I guess I will," said Duck. "Nothing else to do."

"My! aren't you lucky!" exclaimed Phyllis. She talked like a jolly little old maid; with little tucks in the corners of

her mouth, her eyes sparkling, as she spoke. Her enunciation was annoyingly precise, her mouth perfectly shaped for saying *prunes and prisms* without an effort.

"You call it lucky?" asked Duck with mock incredulity. "You call that *lucky*?"

Kitty was even prettier than before. She looked across at him from the other table. Damn, he thought, she's nice, my old girl. He had always had a crush on Kitty, all the four years they had gone to school together. He wished it had been Kitty he and Bub had met with Marj, instead of Phyllis. He could see she would rather be with him than with Ernie.

Funny how different the whole thing was now that everybody was older. When Duck was in Waterbridge before, he was too young to be going steady with any girl, to let it be known openly that he had a crush on any girl. Then it had been something you were ashamed of, something you were kidded about, called *sissy* for; but now that they were all in high it was different. Girls didn't count much before you got to High. Almost anyone up to that time could be your girl, but you usually didn't even get to kiss her. Duck had kissed Kitty, but she was the only one of the girls he had kissed.

Duck had a banana split. Sitting in Hersey's, eating the same sundae he used to like, with the same kids around, made him forget for a minute that he had been away. It seemed as though suddenly everyone had changed a little; as though the older ones had stayed the same age and the younger ones had caught up with them. He had not made so many friends in Waterbridge. Ray and Ernie and Freddy and Red and a couple of others had been his friends. Kitty and Alice had been old girls of his, and there had been a couple of others besides. It hadn't meant

much then, having a girl. You were never alone with her, or almost never, and likely as not you never got to kiss her. You just kidded together in class, or you teased her going home on the bus, or in the halls at school. She was the one you danced with most often when they had a dance at the Town Hall or at one of the churches.

The girls had always liked Duck better than the boys did. He wondered why that was. He liked girls, too.

III

"What say we take a little walk around?" Bub suggested. It was obvious that he didn't want to include the kids at the other table.

"Oh, yes, let's!" chirped Phyllis. Duck wanted to join the other party, get rid of Phyllis somehow, but there didn't seem to be any way to do it. The couples were even, and he was irrevocably with Phyllis.

"O.K.," Duck said. They got up and walked towards the door. Bub didn't try to stop Duck from paying for all the sundaes and things at the counter.

"See you later," Duck called to the other kids. "Guess I'll be here a week or two."

"So long," they said. Kitty seemed disappointed that he was going.

Hersey's was right on the band-concert park. They came out facing the park and the backs of the autos. People were sitting on the steps all along the street. The square was full of kids. The younger ones ran in and out, chasing one another. Some of them filled their mouths with water at the fountain and squirted it around. It was a game—trying to get your opponent wet. Duck remembered having taken part in those fights at band-concerts in the past. The older kids walked around on the side-

walks in little groups: two, three, or four. The older people sat in the cars and on the steps of the stores on the two bordering streets.

(Band-concert nights were swell. They came once a week in the summer, on Saturday nights. You were allowed to stay up until the concert finished at eleven, and you met everybody there. If you wanted to get to be alone with your girl, band-concert night was a swell time to do it. Nobody could keep track of you in the crowd, and you could take her for a walk along one of the dark, quiet little streets around. The music, of course, was terrible; but then, that wasn't what you came for.)

Duck and the rest walked around the little park for a while. He was stopped often by old acquaintances. Most of them he didn't want much to see, and he tried to break away as soon as he could. Some of the kids wanted to attach themselves to the party, but Bub looked after them. He could put anyone in his place with a good wisecrack, and he didn't care if he hurt anyone's feelings, the way Duck cared.

Bub drew Duck aside, telling the girls they had something to talk over that they shouldn't hear. Marj and Phyllis walked a little distance away and waited.

"What say we take a little walk up Carter's Lane?" Bub asked.

"What for?" Duck asked.

"Oh, come off it. What's the matter—getting old? What's the matter with Phyllis?"

"What's the matter with Phyllis?" Duck repeated. "Oh, you mean *that* way? She's a wet blanket, that's all."

"Don't you think it! Boy, that girl could teach you a thing or two!"

"Well, I don't like her, that's all."

"Don't like her! What the hell differ-

ence does that make? You don't have to be nuts about a broad to have a little fun, do you?"

Duck felt like saying yes, but changed it to: "No, I suppose not." They joined Marj and Phyllis.

"What say we pick some daisies?" laughed Bub. Phyllis giggled; a little hysterically, Duck thought. Marj moved over to Bub's side. Marj and Bub led the way.

After they got out of town a little way, along the road leading past the stone-crusher, Bub turned around and said:

"Hey, you two love-boids, why don't you walk a little slower? Let us get ahead a ways!"

Duck and Phyllis slowed their pace and let the distance between them and the other couple increase. Duck felt he should take Phyllis's arm, but every time he got near her he lost courage. He didn't want to, anyhow. She kept walking too near him, and he thought, when she bumped into him so often, that she must be doing it on purpose.

IV

"Whew! I'm tired!" Phyllis said in a low voice. "Let's sit down some place."

The little field was moonlit and quiet but for the chirping of the crickets: a faint and yet persistent, almost big, noise in the still night. It was so light they could see each other clearly. Duck sat a few inches from Phyllis, his flesh drawn away from hers, his knees clasped in his hands. He didn't quite know what to do. She probably expected him to try to kiss her, at least to put his arm around her. He didn't want to. She smelled of perspiration, and he could see her self-conscious smile beside him.

"Well, here we are!" he said. "Shall we talk about the weather?"

"Tee-heel"

There were black, lacy trees at the edge of the field. Duck gazed into them. He heaved an exaggerated sigh.

"Tell me about your travels," said Phyllis.

"Oh, there's not much to tell. I went to China and Japan and Africa. Stayed in Japan for a month and in China for a month. Just stopped at little ports along the south coast of Africa, and then again on the north coast coming back by way of France. Japan was cold and rainy all the time and very disagreeable. I don't like the Japanese at all. The Chinese are swell people, though." He could feel that Phyllis wasn't listening.

"Geel I'm chilly!" she said. He put his arm around her. She tittered a little and pretended a protest. It wasn't at all pleasant or comfortable, sitting like this with Phyllis. What would she think of him if he didn't do anything, just sat like this with his arm lying motionless on her shoulder? Was she a prude and a wet blanket, after all? He was beginning to think not, but somehow it didn't make any difference. It was horrible to think of Phyllis in that way, to think of making love to her. This Phyllis was even more distasteful to him than the prudish one.

But what would she think of him if he didn't try to make love to her? Oh, well, it didn't much matter. He would leave Waterbridge sooner than he had planned. There was nothing here for him any more. This business of revisiting your old home town wasn't what it was cracked up to be.

"Gee, you're quite a man now, aren't you?" she said. "You must have learned a lot, traveling around that way."

"Not much," he said. "Not much that you couldn't learn in a geography book."

"Oh, I didn't mean like that."

"What did you mean?"

"Oh . . ." She finished with a giggle.

"Uh-huh, I get you. Maybe I learned all that before I went, though . . ."

Phyllis edged a little closer to him. Duck was annoyed; he could think of no tactful way to tell her that he didn't want to make love to her. She would think him a sissy, a baby, if he didn't do anything. Suddenly he had a good idea.

"I'm in love with a girl in New York. We're practically married, you might almost say. I guess I believe in being faithful, or something. I'm damned old-fashioned in some ways."

She didn't answer, but he could feel and hear that she was breathing slowly, each breath almost a sigh, as though she were tired, or sad, or something. He looked off at the black trees at the edge of the field. The sound of the chirping crickets was irritating now; it had the same effect on him as drawing a fingernail across a slate.

"Shall I call Bub and Marj?" Duck asked.

"Better not," said Phyllis. "They're probably having a good time."

Duck rose to his feet and lit a cigarette. He offered one to Phyllis, but she shook her head. He offered his hand to her, and she got up, too. They stood for a while looking at the stars and talking about them. After a while they walked back to the road, silent, apart now.

Marj and Bub were coming down the road from the opposite direction from town.

"Hi! kids!" called Bub.

"Hi, there!" Duck and Phyllis waited for Marj and Bub to catch up with them.

When they got back to town the band-concert was ending. The band was playing "The Stars and Stripes," the number they always ended up with. Most of the kids had gone home; the older ones were

walking away from the park; the grown-ups stood, hats off, by the cars and in front of the stores. The ground in the park was strewn with peanut shells, candy wrappers, papers.

Duck said, "I'll take you home, Phyllis. I'll go over and tell Aunt Irene I'll be right back." He didn't sound any too enthusiastic.

"Oh, no," she said, "you mustn't bother, really. I'll go home with Marj. We're so near, you know."

"Oh, all right, then. I guess that would be better. I'll see you all again before I go."

Duck didn't like Bub's smile when he said good-night. It was too smug and knowing; it implied that he had a secret with Duck, something shameful yet nice; that they were partners in crime. Duck didn't like Bub's smiling that way, espe-

cially as nothing had happened. He would have to tell him sometime that nothing had happened. Marj smiled like that, too. He couldn't quite make out whether Phyllis looked angry or ashamed. Maybe both.

Aunt Irene started the car when she saw Duck coming. He climbed in beside her.

"Wasn't it a lovely concert," Aunt Irene said.

"Yes, it sure was."

"Did you find all your old friends there?" she asked.

"Yeah, most of them were there."

Aunt Irene backed the car out and they started off down South Street. After a while she said, "Did you enjoy seeing your old friends, Duck?"

"Yeah, it was all right. I guess I've kind of outgrown them, though."

CAN A CATHOLIC WRITE A NOVEL?

BY JACK ENGLISH

LIKE the great American novel, the great Catholic novel has not yet been written. But it has been proposed and discussed and dreamed about so much during the past few years that I shall not be highly surprised to find sundry among my Catholic brethren saying as a regular thing very soon, "Next year is my sabbatical. I'm going up to a farm in Maine, and write the great Catholic novel." And I'll stay back and try to pray that they may find a publisher and a public.

But first of all, I should like to see a Catholic write merely an important novel. For the truth is that no American Catholic has ever turned out an important novel. The American Catholic's meagre contribution to contemporary literature, especially to fiction, is so apparent that now, in all Catholic circles, the important question of the literary hour is: What is the matter with the Catholic novelist?

This lack of distinctive novels written by Catholics is not just a situation. It is an ironical one. A few years ago, the Catholic Press Association conducted a prize contest for Catholic novels, but a non-Catholic won the prize! If one were to choose the finest Catholic novels of the past two or three decades in American literature, the two books, "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock," alone would be worthy of consideration. Their author, Willa Cather, is a non-Catholic.

But, you may ask, why should there be such a thing as the Catholic novel any

more than there should be an Episcopalian novel, or a Methodist novel, or a Unitarian novel? Why, indeed, should dogmatic religion enter into the matter of novels? Well, other than the fact that Catholics hold a unanimous opinion that the general trend of contemporary fiction is hell-bent with dirt and despair, and is unChristian, I have no good reason to offer. But you may care to know another idea which some of us have up our Roman sleeve.

With Catholics comprising one-sixth of the population of the United States, and with many more millions throughout the rest of the world, it is natural that a novelist, be he morally good, bad, or indifferent, frequently finds persons of the Roman faith among the company of his characters. Thus we find three somewhat recent American books of considerable importance—"Early Autumn," "Ann Vickers," and "A Farewell to Arms"—carrying Catholics in conspicuous, if not vital, rôles. (There are, of course, dozens of other books of which the same might be said. I am avoiding the extremes of Cather and Dreiser. Bromfield, Lewis, and Hemingway will do very well.)

Bromfield finds Michael O'Hara on the docks of Boston, and transplants him to a farm in New Hampshire, where the soul of New England is dying; and he makes Michael, a Roman Catholic, get down on his knees before the lovely wife of his Puritan neighbor, and beg her to come

away from all "this" and marry him—in other words, to get a divorce; or if she will not get a divorce, at least to commit sin with him. What I wish to point out is that Michael O'Hara, his name notwithstanding, is no more a Catholic than the cuff of his shirt. The spirit of his faith has left him. Not only is he an adulterer in heart; he is also a heretic.

Sinclair Lewis has his steely heroine, Ann Vickers, wander up and down places, loving persons and leaving them, until she finally meets a Roman Catholic, Judge Barney Dolphin, and decides to become his woman. Barney accepts her, first as a mistress, then as a wife. Again I point out that Barney Dolphin is no more a Catholic than is his inamorata, Ann. He has rejected everything that the Roman faith demands of men.

From the point of view of dogma and morals, Hemingway unquestionably does better by his Italian priest than Bromfield and Lewis do by their Catholic characters. And yet to the usual reader that priest does not appeal. His meekness is a hairline from weakness. You pity him. You wonder, as you read the scenes in which the Italian officers unload their verbal filth at him, whether he is doing the thing that Christ would do. I could not help thinking of several clergymen I know, who would have punched Rinaldi through the wall, and perhaps the others along with him, and the devil take the hindmost.

This is not a protest against false characterization. The men that Bromfield, Lewis, and Hemingway have put into their books are, most likely, true and honest to life. But they represent nobody but themselves. Now, I suppose that is just what they are intended to represent. But you come upon a good deal of this stuff in books, and the reading public draws generalizations from it. And when you run

into Branch Cabell's yodeling priests, and Kay Boyle's monks under the table, and Thornton Wilder's carnal ecclesiastics, you begin to wonder whether anything of good ever came from Nazareth. The score has been piled up so high in favor of the weary of virtue and the spiritually lame, halt, and blind, that the self-respecting Christian is looking anxiously for somebody to save the game from the fire.

II

All this would seem to imply that I am asking for a novel of Catholic propaganda, just to show the uninformed heathen what a real Catholic lives by. But despite Dos Passos, and Dreiser, and the *New Republic*, and the Marxists, I have no faith in propagandic literature. Yes, despite even Chaucer, and Matthew Arnold, and the old professor who once taught me that the function of all literature is to please, or to teach, or to move, I do not believe that the novel of Catholic propaganda can ever be an important piece of writing.

This kind of book has been attempted often, and I do not hesitate to say that it has always failed, not only in craftsmanship but even in its primary purpose. Only the inferior minded among Catholics admire it and profit by it. The better informed Catholic does not need it, and the outsider becomes justifiably suspicious on page twenty-four where the inevitable tract on the indefectibility of the Church begins. That is why the non-Catholic invariably looks upon a Catholic narrative as a sugar-coated bolus, and that is why the curious and sincere would rather read Belloc, or Chesterton, or Knox, or any of the other out-and-out controversialists.

Let us assume that, with the rejection of the propagandic novel, we have rejected all the good reasons why there should be

such a thing as the Catholic novel. Still we must wonder why it is that so few important novels have been written by Catholics.

The critics present various reasons for the dearth of Catholic contributions to modern literature, which, I think, can be brought down to these three: first, during the last few centuries, Catholicism has lacked the cultural tradition or background, which is the forbear of all great art; second, the Catholic reading public is small; and third, the Catholic is hindered, in writing the novel, by his moral and dogmatic training.

I remember reading an article in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* several years ago, in which the writer put forth some amazing hypotheses concerning the relation between religion and literature, and then cackled a bit as he dropped his egg: "That's why the Church hasn't produced a book worth a tinker's damn since the Reformation." John Gould Fletcher's criticism is also typical, but a bit more polite: "Since the Reformation, Rome has slowly given up one half of her kingdom, the cultural half." Most of this stuff you read about the Reformation comes from people who write with their fingers crossed. They want to make you feel that God grew angry because Rome was rough on the heretics, and poured lava upon the machinery of the Church so that not a wheel has moved since.

It is not my purpose here to discuss the Reformation, but one of the effects of it does concern the Catholic novelist. That Rome gave up the cultural half of her kingdom is only a half truth. The whole truth is that that cultural half was pirated from her during the years when her coffers were emptied into the royal money boxes, and her lands seized, and her schools closed, and her children kept to the earth.

Accompanying the Protestant revolt came iconoclasm, the destruction of cathedrals, and the dispossession of monks from their monasteries in France; there came the immediate and almost complete decay (as Luther said) of education in Germany; there came the confiscation of lands and churches in Holland and Scotland; and, finally, there came the dissolution and the confiscation of more than six hundred monasteries by Henry VIII in England, and the seizure of more than five hundred religious houses and estates by the same Henry in Ireland.

Following the Protestant revolt came the Seven Years' War, royal absolutism, and especially Gallicanism in 1673, which prompted Louis XIV to appropriate the revenues which should have gone to the Catholic sees. There came the Penal Laws of 1690, which enslaved three-fourths of Catholic Ireland to the soil. There came the state expulsion of the great teaching order, the Jesuits, from France in 1764 and from Spain a few years later. There came the French Revolution, and with it the proscription of the Roman faith. And, to top it all, there came Napoleon and the days of the Empire, in which the Roman Catholic Church in all of continental Europe was despoiled of almost every temporal possession, and left in poverty. The seizure of the Papal States in Italy, the *kulturkampf* in Germany, the outbreaks against the faith in Mexico and Spain—these have been the more recent obstacles to the temporal progress of the Church.

Thus Rome has been cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in, so that the pre-Protestant tradition of papal patronage toward music, art, and literature, was gradually over-shadowed by the thought of self-preservation. Patronage changed hands. Elizabeth of England, for example, could award to Edmund Spenser estates in Ire-

land which her henchman had wrested from the Church. And thus Spenser could write verses to stir men's souls, while the Irish Catholics were being confirmed in a peasantry which has not yet died.

As the temporal power of the Pope and of the various episcopal sees declined, so the education of Catholics declined. There were no revenues to support schools and found colleges. There was no wealthy class in the Church to offer endowments for any kind of cultural project. The great mass of Catholics throughout the world labored on farms, or in factories, or in small trading shops. These people who scarcely knew what good literature might be, and who had no opportunity to learn, were not the ones to criticize life through the medium of the novel.

The clergy were educated, it is true, but the brilliant minds among them spent their days and nights in controversy, and produced a literature confined to the defense of the Church. They had no time for the novel, or poetry, or drama; they were engaged in the fields of apology and religious justice. That is why, during the recent centuries, the Church has established among her writers a tradition of controversy; and even today the most able Catholic authors are either controversialists or historians—not novelists.

The second reason for the dearth of great fiction among Catholics—that is, the fact that the Catholic reading public is small—follows easily. You will observe that the Catholic folk of Europe are made up almost entirely of the peasant and laboring classes. The sons and daughters of these people have come to America during the last hundred years, mostly during the last fifty years, and now form the Catholic population of this country. It is unfortunately true that, for the most part, these same people and their immigrant sons and

daughters have not been readers of fine literature. They have been too poor to buy books of their own, and they have been too busy earning money enough for food and clothing to enjoy the delights of reading.

Thus the gifted Catholic writer has been lacking the incentive which so many good writers need—a reading public. Publishers may be different today (because, after all, the reading public *has* changed), but years ago, if a book manuscript carried the faintest odor of Catholicism in it, these same publishers, or their fathers, would return the useless thing in the next mail. So instead of becoming struggling authors, the Catholics who had the chance became family doctors, and trial lawyers, and ward politicians. And these, together with those Catholics who had made a few dollars in business, sent their sons and daughters to college and advised them to read and become cultured, so that Catholic writers of the future generations would not die of starvation.

Now, in the years of the Lord, the 1930's, things are beginning to look up for Catholics. It is evident that Rome has recaptured some of the cultural half of the kingdom which was taken from her. There are Catholic schools now, and Catholic colleges, which every year turn out thousands of young men and women who can really read a good book. There are innumerable Catholic book clubs, and poetry societies, and reading circles—and they are sticking to their real purpose.

Two or three Catholic periodicals are knocking at the gate of entrance to the quality class. The diocesan weekly newspapers, which years ago carried off all honors as the world's best fly-swatters, are now being well edited, well printed, well circulated—and read. The great publishing houses, observing the sales of Willa Cath-

er's recent works, will now consider literature with a Catholic setting. Last year a really competent English publisher of Catholic books opened a New York office. Literature by and for Catholics is on the upswing. Henry Seidel Canby recently allowed himself to consider a Catholic renaissance and its consequences. . . .

III

Provided the ground has been cleared of all physical and traditional obstacles to his purpose, the Catholic still has his dogmatic and moral training to wrestle with.

In his very early days, when his faculties of reason are still embryonic, every Catholic, almost without exception, begins to learn the eternal verities which are to be his way, his truth, and his life. One by one, he begins to learn and to comprehend, as much as his early reason will allow, the basic tenets concerning the existence, the knowledge, the love, and the service of God. He learns, and is firmly convinced, that all life is for one eternal purpose. He is scarcely ten years of age when he acquires knowledge of the three categories of human acts—the good, the bad, the indifferent, and the supernaturalization of the indifferent—and he becomes acutely conscious that his every thought, word, or deed is a stroke upon the eternal canvas.

There is not an uncertain moment in the young Catholic's acceptance of established creed. Before he has completed his years of adolescence, every fundamental truth of his Church has become a part of him; the articles of the Apostles' Creed are the steel uprights in the process of his religious thought. The truths his whole life is founded upon are dogma, and he spurns the liberality of open Bible and free interpretation. There is not an elastic idea in the structure of his belief.

Hence it is that the Catholic's attitude toward life in all its phases is fundamentally theological. And the more his mind grows in capability to grasp ideas for the superstructure of his dogma, the more does it become theological in attitude.

It is a difficult thing to conceive of such a person handling a novel with dexterity. It would seem like the attempt of a swordsman to sculpture marble with a rapier. For the novel, I think, is essentially a book of sin. Others would call it a book of life, I suppose, in which jealousy, hate, lust, and pride play their parts as do unselfishness, love, purity, and humility. But in this discussion terms mean nothing. When the Catholic portrays the so-called negative emotions, he can only feel that he is portraying sin. And the question is: Can a Catholic do that, and still write in the manner of a novel rather than in the manner of a tract or an epistle to his brethren?

Perhaps it is true that the novel demands an individualism and a liberalism which a faithful Catholic cannot possibly give it. If so, it is not difficult to understand why there are so many perverted Catholics who have become great literary lights. They have thrown off, as it were, what they considered the shackles of dogma and conscience which may have threatened to narrow their scope and crush their individualism. Several of them are leading the pack in the field of the drama and novel.

On the other hand, the non-Catholic writers who have become converted to the Church of Rome are still able, because they are uninhibited by their earlier training, to treat the novel with all their native mastery, and in a manner which seems, to many children of the Church, to border on recklessness. Sigrid Undset, for example, is capable of handling the modern marriage problem with great skill and depth, and

yet with a daring which many another Catholic writer can only gasp at. "Father Malachy's Miracle" caused numerous Catholics to consider the Roman convert, Bruce Marshall, grossly disrespectful; and yet it is indisputable that this man's respect for all things of the faith is very profound. The secret of Willa Cather's two amazingly beautiful and honest pictures of Catholic life lies in her very detachment.

It might seem, then, after our analysis, that the Catholic writer must inevitably prove a hopeless lout in his efforts at the novel. But of that I am not so sure; in fact, I am convinced that he need not be. I have in mind one of the most significant and heartening events in modern Catholic literature—the writing of "Vipers' Tangle," by François Mauriac. Here is a really great Catholic novel. And its author is probably the foremost writer in France. (Does his election to the French Academy condemn him?) Mauriac has dared to take the step which has frightened every aspiring Catholic writer before him. He has written accusingly, frankly, sympathetically, understandingly, artistically about the sins of Catholics. He does no preaching, but a moral is there for those who need it. "Vipers' Tangle" is a book of depth and passion, and it is written with a touch to wring words of praise even from the skeptic.

Mauriac is an uncommon literary fig-

ure; his is the unusual combination of the literary genius with the theological mind. He is the best example of what the successful Catholic novelist must be made up of. His literary genius and his love of eternal truth do not conflict with each other, and yet neither suffers because of the other. In the mind of the true Catholic, his is the only kind of writing that makes great and permanent literature, because in it are genuine art and everlasting truth.

It may be that I overestimate the literary genius of Mauriac. But it is because of this very possibility that I feel that the Catholic novel can go far beyond the little which he and other rare Catholic geniuses have already accomplished. And I feel that the Catholic novel can surely go beyond the muddy, inconsequential stuff which, for the last couple of decades in America, has been called the novel.

It will require great genius, this novel—far more genius than is required of anybody else to write anything else. But this genius, this long awaited talent, is being born and fostered in the present Catholic renaissance in America. (I call it renaissance—it is certainly something!) During the next few years I think you will behold alarms and excursions, and literary skirmishes, and hard lost battles. And after that you will see some important and successful Catholic novels.

THE FIFTH WHEEL

BY EDITH M. STERN

IT WAS about 1917 that the larger American department-stores began to discard the old-fashioned manner of selecting their help. Following the trend for specialization and scientific efficiency, they appointed one man or woman to engage everybody. During the boom, when business men did not know how to spend money fast enough, the new personnel departments developed, and in 1928-29 they reached their heyday. The economies of the Depression have cut them down a good deal, but for some obscure reason they are still considered necessary. Only about a dozen department-stores in this country do a business of more than \$20,000,000 a year; the majority range from \$3,000,000 upward. Yet so strong is the passion for aping Big Business that almost all of them have personnel departments. Even a store doing only \$250,000 a year, in a town of but 10,000 population, boasts a personnel manager—at the munificent salary of \$18 a week.

In the old, inefficient days, employés were engaged in a sadly haphazard manner. Applicants for jobs were interviewed by either a general executive or a department head, and engaged if their personalities and capabilities impressed him. Once on the payroll, they learned their work by experience, or, if they lacked the capacity, failed to learn it at all. If the store treated its help well, it had their loyalty; if not, they left as soon as they could find better jobs.

Nowadays everything is different. The personnel departments have the threefold functions of hiring, training, and creating good-will among employés. Applicants for jobs fill out elaborate printed blanks and are subsequently interviewed by a functionary variously entitled interviewer, personnel manager or director, or employment manager. He then engages them according to the degree that their personalities and capabilities impress him. Once they are hired, the same functionary or an assistant variously styled personnel manager or director, employment manager or educational director, directs them in a training-school whose purpose is not only to teach them their work, but also to instil the spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation into them. After that they learn their jobs through experience or, if they lack the capacity, fail to learn them at all. If the store treats its help well, it has their loyalty; if not, they leave as soon as they can find better jobs.

Hiring is the first function of the personnel director. Every applicant for a position in the store, from the lowliest scrub-woman to executives commanding salaries of \$10,000 a year, is supposed to pass before him. Obviously, his position is responsible and he ought to be a man of high calibre. According to W. V. Bingham of the Personnel Research Federation it is not enough for a personnel manager to have "a better than average adult intelligence test score and a sincere desire to work

helpfully with people"; it is also essential that he have "a real understanding of human nature, coupled with sound business judgment and a proficient knowledge of general principles and specific practises of personnel management." Furthermore, it appears that "the interests and abilities necessary for success in personnel administration are not strikingly different from those essential to business leadership in general." For such large and protean abilities department-stores pay, as a rule, from \$25 to \$75 a week. Few men can hope to rise above \$100, and fewer women. Even assuming that there is actually a science of gauging human beings, it seems somewhat doubtful whether, at such salaries, genuine masters of it may be found. So well do the stores realize the opportunities for fallibility in the job that most of them have evolved an intricate system of documentation to precede the interviewer's exercise of his art.

II

This documentation consists of impressive blanks which every applicant must fill in. Their form varies in different stores, but on the whole they are similar. They request information which seems to be extremely important, but which, when analyzed, turns out to be largely useless. Some of it is personal and some refers to previous employment and experience. The personal questions are Name, Address, Home Telephone Number, Married or Single, Number of Dependents and Ages, Age, and Religion. The first three are necessary, but the rest have almost no bearing on the applicant's desirability.

Married or single. This affects work life to a certain extent, but since either state has both advantages and disadvantages from the employer's point of view, the result is

about a draw. Single men will, in general, work longer hours and have fewer conflicting interests; married men are likely to be more steady. Married men will work to earn more money for their families; single men will work to earn more money for themselves or in order to get married. Even with single versus married women it is six of one to half a dozen of the other. The single woman is more available for overtime, but the married woman more settled. Often the single woman has no other source of income, and badly needs her earnings; often the married woman is working because she has to supplement a husband's inadequate salary. Sometimes the single woman lives with her parents and works only for pin-money or because she is genuinely interested in her job; sometimes the married woman is not dependent on her salary and works only because she enjoys her extra-domestic activities. With single women stores run the chance that they may quit when they marry; with married women, that they may quit to have babies, or are working only until their husbands will be earning enough for both. The married woman is often fatigued from housework; the single woman from going to parties. Only in traveling jobs, which form but a small percentage of all department-store jobs, does the matter of an employ  e's being married or not make any real difference.

Age. An older person, it is true, is likely to be the more experienced, but the subject of experience is taken up further on in the questionnaire. To relate age to endurance, the real object of the question, is too mechanical to be useful. An anemic twenty-year-old girl is more easily fatigued than a healthy middle-aged woman. So well is it realized that age is no measure of potentialities that there are many examples similar to the action of an execu-

tive in a Philadelphia store which had a rigid rule excluding all new employes over fifty. When a fifty-five-year-old man applied he was told to put down his age as forty-nine, and thereby the executive hoodwinked the personnel director and added to the staff one of the most successful buyers the store ever had.

Religion. This has no bearing in the highest and lowest spheres. Creed certainly does not affect a buyer's style sense, nor is it a matter of the slightest moment whether the colored porter is a Methodist or a Baptist. It may be granted that for the intermediate positions it is undesirable to have a preponderance of certain religious groups because they tend to form cliques, but everyone is aware of the prejudice against certain faiths, and it is easy to lie.

It is equally simple to make false answers to the group of questions relating to previous employment.

Last salary. This is almost never answered truthfully.

Name of last employer and position held. Usually only one line is left for the second part of this question, but it is frequently impossible to explain briefly what the last position was. As in other lines of business, many titles in department-stores are meaningless. Nevertheless, it is the titular position that must be stated. In the case of a check-up, that is how the individual would be found on the payroll, although he may have been relieved of many of the duties of the position or may have taken on others during the course of his employment. A "hosiery and glove buyer" in one store, for example, was actually in charge of all the first-floor departments, and had capable assistants who did the actual buying. A "superintendent" in a chain-store was really the general merchandise manager, while an assistant superintendent was in charge of the store.

Reasons for leaving last employment. There are exactly two. Either a person is fired or he quits voluntarily. No one is likely to advertise the fact that he was discharged for cause—the trade term for dishonesty—or incompetency. And if, like so many capable men during the past few years, he was let out simply because his employer was cutting down overhead, it is no reflection on his abilities. As for the reasons for voluntary departure—whether personal antagonisms, disagreeable working conditions, or the desire for more pay—they are likely to shed more light on the former employer than on the employe himself.

Positions held prior to the last, and their duration. Frequent shifts of jobs may show that the applicant is a drifter. On the other hand, they may indicate that he is ambitious and always seeking to better himself. Under the economic conditions of recent years the answers prove nothing.

References. No one, whether capable or defective, honest or dishonest, is so friendless that he cannot scare up a few names to sponsor him.

And, finally, *Have you ever been bonded?* Most people have never applied for a bond. Those who have been turned down for one will certainly not say so.

III

This valuable document, then, having been duly filled out more or less truthfully by the applicant, is borne in to the personnel director and laid upon his desk. The personnel manager glances at it. He may even read it. If the applicant is engaged, a check-up is attempted. If he is not, it is buried in the files.

So well recognized by department-store executives is the profound darkness surrounding such blanks that whenever they

are personally interested in an applicant they warn him not to fill in the regular form, but, instead, to keep in personal touch with them by telephone calls. This was also the practise of the high-class employment agencies (most of them unhappily defunct since the Depression) which specialized in executives; they always sent their people directly to the store executives rather than through the channels of the employment department. The truth is even admitted, at least tacitly, by the personnel administrators themselves, for after all this show of tabulation and efficiency, they still find it necessary, before coming to a decision, to resort to the old-fashioned interview and so devote at least five minutes personally to every applicant.

In consequence the job-seeker is subject to the same old fallibilities that faced him in the past. The interviewer may or may not have digested his dinner; he may or may not have just had a fight with his wife. Further difficulties are created by the fact that the person who does the hiring is not the superior under whom the applicant will actually work. A personnel director engages help for about two hundred kinds of jobs; he cannot be a specialist in every field.

But if the head of a coat department, for example, wishes to gauge the competence of a saleswoman he is perfectly equipped to ask the relevant questions. He would find it a waste of time to inquire, "Where have you worked and what is your experience?" or, "Have you a style sense?" Instead, his approach is specific. "What color coat would you recommend with this dress?" "What size would this lady wear?" or "Are puffed sleeves good this year?"

With the higher positions, minor technical details are even more important. Once a personnel director, selecting between two applicants for the position of

ready-to-wear buyer, chose one who reported twelve turns in inventory in his last position as against one who reported eight. But on investigation it turned out that the man engaged had worked in Trenton, N. J., one hour from the market, and that his twelve turns made a very poor showing compared to the lesser number made by the other man, who had been stationed in faraway Seattle.

Again, not illogically, a buyer for electrical goods was engaged (other things being equal) on the basis of his having shown a 38% markup as against the 36% markup of the runner-up. An expert, checking later, found out that the personnel director, naturally not being conversant with such details, failed to take into account the fact that a 3% reckoning of freight should have entered into the calculations, and that the record of the rejected man was thus actually the better one. Applicants for the higher and more specialized positions realize this lack in employment managers and are therefore often ill at ease during an interview; they feel that they must sell themselves to someone who does not talk their language.

Subtle personal antagonisms, too, inevitably arise when a man or woman plays God for a salary. Personnel managers tend to become arrogant and hard-boiled because they have fate in their hands. Applicants for the lower positions, who are, of course, in the majority, are usually pathetically nervous and timid. It is only human that the personnel manager grows to relish his power and equally human that, being so accustomed to cringers, he resents the attitude of higher type applicants who know more about their jobs than he does.

The sex factor also plays a large part in the strain and difficulty of interviews. Women looking for any kind of position prefer a male interviewer; they feel that

he has no sense of rivalry towards them and that they are likely to receive fairer treatment. Men applying for subordinate positions prefer to see a man; they resent having to seek a job from a woman. Men looking for executive jobs, on the other hand, prefer infinitely a woman interviewer, because male personnel directors, realizing that the fate of some one who can command perhaps double their own salary is in their hands, frequently cannot resist the opportunity to play up their own importance.

Finally, there is still another complication under this system of centralized hiring. In many cases there is nothing to prevent an employment manager from selecting employés who may be personally antipathetic to their immediate superiors. Serious conflicts can result and often real feuds develop between personnel directors and department heads. This situation also presents a magnificent opportunity for passing the buck when things go wrong. The personnel director says, "I sent you a good man, but you didn't know how to handle him." The department head complains, "I can't do a thing with my department, you wished such an incompetent staff on me." In many cases, with all the attendant dangers of divided authority, executives are not even able to discharge their subordinates without the consent of the employment manager.

IV

Having selected its people, the next great work of the personnel department is to educate them. No attempt is made to instruct executives; they are thrown in cold on their new jobs. No one takes the trouble to tell a new department head even such essential details as how sales checks are made out, what the store policy is on

layaways (articles on which deposits are made, to be delivered later), how discounts to employés are arranged, or to which department requisitions should be sent.

But clerks, salespeople and other underlings are not so neglected. On beginning their employment they must report at a classroom impressively equipped with blackboards, a platform, and rows of chairs. The procedure differs in different stores but as a rule the first day is devoted to instruction in routine detail. A filing clerk will have the filing system explained. A sales girl will receive instructions in the minutiae of making out sales-checks. The instructor demonstrates on the blackboard. The students are then required to make out sales-checks and hand them in. This demonstration is repeated with C.O.D.'s, charges, gift purchases, return credits, and all the common complicated department-store transactions. Undisciplined and frequently inferior intelligences are sorely taxed, and it is no rare sight, after a day of such schooling, to see the students thoroughly befuddled and tearful.

But perhaps the greatest time and money waster of the store schools is their attempt to teach the so-called principles of salesmanship. This usually follows the instruction in mechanical details. Really good salespeople are born, not made, and the fundamentals of salesmanship cannot be taught by rules. To inform the experienced (and certainly in the past few years, except during the Christmas rush, when some hasty instruction may be needed, only experienced help has got by the personnel managers) that they must greet customers pleasantly or make them think that their own taste is the salesperson's, is plainly superfluous.

Blanket instructions, moreover, do not take account of the personality of either

salesperson or customer, an important element in making a sale. What school, for example, would recommend that a saleswoman in ready-to-wear remark to a customer, "Dearie, when he sees you in that he'll love you all over again!" Yet this was the habitual address—to the sort of customer she sensed would not resent it—of the star saleswoman in a large Baltimore store. Again, the good-looking young Irishman who sold at the handkerchief counter of an exclusive Boston store surely did not act according to Hoyle when he said to a woman who could not find a man's monogrammed handkerchief large enough to suit her, "Madam, you will find the embroidered bedspreads on the third floor." But the customer laughed—and bought three dozen handkerchiefs instead of thinking, "Well, I'll go somewhere else, where they have a larger assortment."

Ludicrous, too, is the attempt to standardize manners in selling. Employés are given the precise form of address to customers. One large New York store school instructs its salespeople to say "Good morning" before noon, but the moment the clock reaches twelve, "May I help you?" or "May I serve you?" However, the girls are told very kindly that if they do not really feel in their hearts that it is a good morning they need not say so; a point which, to say the least, seems to leave matters about where they were. Lists of appropriate adjectives are often suggested; for example, salespeople in the luggage department are told to say neat, durable, substantial, stylish, novel, and practical. Now, anyone who already has a descriptive sense is unlikely to call a cowhide bag or a heavy wardrobe trunk pretty, and anyone who has not can scarcely be expected to acquire a plausible vocabulary overnight. Another favorite kind of instruction is impressing the point that a salesperson must never give

a customer the opportunity to say no. People who have a selling sense know this instinctively. As for the others, they cannot develop the proper phraseology merely by being told to do so, and such cautions tend only to inhibit them and make them self-conscious.

The final step in terrorization is achieved by repeated urgings to keep up sales, thus causing many a tyro to force the wrong articles on customers and ruin the possibilities of repeat business. Some educational departments crown their work with the bestowal of a printed handbook for the students to peruse at their leisure. These handbooks contain everything that might have been learned in the class-room.

One element of selling, however, the schools do not and cannot attempt to teach, and that is the most important: knowledge of stock. What there is to sell and where it is is so essential that a really good salesperson will not even attempt to make a sale until he has had at least three days on the floor and become thoroughly familiar with his stock.

V

The next goal of the personnel department and often the one that takes up most of the time of the three days to three weeks spent in schools, is the instilling of devotion to the store. Employés are given fervent little talks about how fortunate they are to be working for that particular store; how they are looked after in sickness and in health, and what great opportunities there are for advancement. One large Southern store even carries the rah-rah spirit so far that it is part of its regular educational programme to have the chief executives walk through the class-room and be duly exhibited, like so many mannequins, to the gaping students.

Often, after the new employés actually begin work, they discover that the personnel department has been handing them a good measure of hokum. A certain New York department-store, for instance, makes a great point of its generosity in granting its salespeople ten minutes off for a rest period every afternoon. But the restroom is on the top floor and employés are not allowed to use the elevators; from many departments it is a ten minute ride on escalators either way. The floor lavatories have neither chairs nor couches, and it is no uncommon sight to see tired salesgirls stretched out on their stone floors during the respite so munificently bestowed.

The larger part of the work of these so-called educational departments is futile. It is negative in its effort to teach experienced or natural-born salespeople what they already know or incompetent ones what they can never learn. It is definitely harmful in muddling, confusing and terrifying employés with details which can be, and are, speedily learned on the floor or in the office; in being a source of expense which the smaller stores, at any rate, can ill afford; and in creating a divided authority over the employé because the educational director is not the one under whom he will work. Often, when he is actually on the job, he must not only learn but unlearn.

So obvious are these shortcomings that some department-stores supplement the work of the school by means of a sponsor system, under which new employés are put in charge of experienced colleagues. Thus they can observe actual operations. There is, in fact, only one good way of teaching a girl how to file, and that is to let her watch a filing clerk who is familiar with the system and will stand over her while she herself files. Many department heads, besides, have the practise of gathering their people for weekly sales talks. But

this kind of address is different from the theoretical instruction of the schools. By the time it comes it probably will be effective, for the employés are already living in their work and references to it are not so much unrelated jargon. Direction from within the departments, in short, does not merely supplement the work of educational directors; it is a more than satisfactory substitute.

There are two general theories among department-store people about the advancement of personnel. One group believes that the higher positions should be filled from the outside, thus bringing in a fresh point of view. The selection of new executives by personnel departments offers no guaranty here that the best will be chosen.

The other group believes that advancement should come from within the store. Here personnel departments are not only non-essential but a positive impediment. Under a system of centralized selection there is too much regimentation. Individual excellence can be recognized quickly by an immediate superior, but often, because of internal politics, a department head's recommendations are disregarded by the personnel manager.

The whole situation is analogous to that of an army. Theoretically, since the personnel director has such far-reaching powers, he ought to be a staff general. Department heads and other executives are the officers in the field, while their orders are carried out by privates—salespeople and clerical staffs. But the general does not appoint non-commissioned officers nor decide who is to go out and cut the barbed wire, while the personnel manager does select assistant buyers and tell salespeople what to say. What makes matters even more difficult for the field colonels is that the personnel director is not even a general: he is a staff second lieutenant!

GREENWICH VILLAGE GALLOPS

BY BOB BROWN

IN THE early teens of this century Emma Goldman gave annual Anarchist balls in Lennox Hall in Harlem, to raise funds for her little magazine, *Mother Earth*. They were attended largely by the same Bohemians who soon afterward became both the back-bone and the wish-bone of the new Greenwich Village, and who, in 1913, established Webster Hall, on East Eleventh Street, as the all-time center for their gallops.

At the Anarchist balls Hippolyte Havel and Sadakichi Hartmann did nifty Nijinsky stuff. Micho Ito and Emma Goldman, a great dancer herself, went merry-widowing together, dipping past in the hypnotic swoop of roller-skaters. The philosophic Strunskys, Rose and Anna, Simeon and Hymen, down to little Morris, sat *en-famille* in a bunting-draped balcony box, looking on with apple-cheeked smiles. The whole wandering Bercovici and Shastack tribes attended *en bloc*. There were Harry Kelly, Ben Reitman, Manuel Komroff, and Bill Tisch. Christlike Sasha Berkman danced with Becky Edelson, Polly Holladay, Mary Heaton Vorse, and scores of other radical women. And the one touch of nobility was supplied by cricket-legged Charles Plunkett, nephew of Sir Horace himself. Besides these eminent ones, there were the common writers and artists from below Fourteenth street.

Those of them who could afford it attended the champagne soirées of the Kit Kat Klub as well, and what soirées they

were! Popini, a breath-taking reincarnation of Louis XVI in ruff and jeweled sword. Chamberlain Dodd in Oriental draperies and pearls, carrying a gazing crystal. The *Vanity Fair* twins, Condé Nast and Frank Crowninshield, as Haroun al Raschid and his bedighted Vizier out for a night of it. Classical dawnc-ing to "The Tales of Hoffman," all the arty élite bobbing about, breast to breast with one another's wives, quite correct and ritzy at first, until the bar was thrown open to looser-lacing ladies, and daring models trooped in to compete unfairly with wives by baring an extra inch of breast or leg. Of course, even these models would have fallen dead if a deb of today had appeared in her most casual swim-suit. But in that pre-decadent day mere models were enough to chase the wives out, and soon the Kit Kat was no more.

At the Brevoort and Lafayette, up at Sherry's, the Waldorf, and Beaux Arts, distinguished groups were always throwing a *gavotte*. Architectural League balls, charity balls, and Ward McAllister 400 *vive le bagatelle* cotillions, where souvenirs had to be something substantial you could take home and at least give to the French maid or the butler.

Anybody with his ear to the ground then could have heard all over town the sprightly patter and tap of patent leather pumps. The Art Students League footed it in their bleak studio building, art students and Art Young beaming on. Fattie

Johnson of the *World* was propped against the wall to watch Van Dyck-bearded instructors have their seasonal fling with peach-blow pupils. Bald and fat League alumni papered the hall, red-nosed wall-flowers too timid to step out on any young Peter Pan's tootsies until quite overcome by liquor, which, alas, had to be consumed outside.

The Pagan Rout, given by the Liberal Club, put Webster Hall on the amusement map at last, and that was soon followed by the premier *Masses* ball on Christmas Eve, 1914. With the advent of the artists came glamour, for they brought their own rainbow-spotted cheese cloth, crescent moons, and twinkling stars cut out of silver paper, and dressed up the frumpish old opery house named after Daniel almost every Saturday night in the season all during the following decade. They even managed to make its draughty vastness cozy with bunting and batik cunningly cuddled from dome to stage. But they never could camouflage the awful box-stalls in the quaking balcony—those remained bleak and foam-splotched from the time they cost nothing and were hogged by parties for close-drinking harmony, until they rented for ten and twenty bucks all night.

The hall was the property of the Wunderman brotherhood, who had come twirling in their conical caps, all the way from Bavaria, to sell beer. And because of that they spent much more elbow grease polishing the mahogany than in waxing their splintery dance floor. They were four or five bachelor brothers, all quarter-keg in size, and as distinguished in their way as the bearded cough-drop Smith Brothers or the mad Marxes. One charming unmarried sister completed the family management, and she remained aloof from all Village influences through twenty years of contact, finally to marry a business man

in the Bronx. For the Wundermans held that while villagers were all right as drink customers, the bar must be kept up between. Most of this beer brotherhood had jobs outside, the hall being closed day-times, they came in on dance nights only, to help out Charlie, the eldest, and therefore called Pa Wunderman, whose sole job was running the joint and keeping it pure.

II

Of course there were no strip dancers in this pre-speak era and very few places at all to spend a pleasantly bibulous, libidinous midnight-till-dawn. So down to Webster hall the male uptowners ganged, attracted by any Bal Primitiv ballyhoo, so long as it showed a fig-leafed Eve on the poster. Cash customers toddled up the broad steps the first Bal Primitiv night in an alarming unbalance of ten men to one woman; sometimes twenty boiled shirts would barge up in a solid front without a single skirt in sight. In haste we dance promoters sent word over to the penniless Village girls at Polly's, the Mad Hatter, and the Brevoort basement, inviting them all to attend free, in or out of costume, but make it snappy.

Eleventh Street became a forest of charging stags, locking horns, blocking the ticket window as though intent to get into a burlesque show, trying to graze past Al, the special cop on the door then (and after twenty years of valiant service, on the door now). Al lowered his bull head and butted them reeling back; shoulder to shoulder he pushed his beef against their venison, waving his arms to stop the stampede. One dance-drunk who had lost both ticket and money still wanted to get in, against all reason. Al knocked him downstairs. On the sidewalk the drunk rolled over and painfully crawled up on

his stomach. Al sent him crashing back to the sidewalk. Again and again he waddled up, bear-fashion, leaving bloody trails, whining incessantly to get in, but every time he made the top step Al knocked him down. Finally, the drunk was too washed-up to try it any more; he just sat on the lowest step, a forlorn Pagliacci, nursing barked knees and belling all through that joyous Bal Primitiv, gone wild with liquor and libido. Oh, waltz me around again, Willie, around and around and around—and don't let my feet touch the ground!

For three hours solid the customers mobbed up the midnight steps past the drunk, stepping on his fingers, waving tickets and big bills of authority. The cashier we had borrowed from Polly's restaurant to take the money in the little sweat-box office just outside the door, said afterward that he never knew there was so much of it. Frog-skins hopped in through the window so fast he got cash-register cramp from handing out change, yet at the end his account tallied to a dollar. His till flowed over and when after two A.M. the money harvest was in, he stood ankle deep in a chaff of greenbacks. Toward the finish, he said, he kept dancing them down so they wouldn't blow back out the window.

All the papers gave the bloody details in picture and story, some four columns in spread. We took this newspaper attention as the just due for our showmanship, not knowing at the time that some of the Fourteenth Street department stores had raised \$15,000 for just such publicity to back a Village comeback and keep the customers from all moving uptown. Of course, the papers were pleased to help their advertisers, so they sent their brightest boys and girls, and scores of other journalists came on their own. They got plenty

pickled but somehow they managed to get back to their offices and write dance descriptions that were accurate down to a burst button. The old *World* said:

A girl with black and white harem trousers and something around her shoulders, though nothing but a belt of unbleached skin at the waist, was a popular and tireless dancer. Another wore all-the-way tights and a fickle shawl.

There was a pink union suit, too, with some \$2 bills peeking through at the ankle. But that was worn by a merry young man who was pointed out whisperingly as "the poet."

There was a trim little girl with braided hair and a costume of autumn leaves—falling leaves, for the season is advanced. Beer for hers. Every time she blew the foam away "Over the top!" she would cry, and nearby sailors and soldiers in the uniforms of two or three nations would lock arms and sing the Marseillaise in a way.

The pink announcement, about a yard long, was right in saying everything would be "primitive as the apes in the jungle and as unrestrained as the Amazons," and while the Descent of Man Pageant came off on schedule, "the vampires with their pet tango chameleons on platinum chains" were two hours late. They didn't come in until midnight, *but when they did!*

III

Dance promotion became a flimflamming Barnum business, consisting largely of bumping the reporters whose stories brought the crowds. An easy racket. All we had to do was to step around to Webster hall, drink a few beers at Pa Wunderman's expense, pick out the best date open, try to settle the never-settled question of which side should inherit the hatcheck privilege, then grab a pencil and write a lurid handbill with earnest attempts to capture a grace of phrase and if possible insert a sophisticate pre-*New Yorker* nonchalance about it all. Thus:

Men of the Stone Age. And likewise ye Cave Women. *Attendez!* Come with your pet nurse or interne—but check your hypodermic needles at the door. See the Serpent in a special exhibition Writhe. Watch Bobby Edwards present a ukulele to the best costumed lady and gent at midnight. Remember the bar closes at one, but soon the dawn of civilization creeps up behind with dripping stiletto and at six the bar perforce reopens to serve combination nightcaps and eye-openers. Then the Village restaurants toss wide their greedy arms to revive the haggard ham-and-egggers.

To stand in with the Wundermans who gave the hall rent free in return for the drink privilege, it was wise, in all advance literature, to mention booze as well as the blowens, for in Wundermanic eyes the whole fête was but a feeder to the bar. We were a law-abiding people then, and the bar stayed sealed from one until six, but kidney-footed waiters, called in off the Bowery for the occasion, remained on duty to serve from the cases already bought and stowed by box-parties just before closing.

After writing the handbill the next step was to go around to Clara Tice's studio and engage her to draw a poster for a pit-tance—the mere suggestion of a fig-leaf was enough to start Clara's brush limning leg-curves, and either bare-legs or fusty fig-leaves served for the trade-mark of a whole dance, being reproduced on all publicity, posters, and tickets. Then step around to the Japan Paper Company and select some spider-webbed gold and silver tissue, get the block made and take it over to De Pamphilis on Greenwich Avenue and try to beat him down on the printing price. This dreamy-eyed foreign craftsman turned up some quaint type and odd Italian paper stock himself, and kept his faith in these dances by never attending.

The invitations had to be personal "To

You" valentines, and each ticket a novel improvement on the last. Invitations were mailed to hundreds of names kept in a card catalogue, and the tickets carefully numbered and distributed in the dives by girl volunteers. Though the sellers got little or no commission, there was no gyping, for the commerce was hallowed by Art. The pasteboards were truly beautiful, some of them intrinsically worth the whole price of admission. Silver triangles, black moons decorated in bronze by sound artists, delightful conceits.

Next, one or two of Don Dickerman's piratical jazz bands were hired through the nose, and finally we were all set for the customers to walk the plank.

"Flitter Flatter Flutter—this Friday Night. Come dance the periwig with Circe and the Swine. Circe the Sorceress will be Enchanted to change all the Wild Bores of the Village back to Swine. The *Danse Decadente*—at the Eleventh Street Sty, on the Aegean, Orgyeen Isle of Manhattan." This poster by Betty Turner for a change, showed a red-headed jade easily identified as Circe, because she waved plump arms and did a dizzy Isadora Duncan on the heads of a whole runway of swine.

The dancing mode was still a bit Gold Coast hoydenish, a popping uncorking of un-aged spirits, a kicking of silk hats and chandeliers, with snapping of necklace strings and a rattle of fugitive beads on the floor. Boisterous sliding clean from one end of the hall to the other. Giddy galumphing that found soul expression in Betty's poster—a galloping free-verse rhythm imported from Sandburg's hog-butchery of the world. And for offset, there were always pool-eyed Russian couples doing dreamy drop-the-handkerchief folk dances, quaint looping in and out beneath linked arms, poetic ribbon-weaving gliding around imaginary May-

poles amid sylphs in zephyry symbols of Spring.

Pa Wunderman was his own floor manager and a strict censor, ever peering about through the foliage, bright-eyed as a faun for rough stuff, of which, sexually speaking, there really was none. He would keep the whole Village in tight-laced Lutheranism, pouncing on anyone who essayed to shake a limber hip. Like a referee, he would part couples he feared had become glued. Standing there, shaking his bachelor, unhorned head, he would plead, "Not like that, pliss, not in my hall. Go outside for that, pliss. Ve don't vant that the place should get a bad name, pliss."

Marcel Duchamp's antics really alarmed him, for the artist of "The Nude Descending the Stairs" had been brought up on the stronger bullion of the Bal Bullier. He knew how to cut his caracoles. Montmartre he lugged down to Eleventh Street, introducing the authentic Quatres Arts flare by kicking off his slippers, running up the backs of giggling girls and leaping off their shoulders in some imported froggy frenzy.

The unconventional gyrations of other artists caused Pa many a sleepless morning-after. Charles de Muth and Marsden Hartley, neither of whom missed a ball in eight years, remained problem children to him till the end.

"Spend a Night in a Harem. Mount your Camel and come—from Harlem to the Harem. From the Battery to the Bey. Real Tom-toms! Beating mad red hearts. Oriental Tum-tum dawning till dawn us do part." Oddly, this all-night Harem-scarum attracted more pansies than sheiks. The Wundermans were shocked and soon after the first garter was dropped sent Sister home early to bed. But the boys in brassières danced on together unblushingly.

"*Danse de la Lune*. The Cream of the Milky Way will be there. All the Heavenly Bodies but the Crab. Come as a comet! Meet a meteor! And start a little planet all your own. The world is so full of a number of balls, I'm sure we should all be as happy as halls." Unexpectedly, this turned out to be a Lesbian ball, and the Wundermans looked on in manly wonder as hundreds of glittering geishas paired off and snubbed the upstart men until all of them retreated to the bar to burst into lonely tears over their sloe gin rickeys.

We could never tell who would turn up and, of course, in costume, the sexes sometimes got woefully mixed. Ours not to reason why, ours but to get out the literature and let Nature do her worst. For by handbills alone we continued to eat. The entire problem was to keep these advance dodgers sprightly in both text and line, always a little classical, slightly French and somewhat cuckoo. They were the columnists' meal-ticket, too. Don Marquis said in the *Sun*: "The Greenwich Villagers are going to give a *Danse de la Lune* on Friday evening. Moths seeking stars are invited. From the programme (which is a piece of flitterature in itself) we judge that a number of Sacred Cows will jump over the moon. Robert Edwards and Guido Bruno will attend as the Twin Endymions."

The papers usually reported: "A good time was had by all. *But there were no casualties.*" This sadistic suggestion saddened us, for, in truth, we knew that our customers were attracted as much by the hope of fatal fights and jealous faintings as by drink and dancing. A Dance of Death drollery come down to us in a straight-whiskey line from two-gun frontier balls held by the 49'ers in their gilded halls of sin, to the deadly Dance Mara-

thon of today. Our clientèle came morbidly to Webster hall to hear both glasses and bodies crash and splatter on the floor.

Gregory Mason and I gave the Rio Grande Revel to welcome back Pershing's boys from the Texas-Mexico front, with an all-star galaxy of Park avenue patronesses in the boxes who, out of patriotism, even lent their names to the programme. The boys came in uniformed droves and, as usual, there weren't enough Astartes, Queens of Sheba, and jewelled patronesses to go around. Fights broke out at once, and Pa Wunderman had to call on the half dozen plain-clothesmen always in attendance to frisk the Army of their guns. Blue-nosed six-shooters were piled knee-deep behind the bar, and then the unarmed boys took to mayhem, ripping off ears, gouging eyes, leaving teeth-marks in one another's noses. Frontier days indeed, yet a good time was had by all, because at the first splash of blood the patronesses fainted and had to be carried out to their limousines. The boys in khaki enjoyed that too.

IV

As the dance business boomed Allen Norton and I opened an office at 1 Sheridan square, between Arthur Moss's *Quill* and a chop suey joint, styling ourselves "Greenwich Village Dances." Our tickets were on sale, not only in Village spots, but also at Tyson's, McBride's, and other uptown agencies. We even had a telephone and a red-headed office girl. Ticket scalping was profitable, since we charged the suckers a dollar more at the door and fined them, besides, for failing to come in costume. Boxes were in demand at high prices, "big ones for sardines, little ones for anchovies." This light respect for the customers was later capitalized by Texas

Guinan in the pet names she called her night-clubbers, and made them like it.

Norton was a noted playboy who, perhaps, suggested the title for Egmont Arens' village paper of that name. Norton's father was called the handsomest broker in Wall Street, and in this son Allen he made a great gift to the dance business. Allen came into it, as many did, through the little magazines, by giving the September Morn ball in aid of his checkerboard *Rogue*. This was followed in the Spring by *Rogue's* Funeral ball, celebrating the demise of that *avant garde* journal, which introduced Gertrude Stein to America with "Galleries La Fayette." The dance was just another of those affairs with the Rue Morguish appeal: "Take the family skeleton out of the closet and come along to the Potter's Field for a jig. Sit up with the corpse. A real old-fashioned wake with coffin nails, cemetery-senders, hell-hurlers, pop and straight whiskey at the bar."

Just past midnight, when Don Dickerman's second band arrived from "the rich Mr. Reisenwebber's in a fleet of taxi cabs", the funereal celebrants began to hit the floor and stay there. Others leapt on to the stage to beat the drum and lead the orchestras. This roughhouse annoyed the Wundermans, who hated to see the misuse of anybody's property and always were fidgety after one o'clock anyway, with their bar closed down, and the fun all over as far as they were concerned.

At 5 A.M. the die-hards would take up a collection to keep the music pounding on for another hour or two. There was no effective way of dismissing the mob, even when they ceased by the time limit to be our guests. Easy enough to start a ball, but almost impossible to stop one. Turning out the lights was no good, since it was dawn already. Along about seven Al

usually bounced the last of them, but all day long bedraggled Harlequins wambled wobbly-kneed, clinging to collapsed Columbines, wending their way from Village bar to bar till their cheese-cloth costumes resembled the tails of kites. And even then they wouldn't go home. Some stayed out for a week.

This naturally made scandal. Village highbrows raised ethical eyebrows in the direction of our Greenwich Village Dance Shoppe and burst into academic denunciation. We saw no justice in puling Liberal Club complaints, only envy, for we had two bands and offered a greater Lady Godiva glitter; and the best they had ever done was to discover Doris the Dope, a pre-Hollywood shocker, elect her Queen for a night and display her in all three dimensions on a palanquin borne in by bronze-painted Tarzan members in lurching gilded sandals. We, on our part, could boast of dozens of Goyaesque "Mujer Desnudas" 'most any night.

For a while every tea-room and pirates' den within a cubic mile turned to giving these modern bacchanals, and the good dates on Webster hall's calendar were gobbled up months in advance. The Black Cat—Ride your broomstick to the Feline Frolic! The Snow Ball—It's a High Ball! The *Blindman's Buff*—in honor of Marcel Duchamp's magazine of "Green Art." Paris and the Golden Apple. A Joy Ride into the Jaws of Mythology. Scale the Wooden Horse and Say Hello to Helen.

Forsooth, the whole Village scarcely got the mascara unstuck from the eyelids before it had to don paint and feathers for the next war dance. There were impromptu dressing-up and undressing parties in all the best studios. The colored plates in Maurice Sand's "History of the Harlequinade" were grimy from much studious fingering by costume conjurers.

Village life was just one damned ball after another, and each served chiefly to ballyhoo the Golden Cockroach of next week. Many village Salomes were kept so busy handing out advance bills they never danced a step at any of the balls.

In spite of local knockers and ogling uptowners a backbone clientèle of Village Kings and Queens was built up, all of whom could be counted on to appear in ostrich feathers, leopard skins, head-dresses gum-dropped with paste jewels and suave sulka pyjamas: Polly and Louis Holladay, Daisy and Paul Thompson, Marjorie, Tom and Homer Bevans, the Dressers, Orrick Johns and Peggy Baird, the Sloans, Jo Davidson, Joe Stella, the Graces, Godwin and Potter, Frank Shea, Bessie Brewer, Brenda Euland, the artists, the writers, the Watsons, the Shastacks, the Strunskys (still smiling apple-cheeked), Marita Montalvo, Hip Havel, Norman Jacobson, the Anarchists, Nina Putnam, the Bobby Lockers, the pinks, the Eleanor Flowers, the Bonis and Liverights, *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue* slummers, as well as those who later made the *New Yorker*. Clement Wood, of course. Lance Hartpence, Helen Slade. Art Young everywhere and Louis and Jean Starr Untermeyer as Dante and Beatrice. Russel Herts in a towering head-dress concocted out of the innermost interior decorating stuff of him—coming once as a Chinese pagoda, again as the Woolworth Building.

Russel, in fact, became so infatuated with the Village and its balls he tried to move them bodily uptown to have them handy to his shop. The Censorship ball in honor of Anthony Comstock we threw next door for him, in the catacombs of the Fifty-seven Street Restaurant, with murals by Rube Goldberg and other Rubenses of that day.

By this time racketeers were attracted

to Webster hall and we were accosted with muttered threats from lowbrows wanting to muscle in, trying to petrify us by whispering the name of some omnipotent judge we'd never even heard of, telling us to watch our step, come across with a split or— We laughed them off, for we were unmercenary artists and machine-gun play was limited to the Army then.

V

The last big ball was the Chu Chin Chow, held as a house-and-heart-warming for the swanky coöperators who built the Hotel des Artistes in 1918. Stanlaws and Christy, both owners of studio apartments there, collaborated on a poster, and she was a corker. Barron Collier put her up free in all the subway cars and the ball was a chic society affair with a pageant organized by Ben Ali Haggin; his wife Bonny Glass was Aladdin, Christy, the Wazir, Stanlaws, Caliph and Mme. Penhryn the Princess. Chamberlain Dodd, ever a dancing man, was Chang Charmain, the Chicken Magnate of China, with Clara Tice as his Chic. Marsden Hartley the jewel merchant. Eva Le Gallienne, Al-Fath Bin Khakan, and Marie Dressler, Tasium, a fountain of Paradise.

Yet, though it was a knockout in every way, the gilt was off the ball. The old *Morning Telegraph* gave us only two sticks:

Brilliant Affair. Dancing next to impossible. But who goes to a costume ball to dance? The drinks were splendid. So were the dresses, what there was of them, Hawaiian Hips, Nuns, Eunuchs, mandarins, sloe-eyed slaves, Lord High Potentates, Bolsheviki and Greenwich Villagers in a kaleidoscopic mass. The little group of Greenwich Village's Serious Thinkers, however, were vastly outnumbered by regular persons, and did not in the least

spoil the party. Some of them came north of Fourteenth Street for the first time in years and had washed their necks and everything.

All through that hectic night I sat in the box office beside the same ticket-seller who had been so successful in tramping down the flutter of frog-skins at the Bal Primitiv. We were surrounded now by a hot halo of rainbow-hued checks for tickets and boxes bought by the George Goulds, Reggie Vanderbilts and Irving Brokaws. All I remember was trying to get these dignitaries into the right gilded stalls at twenty or fifty a shot. For a while I helped a lady look for a \$5,000 solitaire with which she had carelessly pinned that seventh veil. At 6 A.M., exhausted, and several thousand dollars richer, though a little saddened that I hadn't found that diamond, to add to my heap, I seem to remember a long chase through subterranean passages all the way from the cellar pool up to the skating rink on the roof, pursuing some French head waiter who had recklessly promised me a bottle of Veuve Cliquot 1904 if his take went over a grand.

Prohibition came along and our ball business burst like a toy balloon, collapsed and hung fluttering on that Chu Chin Chow peak of all-American terpsichorean history.

Fifteen years later, in 1932, I dropped into Webster hall again, to learn that it had been partly burned after a *New Masses* ball, which the papers tried to turn into a Reichstag plot. The Wundermans had sold out at the height of success and left Al holding the cold door-knob.

"Howdy, stranger," Al greeted me with the old-time grin, and took me right in to the new manager and tried to mark up a date, even offering to split the hat-check privilege down the aisle. But I shook

my head over the whole sinful business, even as Pa Wunderman had. I wasn't having any. I'd completely reformed. Besides, there was the depression and the knowledge that those old racketeer mutterings had sirened up to sub-machine gun shrieks.

"Don't be afraid. Protection comes cheap," Al tipped me the wink. "You could pull off a snappy Depression Ball. You know! Get out some of them pink handbills—Come find Cinderella sittin' in her burned rags after the great and

glorious Webster hall fire, stirrin' the cinders with a mixin' spoon off the bar, alookin' for her shirt or her slipper, whatever it was she lost in Wall Street. Just feed 'em the old boloney." Al simply wouldn't let up. "There's some of 'em got a few frog-skins left." He hammered at me with as hopeful persistence as he had at that drunk on the stair-top fifteen years before.

In some of us the high spirit of revel never droops, no matter how often it gives or takes it on the nose.

HOLY MEN MUFF A CHANCE

BY W. J. CASH

ONE of the strangest things about this Depression—or, as some now call it, this Recovery—is that the holy men of God have flatly failed to make anything out of it, either for religion or for themselves.

That they have failed is obvious. Thus I myself am living these days in the heart of what is called the Bible Country—in North Carolina, than which no more pious State exists. Moreover, I am living in what everybody who knows North Carolina knows to be the most pious part of this pious State—the foothill region. I am living, that is, in a country of which the capital and metropolis is Charlotte, after Zion City probably the most pious town in America. Even more than that, I am living, specifically, in a county which is perhaps the world's single greatest Baptist stronghold. And finally, I am living in a village which is unquestionably the peak and summit—the very Baptist flagpole—of this Baptist county.

Yet even here in this superlatively pious country I am unable to find any evidence that the holy men of God have capitalized on the main chance. I go down to Charlotte fairly often, and whenever I go there I go into the city room of one of the local newspapers and say to the boys: "Well, boys, when is the Big Revival going to start?" But all I ever get out of them is a grin and a sad shake of the head and the information that it looks as though Satan has the place by the tail for good. For, as

they know and I know, in the days before the Depression this town of Charlotte used always to be in the grip of a revival. Gypsy Smith, Jr., or Brother Ham, or Cyclone Mack—one or another of the holy wayfarers who frequent these parts was practically always on the ground, sickening sinners along the sawdust trail, literally in hordes. But now—why now there's not even a coon revival in the place. And there hasn't been one in more months than anyone can remember.

The tale is much the same for this Baptist county and this Baptist village of mine. As I am writing this the Summer revivals have lately closed. Well, here in the village they got the usual small fry—boys just turned fourteen and girls just turned twelve; but not a single one of the old, hard, bitter sinners, not a single one of the village drunkards or village atheists—and atheists have been shooting up around here godawfully in the last few years. They didn't even get a backslider. And, according to what I hear, the same thing goes for all the county. For all North Carolina, for that matter.

It really goes for the whole country, of course. At least, whenever I try asking people who go up East often and people who go out West often, if they've heard about the Big Revival in their travels, the only answer I ever get is a look that says I'm a crackpot and: "Revival? *What* revival?" And though I've searched industriously through every religious paper I could lay

my hands on—through Baptist *Recorders* and Methodist *Advocates* and Presbyterian *Standards* from everywhere in the nation—I haven't found anything but apathy—not a word about the Big Revival which is to come.

Yet I've always thought it simply axiomatic that when there is blood on the moon the harvest is ripe for the holy men of God. I think it now, indeed. It obviously *has* been that way through all the past—so obviously that I hardly need to prove it here. Everybody will remember what happened in those old days when Rome was cracking up, in the Middle Ages when the Black Death came along, in the war-racked, hungry Sixteenth Century, in the Black Country of England in the Eighteenth Century. Or, if an example nearer home is necessary, there is the American Revolution and the period for twenty or thirty years after it, when this country was just getting on its legs.

That was a nervous and shaky time, I gather. Nothing was settled, nothing was secure, and everybody was horribly afraid that the worst was going to happen—that we would lose the war, or that England or France would start another one, or that the government would fail and money wouldn't be worth a damn, or even, in some places, at least, that the Indians would cut loose again. Maybe, to tell the truth, some of them were afraid these things *wouldn't* happen. For life was hard in most of the country then—almost intolerably hard and lonely.

Well, and what came out of it all? Why, the Methodist revival, of course. Old Bishop Francis Asbury and Jesse Lee and Elder Barton Stone and Lorenzo Dow. The camp-meetings and the jerks and the barks, and these Methodist and Baptist churches all over the South and all over the East and all over the West.

II

All right, then, isn't there blood on the moon now? Isn't this Depression the worst thing, and by far, that this country has been up against—worse, by long odds, than the Revolution and the period that followed it?

The answer is, certainly, that it is. And the answer is, too, that it isn't merely that conditions are bad—not merely that even here in my own agricultural village, for the first time in the seven generations my family has lived here, people are actually beginning to go hungry—not merely that last Winter in North Carolina, which is still essentially a rural State and so one of those which felt the full force of the Depression least, that even in this state 20% of the whole population had to have aid to keep going. The answer, ultimately, is that the nation is frightened half out of its wits.

Sometimes it seems to me that everybody in America must have read that book of Oswald Spengler's. At least, everybody I see, from a famous sociologist at a famous university down to my friend, the village groceryman, and the retired farmers and the bondholders and the cotton-mill boys who loaf about the courthouse square in my county town of Shelby, talks that way. All of them look at you with scared eyes and ask you what *you* think is going to happen, and before you can frame a reply, race on to answer it themselves with "Chaos!" or what serves in their vocabularies for the term.

It isn't revolution they mean, either. What they talk—what everybody in the nation is talking, I gather—is essentially the thing Spengler talks: that the world has got too complex for one man's mind to get around, that civilization is cracking down—ruin—the New Middle Ages.

Everywhere men are mouthing that philosophy of despair. Everywhere they seem to be believing that the N. R. A. is going to flop, that everything is going to flop. Everywhere the young and ambitious seem to be giving themselves up wholly to the thought that they are doomed to live out their lives in frustration—under conditions that a few years ago would have seemed to them worse than death.

Nevertheless, we haven't got that Big Revival yet.

What's the matter? What ails these holy men of God? Here the harvest hangs before them, here they've plainly got a magnificent set-up—one of the most magnificent, perhaps, that any gang of holy men has had in the last two hundred years. They've not only got it, they've had it for four full years—for fifteen hundred long, sad days—and yet they've done precisely nothing with it, and are not even now giving any sign that they intend ever to do anything with it.

I mentioned this to a friend of mine not long ago, and he advanced the theory that the trouble is really in the people themselves, and that the movies and the newspapers and the radio go far to explain it. I laughed at that, at first. But he went on to point out that when people can go to a show cheaply every night, emotion doesn't dam up in them as hopelessly as it did back there in the days of the Revolution. They're not always walking about like boxes of dynamite ready to explode, not eternally picking at their sores—at their alarms and fears and their boredom—until the flesh simply has to have relief. Besides, he said, these things—the movies and the radio and the newspapers—after a fashion, make people unbelieving, spread the world out before them and give them a line on things, give them perspective, or at any rate more perspective than they once had.

In former times, he argued, people knew very little about what went on over in the next country or the next State or the next county or even the next village. And so when they fell into trouble, they looked upon it as a special visitation—as something out of the natural order of things and peculiar to themselves. And that made them pretty willing to believe that God was punishing them for having forgotten Him, pretty willing to listen to the holy men, pretty willing to scramble back to the altar and try to fix things up. But now, when they know—as he maintained they do know vaguely—that people everywhere, people in Europe and Asia and even Africa as well as people in America, people who eat snails and frogs and birds' nests as well as people who eat ham and eggs, people who are Catholics and Mohammedans and Buddhists and Taoists and fetishists and totemists and animists and ophiolatrists as well as people who are Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians, people who are polygamists or polyandrists or souses as well as people who are monogamists and blue-snouts—when they know that all these are getting it in the neck at once, unanimously, it simply doesn't make sense to them any more that they are suffering because they have offended God.

I think my friend underestimates the actual amount of bottled-up emotion which exists in the country at the moment. But it may be that, on the whole, there is something in his argument. I can see, in fact, that there may be more involved here than he said. For ultimately, of course, what he is talking about when he talks of the movies and the newspapers and the radio is so many machines. I thoroughly dislike to lug the subject of machines into this discussion, for it seems to me that there is entirely too much jabber about it, most of it senseless. But there is no help for it if

I am to say the thing I want to say—which is, that I can see that it may be true that people who live with machines constantly, people who tinker with them continually, people who ride in automobiles and on trains and in buses, people who make their bread with power looms and pneumatic hammers and with reapers and tractors, people who get their reading from machines and their music from machines and their ice-water from machines—that such people get around, without thinking of it, to regarding everything as a machine. They get to feel down inside them that the universe is a machine, too. They get the notion of law ground down deep into the jellies of their bodies. And the notions of order and cause.

III

If that's so, it is easy enough to see, also, that they must come around pretty quickly to accepting a great many things they don't know they accept. Men went on saying the world was flat a long while after they had begun really to think that it was round, because this fitted best with the way their minds had begun to work. And, probably, it's the same way now. Evolution and biology and biochemistry and the New History and the Higher Criticism—all the ideas we call scientific—float about over the country, and the Baptists and the Methodists grow red in the face and talk loudly and write bitter letters to the editors. Nevertheless, these ideas seep in and find lodgement even in the Baptist-Methodist mind, because they fit in naturally with the machine view of things.

Perhaps, indeed, there is something in the Spenglerian notion. Not that I am willing to swallow it whole. Actually, I am rather doubtful about the complete smash-up of civilization and the New Middle Ages. But

it does seem likely that we may be working toward a Big Change all around—in culture as in economic structure. Yes, even in religion. I think it is immensely probable that there are hosts of people in this country who aren't believing the theology John Calvin cooked up at Geneva in the Sixteenth Century—that they aren't believing it with their whole hearts and minds any more. They haven't discarded it, of course. On the contrary, they'll still argue passionately, and even fight, for the Virgin Birth, or the divinity of Jesus, or the reality of the miracles and Hell. But that doesn't necessarily mean anything. (It is the merest platitude, in truth, that the man who is quickest to take up the cudgels for dogma is the man who never goes to church—the man who has already begun to disbelieve.) What they have really done is to shunt their theology over on to a sidetrack in their minds. It's still there to be used when they want it. But they don't live by it every day as they once did. In their everyday minds, they've got a great big "Oh, yeah?" for Virgin Births and man-gods and walking on the water—a great big "Oh, yeah?" the holy men don't get past.

Maybe there is another thing that ought to be noted about the people. It's this: they haven't forgotten about Hoover and Prohibition. Along in 1928, as everybody will remember, the holy men were saying that Hoover was God's man. What is more, they made the nation generally believe that he was God's man. And it was the same way with Prohibition. It was God's law. But now most of the people—most of them even down here in the South—don't believe any longer that Prohibition is or ever was God's law. And most of them—East, North, and West as well as among my Confederate countrymen—seem convinced that poor Hoover, so far from being God's man, was, in fact, Auld Hornie incarnate.

So more of them than ever thought it before are beginning to think that perhaps the holy men don't know and never did know anything about God's men and God's laws or anything about God at all.

Still, after saying everything that I have said, I don't believe that, ultimately, the trouble about the Big Revival is in the people. At bottom, I'm sure, they are still religious. Away down under their machine-mindedness, away down under their "Oh, yeahs?", the old, deep, dark, mysterious humanity is still there—the old hankering for certainty as a shield against the cold, harsh winds of immensity. They are still afraid in the presence of the universe. They still have their moments when the hot tears come up in awe, still shiver and palpitate before the power and the glory. Almost to a man, they are still willing and more than willing—eager—ardent—to believe—something—anything—everything.

That tendency may be seen working itself out, indeed, even in the higher levels—up among the intellectuals. Up there, of course, they are all emancipated. Up there, they have all been educated far beyond John Calvin and the Sixteenth Century. But look at them running about frantically, look at them trying their very best to find some way, any way, back—to God. Look at them turn New Humanist or Neo-Neo-Platonist, listen to them spout Plotinus or the Summa of Thomas Aquinas, count up, if you can, the legions of the New Chestertonians and the New Belloccites, the hosts of the new pietists. And what do you suppose is the true meaning of Rotary and Kiwanis?

It's plain enough: down among the people, the masses, it would be the easiest thing in the world, really, to set off a revival. Down here in North Carolina. Out West. Up there in the East. I don't care

how far the drift among them has gone: it hasn't carried them over the border yet. It hasn't even carried them near it. If they've got those vague notions of science buzzing around in the tops of their heads, if they keep their Sixteenth-Century ideas shunted off into a part of their minds, it isn't their fault really. It would be easy, amazingly easy, for somebody to smash past that—to head off the drift, to keep the change in religion from happening for a long time yet. It would be easy to snatch them the whole way back to John Calvin, back to the Atonement, back to Hell-fire and the conviction of Sin. It would have been easy even in 1929. And now in 1933, now that they are frightened out of their wits, now that they are up against a stone wall which they think is too high for them ever to get over—why, as I say, it would be the simplest thing in the world to crash past their "Oh, yeahs?", to bring them up shouting and weeping, to wash the machine notion out of their jellies, to wash the notions of law and cause and order out of them clean, in the blood of the Lamb.

No, the trouble about the Big Revival is in the holy men of God themselves. They are the people who don't believe—more than anybody. And because they don't believe, nobody really believes.

IV

They don't know that, of course. Not many of them are consciously hypocrites. Most of them think they believe—think it fully. But it is clear that they don't. It wasn't long ago, I recall, that the Baptist preacher over in Shelby was saying that he wouldn't be surprised if the end of the world wasn't at hand, since the prophecies in the Apocalypse were so plainly being fulfilled in these last days. And it must

have been about the same time that the Rev. Luther Little, the radio parson down at the First Baptist Church in Charlotte, was saying that *he* was convinced that the end of the world was at hand, since the prophecies of the Bible were so plainly being fulfilled in these last days. I remember reading the same sort of thing from holy men in the West and the North, too. I think I even remember reading it from one in New York City.

But if anybody in Shelby or Charlotte or the West or the North or New York City is getting ready for the end of the world, I have been totally unable to find out about it. Indeed, having these people down here under my eye, I am satisfied that they, at least, don't really believe that the end of the world is coming off soon. For they go on behaving exactly as they have always behaved. And men don't go on so behaving when they really believe that the end is at hand. They didn't in the early years of the church, they didn't in the Middle Ages, and in this country the only people who have ever really believed it—as for example, the Millerites—haven't so behaved, either.

For belief—genuine belief—is something that strikes deep. It gets under the flesh and down into the bone. I haven't much capacity for it myself, but I can understand, I think, how the victim feels it over his whole body, how it sets even the last cell in his big toe to tingling. I'm convinced that when a man actually believes that the end of the world is at hand, he can hear the sky crack open and feel the ground heave and see Jesus coming in glory and the mountains toppling and the sea of blood, can hear Hell hiss and the angels singing and the fire roaring through the land. And when he really believes, he can make other men believe, too. The thing is catching.

Hence, I don't think these holy men of God really believe what they say. Else they'd have these people—these down here, at least—chasing about in sackcloth and ashes and quitting their lying and their guzzling of rotgut and their sweating of cotton-mill slaves and their booting of coons, and going out in droves to the hill-tops to see the Lord come. They haven't any power in them—these holy men. They talk and talk, and some of them bellow their heads half-off, but nothing ever happens.

The ultimate trouble with them, it seems to me, is that they have already come to the place toward which the people are just beginning to stumble. Sound them down to bedrock, and most of them have got completely beyond John Calvin and the Sixteenth Century. I don't mean by this, certainly, that I consider them any great shakes at actual thinking. But if they haven't minds in the full sense of the word, they still have nerves. If they can't really think, they can *feel* and *absorb*. And, on the whole better than the generality.

For, however low you care to class them intellectually, it is plain that they are bound to grade up better than the common run. They started in front of the masses, and having started in front, they have gone a vast way farther. Nearly all of them have been to colleges, real or so-called, or to theological seminaries. All of them have read at least one book and some of them whole libraries full of them. They have all been exposed at close range to the sciences which the people get only as floating notions, have all looked into chemical laboratories and biological laboratories. More than a few of them have heard of anthropology. And whole regiments of them have been tied right across the muzzle of the Higher Criticism and riddled with it.

It's astounding, I know, how little some of them can show even after all that. It's astounding how little they know in any proper sense, how little they can bring up and formulate in words. But this doesn't matter here. What matters is that they have been exposed to it—that, if they haven't learned it to the point of calling it up and using it, they have been conditioned by it just the same. Even in the case of the most stupid, great hunks of it have clung to the flesh, have soaked in, eaten down, and struck root in their nervous structures.

They stand up in their pulpits and talk about the cleansing blood of Jesus, and all the time the forgotten things the old professor of Comparative Religion at the seminary said that time about Mithra and the blood bath of Attis keep crawling around in their brain cells, never getting up steam enough to turn into an actual thought, perhaps, but making themselves felt nevertheless. Or they launch out on the Second Coming and the end of the world, and right away the forgotten record they had to memorize in History once—the record of all those dreary times in the first thousand years of Christianity when people went out on the hills to wait for the Lord, the record of all the crazy-pot sects in modern Europe and America—starts churning about at the level of their ears and trying its best to kick through the gristle of their brains and out into the world again. Or they pitch in to give science Hell, and whole segments of their encephalons begin to heave and toss and afflict them with a psychic bellyache.

Then they hear the automobiles honking in the street and look down into the round, fat, go-getting faces of the audience and think about their wives away at the beach and the preposterous bill the electric company sent them last week, and everything they are saying seems hollow and far-off

and dream-like. All the heart goes out of them and all the power out of their voices. Try as they will, they simply can't get past this Twentieth Century to ram the feeling of old John Calvin deep into their bones.

V

Perhaps they had it there once. Most of them did, I guess, when they were young and fresh and hadn't yet gone away to school, even when you allow for the Gant-rys. But it's gone now and won't come back. They are empty. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, the practice of their mystery comes to be no more than merely another way of making a living. That is why even the sensible ones among them go on thinking they believe: it gets them groceries and gasoline and the politeness of people, and they are human.

Some of them, to be sure, seem to be a little uneasy about it. Probably, that is the reason they are eternally peddling something like Prohibition, the reason they are so hot for church management and A-grade Sunday-schools and the Kingdom on Earth. They are trying to fill up their emptiness and, perhaps, to convince themselves that they are earning their money. But, in any case, the essential fact remains: practically none of them really gives a damn if everybody goes to Hell because practically none of them really believes there is any Hell to go to.

And men of that sort don't make a Big Revival. It takes fervor and power and conviction. It's belief that makes the Savonarolas and the Lorenzo Dows.

I don't think myself that the Big Revival is ever coming off. But if it does, it will come from the people, or at any rate from secular sources. It won't come from the holy men of God.

THE LIBRARY

Philosophers of the New Deal

CONTROL FROM THE TOP, by Francis Neilson. \$1.50. 5 x 7½; 190 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE INDUSTRIAL DISCIPLINE, by Rexford G. Tugwell. \$2.50. 6 x 9; 241 pp. New York: The Columbia University Press.

A NEW DEAL, by Stuart Chase. \$2. 5½ x 8¼; 252 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A PLANNED SOCIETY, by George Soule. \$2.50. 5½ x 7¾; 295 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

OF THE four volumes here listed, only the first is new; the rest have been before the public these many months. Mr. Neilson's book, however, is devoted to an examination of the other three, and this fact, together with the enormous influence that the ideology of the Messrs. Tugwell, Chase, and Soule has had upon the Roosevelt Administration, makes it opportune to reconsider them also. These three writers are the godfathers of the Blue Eagle; they have furnished that bird with his opinions; they represent the N. R. A. at its highest intellectual level.

Mr. Soule's book and Mr. Chase's I had already studied; Professor Tugwell's had somehow got by me in the flood, and so I have read it belatedly. Prepared to be impressed and instructed, I can only report that I feel cheated. All I can find in Dr. Tugwell is a certain suavity of style; and it is the suavity of the baccalaureate address, the suavity of the moral platitudinarian, moving through endless generalities, insisting firmly but urbanely that things should and will be better than they

are. "Workers," we are brilliantly informed, "live and function within a network of reality." "What seems most desirable," we are told solemnly, "is that we should, for the moment, accept the conditions of our existence, but should try to build on these conditions a future which would be more desirable." We should strive to make "work and life creative and beautiful." He is continually setting down obvious ideals as if they were solutions of problems. Things are to be "correlated" so that they "function as a whole." "What we need is a direction of individual and group functions which shall subject each to a larger purpose and give each a sense of unity in a wider functioning." Often he states his truisms as if he were contradicting someone, or introducing new and revolutionary concepts: "We still cling stubbornly to the notion that all men are created equal, and we refuse to accept the notion that there are degrees of intelligence or that there are different kinds of it." And he affects to be introducing this revolutionary notion of inequality not to politics, but to industry! In a long passage he proves, so that we cannot doubt it, that it would be better if people were fitted for their particular jobs than if they were unfitted for them. "Measured by the bench-mark of the best," he concludes, "much of American practice is woefully wasteful." Which is as illuminating as if he had said, "Measured by the performance of Bobby Jones, many American golf players are dubs."

Truisms and platitudes may be forgivable enough when they are used mainly

for the purpose of introduction and transition; unfortunately, they form the very texture of Dr. Tugwell's book. It is not till we have got past the first 200 pages of a 229-page text that we have any contact with concrete proposals. These proposals, I regret to say, are neither fresh nor brilliant.

As nearly as I can make out, he wishes a government board to fix the price of everything. Industry, he thinks, should be "coördinated" by a central body to be called the United States Industrial Integration Board. He would levy a sales tax of 3% on all industrial products and use the proceeds to set up an industrial reserve fund. This he would divide into three parts. The first third he would return at the end of the year to the industries from which it was taken! (Just why this third should have been taken in the first place may not be clear to simple minds without Dr. Tugwell's profound economic training, but no doubt such complications give a more impressive air of Social Planning to the whole scheme.) The second third, after it had reached a certain size, would also be returned; but only if the industries would promise to pay it all out in dividends to their stockholders. The third third would be turned over to a wage-reserve fund for unemployment insurance. Of course, this may be mere carping, but I cannot resist saying that this seems to me a very inequitable way of raising unemployment insurance funds: for a 3% sales tax on an industry's goods bears no necessary relationship either to the number of men employed in that industry or to the net profits of the industry. Either a straight tax on corporation net earnings, or, as in most working unemployment insurance plans, a flat tax on payrolls, seems to me immensely preferable.

Apart from such questions of detail, a much more serious criticism must be made. Dr. Tugwell's whole argument, in so far as he condescends to argue, is an elaborate begging of the question. He refers often to the doctrine of *laissez faire* and to the classical economists' defense of competition, but he never presents us with anything but a mere caricature of either. The modern *laissez faire* argument, when intelligently set forth, is never a plea for anarchy, but a contention that political control should advisably be exercised only within certain limits and in certain ways.

The intelligent defender of competition, again, admits that competition is Janus-faced, that it involves certain evils as well as certain benefits; but he holds that it is necessary in some form in any society that wishes to avoid stagnation, and that the real problem of government is not to abolish it but to raise the level at which it is conducted. Dr. Tugwell never recognizes such distinctions. He prefers to argue throughout his volume that whatever is not white must be black. He makes more or less obvious qualifications in the theories of orthodox economics—the same qualifications, for the most part, that the orthodox economists make—and then talks as if the qualifications disposed of the theories themselves. He proves what everybody knows—that competition does not work ideally, and that it will not automatically bring about the economic millennium—and then he triumphantly calls for its abolition and the substitution of Control. By Control he means, of course, leaving all major industrial decisions in the hands of Federal boards and bureaucrats. He assumes without arguing the point that these boards will know more about business men's problems than the men who are dealing intimately with those problems every day. He endows

these bureaucrats with complete integrity, disinterestedness, wisdom, almost with omniscience. For example, they will save commodity prices from their present intolerable chaos. They will fix them. They will set a price "calculated to bring just enough of [the commodity concerned] into the market." Could anything be simpler?

Dr. Tugwell speaks often and confidently of the New Dawn. "I believe, myself," he remarks at the beginning of his volume, "that we are within a stone's throw of the end of labor—as labor, not as willing and coöperative activity." And at the end he is still confident that "we possess every needful material for Utopia."

Mr. Soule is a somewhat more sober writer; his book is not, like Dr. Tugwell's, clear bouillon, but contains a few pieces of actual beef. Yet even he, by implication, promises us, if we take his nostrums, "a temporary mark, to be achieved in ten years, which would furnish a minimum income of \$5,000 a year [to everybody] for a forty-hour five-day week." His chief concrete nostrum is a National Economic Board. It is somewhat more modest than Dr. Tugwell's United States Industrial Integration Board, for it is apparently not to fix prices on a wholesale scale but to have mainly fact-finding and advisory powers.

How, in cold fact, would either board be likely to work out? Is there any good reason to suppose that it would do any better than either of our two most respected boards so far—the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission? How foresighted were they before the 1929 crisis? What influence did they exert toward stability? What did they do to curb the excesses of the bankers and the industrialists? For the most part, they did precisely the opposite of what they should have done.

The Commerce Commission might have permitted the railroads to raise their rates before 1930, compelling them to build up a reserve out of the proceeds; it failed to do so, but when the crash came it illogically ordered an increase of freight rates when all other prices were falling. The Federal Reserve Board had neither the sense nor the courage to raise rediscount rates in 1928; it knew that such an action would be unpopular, and it feared the wrath of the Messrs. Mellon and Coolidge. It even refused to allow the New York Federal Reserve Bank to raise its rate when it wanted to.

Another government "planning" body was the Federal Farm Board. Its contribution to stabilization was to buy wheat when it was selling far above a dollar and to sell it out at 50 and 40 cents; thus aggravating the violence of the wheat collapse and incidentally throwing away several hundred millions of the taxpayer's money. Finally, apart from the errors of its delegates, let us not forget how Congress bungled the war debts and that it passed the Smoot-Hawley tariff in 1930.

Whatever the misdeeds of our business men and bankers may have been, however great their stupidity and corruption, the record indicates clearly enough that the politicians and the "expert" political boards between them brought about consequences that were even worse. Never at any time did the politicians or the boards show more foresight than the captains of finance and industry. The major decisions of those boards, on the contrary, were always dictated primarily by political and not by economic considerations.

I have dealt with the Social Planner at length, and particularly with Dr. Tugwell, because his theories—at the time of writing—are in the saddle, and because he commonly passes as the brainiest of all the

members of the Brain Trust. I had almost overlooked Mr. Neilson, and Mr. Neilson should not be overlooked. His volume is a spirited attack on the rhetorical solutions of the aforesaid Messrs. Tugwell, Chase, and Soule; he writes with quite as much suavity as Dr. Tugwell, and he is immensely more readable. To be sure, his criticism is made from the standpoint of a Single Taxer, and this may lead readers who do not believe in the Single Tax to throw it out of court, but that would be a mistake. Some of his criticisms are perhaps unjust, and some are irrelevant, but many of them are shrewd and nearly all of them are amusing. "One can respect a full-fledged socialist," he begins, "but I do not see how anyone can summon up any respect whatever for a half-hearted one." And he proceeds to take the clothes off this weak-kneed and anæmic brand of "socialism" in a highly diverting manner.

HENRY HAZLITT

The First of the Adamses

HONEST JOHN ADAMS, by Gilbert Chinard. \$3.75. 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$; 359 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

JOHN ADAMS probably did as much to shape American history as any other one person. He was one of the leaders of the Revolutionary agitation in the Colonies; by his virtual nomination of Washington as commander-in-chief of the Continental armies he made the founding of the Republic possible; and by his nomination, as second President of the United States, of John Marshall as Chief Justice he impressed upon the new nation a Federalism and a conservatism, which have been, more or less, the fundamental law of the land for one hundred and fifty years.

His career was full of strange contradictions, and his success was one of the ironies of American history. He began as a

liberal of the law-and-order variety, more anxious about the security of his station in life, as Professor Chinard points out, than about any principles. For long he looked upon George III as "a man of piety and candor in religion, a friend of liberty and property in government." He was disgusted with the revolutionary activities of the Sons of Liberty. When he was charged with stupidity and venality for defending Captain Preston and the other six British soldiers implicated in the Boston Massacre he answered with his favorite maxim: "The law and the testimony." James Otis, who knew him well, accused him with "moping about the streets of this town, . . . seemingly regardless of everything but to get money enough to carry you smoothly through this world."

What changed John Adams from a respectable and cautious lawyer to a rebel was the Stamp Act, but even then what enraged him was not the fundamental principle of the thing but the fact that the act was "illegal." Gradually, by a temporary loss of his basic character, he became more radical, and in time produced two fiery pamphlets, "Novanglus" and "A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law." Because of his extensive knowledge of law he took a leading part in the two Continental Congresses, and was on the committee, with Jefferson, which composed the Declaration of Independence.

His one term as Chief Executive was made memorable by three things. First, he saved the country from a possibly disastrous war with France, for which his own Federalist party was clamoring. Second, he signed the Alien and Sedition Acts, perhaps the most infamous laws ever enacted in our history, which brought forth violent protests from the Jeffersonians, and especially from Kentucky and Virginia, and thus almost wrecked the

Union. Third, just before relinquishing office, he appointed, as has already been noted, John Marshall as Chief Justice of the United States, and in that way very nearly determined all future American history down to date. Later on in life he tried to put the blame for the Alien and Sedition Acts upon Hamilton, but, as Professor Chinard says in this able biography, "a more unconvincing excuse could not be imagined." The signing of the acts was really in perfect accord with his basic character and beliefs. The only liberty he seemed to be interested in was the liberty to say what he himself wanted to say; the liberty of others to have their say interested him very little. He was for the Alien and Sedition Acts when he was President, but he had doubts about them when somebody else was President. His chief concern was John Adams. "Vanity," he confessed, "is my cardinal vice and cardinal folly."

A vain, egotistic man himself, he could think of government only as a benevolent super-Ego. Hence his constant endeavor to invest the Presidency with more and more power. Hence his opposition to divided authority in the form of States' rights. Hence his violent distrust of government by the common people, and of what he called "the foul abominations of the French Revolution." The silent majority of misery meant almost nothing to him, nor did the just demands of "the mechanics and the country clowns." Hamilton's Toryism had at least an intelligible ideology behind it: the preservation of the owning class. John Adams's Toryism had behind it only a vague, universal distrust of humanity, based upon the belief that the whole world was against him personally. He didn't like the many helpless poor, because they could do nothing for him; and he didn't like the few powerful rich, because they did not always care to have

him as their leader. John Adams had little taste for political theory, and really had no political philosophy.

His guiding philosophy was the welfare of John Adams. Thus before the Revolution it was best for him to keep quiet; during the Revolution it was best to be a revolutionary; and afterwards, it was best, on the whole, to stick with the owning classes. His study of history had brought him to the conviction that "democracy has never been and never can be so desirable as aristocracy or monarchy. . . . Democracy never lasts long." He agreed with Harrington that "power always follows property," and that power tends to be monarchic or aristocratic. The choice before him was a simple one: he was with the rich. They offered the best chance for advancement. "Reputation," he said early in life and repeated frequently later, "ought to be a perpetual subject of my thoughts, and aim of my behavior. How shall I spread an opinion of myself as a lawyer of distinguished genius, learning, and virtue?"

If the attainment of a reputation demanded a change of front, from that of a defender of human rights to that of a defender of property, it was all right with him. Principle was a good thing if it got you anywhere, but it didn't get Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, or Samuel Adams anywhere. The favor of the powerful rich offered better prospects, and we know now that he picked the "right" side: the highly capitalistic trend of the times, given free reign in this country by the unexplored frontier, favored the growth and dominance of an aristocracy of wealth. The irony of it all is that the people who kept faith with the spirit of the Revolution were, with the exception of Jefferson and one or two others, relegated to the background as soon as it succeeded, while

those who were traitors to it, like John Adams and Hamilton, jumped or were elevated into leadership.

Some historians and biographers—and, happily, Professor Chinard is not often among them—have mistaken John Adams's cantankerousness as a sign of a powerful and upright individuality. The truth is that it was only cantankerousness born of hurt vanity. Except for his strong stand against a war with France in 1799 he seldom went against the tide of public opinion. He sometimes espoused unpopular individuals, but rarely unpopular issues.

Professor Chinard has written an able book, and it immediately displaces all other biographies of John Adams, including those by Mellen Chamberlain, Charles Francis Adams, and J. T. Morse, Jr. He tells nearly the whole truth about the second President, and he does so in a scholarly and fair manner. Occasionally, in fact, he is a bit too fair and too polite. For example, he sees far more ability in some of Adams's European negotiations than there actually was, but in the main he sticks close to the cold facts. On only one occasion can it be truthfully said that Professor Chinard is somewhat unjust to Adams. That is when he dismisses the "Novanglus" papers as "a heavy, pedantic, ill-composed dissertation." To the reviewer they look like a fairly able and vigorous job. But these are minor criticisms. The book, as a whole, is first rate, and of great importance.

CHARLES ANGOFF

World Champion of Critics

WHAT I LIKE, by William Lyon Phelps.
\$2.75. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$; 718 pp. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN JUNE of last year Dr. William Lyon Phelps retired from the faculty of Yale

University after forty-one years as teacher of English. For thirty-two of those years he occupied the powerful position of Lampson professor of English literature, and for at least twenty of them he wielded a strong influence on the literary tastes of the American people. Even today his well-known monthly critiques in *Scribner's Magazine* are said to be important from the sales point of view, and that master critic, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, still thinks that he is sure "of a place of real significance" in the history of recent American culture, and that he has a "genius for appreciation" and a "faculty for enthusiasm."

Dr. Phelps's present book is an anthology. The selections in it, he says, are "favorite pieces" of his, and to buttress his choices he says fearlessly: "I would gladly die for great literature." A close examination of his book reveals that he is a man of reckless courage. His tastes are most catholic. He likes George Santayana and Alice Duer Miller, Jonathan Swift and Christopher Morley, Jane Austen and Dorothy Canfield, Ivan Turgenev and Stark Young, the Bible and Meredith Nicholson, Daniel Defoe and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Plato and Daisy Ashford, Chekhov and Cunninghame Graham, Joseph Conrad and Thornton Wilder.

He prefaces his selections with brief critical notices. They bear out his boast in the general preface to the volume that "in literary criticism I love to go it alone." He is an original, incisive, and miraculous critic of letters and of life. I quote samples of his golden profundities:

1. The spirit of Christmas is needed more by men and women than it is by children.
2. Dickens is the greatest of the great British novelists; if I could keep only one, I should keep him.
3. Feelings are usually more sincere than opinions.

4. The discouraging thing about war is that many wise men in every age have pointed out its folly, its waste, its cruelty; and yet war continues.
5. Franklin was perhaps the greatest American.
6. Miss [M. P.] Willcocks is a contemporary Devonshire novelist, whose stories . . . are marked by cerebration.
7. "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" make the best story ever written.
8. Every man is a sentimentalist. Very few are able to detach their real selves from their dramatizations.
9. If "The Furnished Room" [by O. Henry] is not a work of genius, then there are no geniuses.
10. [Hawthorne's] comments on Italian pictures, on meeting famous persons, on the characteristics of Europeans, are full of cerebration.
11. [Stark Young] has a Northern mind and a Southern heart.
12. Hearing, memory, reproducing, are the three steps to realism.
13. When two men fight over a woman which they are doing somewhere at this moment, it may or may not be exciting; but when two women fight for a man, it is thrilling—because there are no rules.

The great university of Yale ought to put up a statue to Dr. Phelps. He is a thinker of unrivalled penetration. c. a.

The Case for Japan

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS ON THE ORIENT, by F. R. Eldridge. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 232 pp. New York: *The D. Appleton-Century Company*.

YOUNG CHINA AND NEW JAPAN, by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 311 pp. Philadelphia: *The J. B. Lippincott Company*.

IN THE lexicon of the Japanese bureaucracy "dangerous thoughts" mean liberal opinions. In Mr. Eldridge's title they mean unpopular opinions on the Orient, opinions unpopular in America—in other words,

pro-Japanese opinions. Mr. Eldridge essays to make the case for Japan. He is qualified to do so. He was long attached to the American Embassy in Tokyo, he is a student of Japanese language and culture, and his interests and knowledge of the country are wider and deeper than those of the conventional "expert."

A book with this intent has, also, a tonic value. There is a tendency for our thinking about Japan to become set in a mold. We like villains in our international drama and Japan is well cast for the rôle. It is populated by a yellow race; it is our commercial competitor; and there is enough of real sinfulness in its conduct to warrant the outrage of those who are not merely self-righteous. To get something of the other side is healthy.

Mr. Eldridge's case is a little confusing, however. I am not sure on what it is really based. I am afraid he has overstated it. His position appears to be that of the lawyer who declaimed, "No, gentlemen of the jury, my client did not commit the murder, and besides you can't blame him for killing the dirty scoundrel."

Mr. Eldridge's plea in extenuation of Japan's seizure of Manchuria is one of economic necessity. "The economic need was the dominant note in Japan's policy," as he says. On another page: "It is perhaps not too much to say that all international action of the present day has an overwhelming economic motivation." And in another chapter he asks, in a long rhetorical question, if America were as dependent on Mexican trade and raw materials as Japan is on Manchuria's, and Mexico were taking action to cut off both trade and raw materials, would our interest in the Kellogg Pact outweigh our interest in maintaining our hold on Mexico?

That is really the case for Japan. Strong nations have never hesitated to perpetrate

injustices on weak ones when their economic interest so demanded. Although in the last few years the strong nations of the West have sounded idealistic principles, their actions have remained in conformity with the traditional international practice. Why get virtuous about Japan's depredations and summon it to the bar of justice?

If Mr. Eldridge rested on that argument, he would be effective. But he goes on to defend Japan's seizure of Manchuria *per se*. To do so he must berate China—sometimes getting his facts mixed—and contend that Japan was morally justified. Also he brings forth the old Bolshevik bogey. Japan once again is the brave little boy plugging the hole in the dyke with numbed fingers to keep the Red wave from engulfing civilization. That is tosh, and old stuff besides.

Also, there is a fallacy in the hackneyed argument of Japan's defenders, here repeated, that Manchuria is Japan's life-line: Manchuria or starve. From this it seems to follow that Japan must take and keep Manchuria. But why, if all that it needs is Manchurian raw materials and the Manchurian market? What other nation can compete with Japan there? The answer is: China's chaos. And here Mr. Eldridge sounds the old familiar notes, now a little tiresome, and with apparently little understanding of the social causes of China's chaos. But as he says on page 59: "During all this period from 1925 to 1931 [the period of worst chaos in China] the Japanese were quietly building up their trade in China." Of course they were. As a matter of fact, despite all the disorders in China, Japan has been doing fairly well there in the last twenty years. In Manchuria it has done extremely well. Again, he dwells familiarly on the anti-Japanese boycotts as provocations, citing nine of

them since 1908. But he neglects to mention that each of them was in retaliation for some Japanese aggression. All of them have been defensive measures, the only defense open to China.

It isn't really Chinese chaos or Chinese boycotts. Mr. Eldridge lets the cat out of the bag on page 69. The Chinese themselves discovered Manchuria's potentialities for development, and they wanted the profits for themselves. Therefore they started building railways to parallel the South Manchuria Railway, which Japan has had since it took it away from Russia, and they also started to develop a port at Hulutao on the Chinese coast south of the Japanese zone to compete with Dairen, the Japanese-controlled port. So Japan struck. "Chaos" was an after-thought.

As Mr. Eldridge says, what strong power would not have done likewise? And that is all there is to say. It is enough to prove that Japan has only acted in conformity with the traditional law of the powers in the East. It is unnecessary, as well as unwise and impossible, to try to prove that Japan is pure.

Sandwiched between the two sections of the book dealing with international politics and economics are several on Japan's cultural heritage, its art and literature, philosophy and social organization. These are excellent. Mr. Eldridge is more convincing on Japan's background than on its relations with China.

Mrs. Chesterton's book is of the travel genre. She writes of her experiences and impressions in Malaya, China, and Japan. The volume is pleasant, well written, and fairly interesting, but hardly very original or penetrating. Mrs. Chesterton sees what all well educated tourists see when they go to the East for a short time and make notes.

NATHANIEL PEPPER

CORRESPONDENCE

HARRY THURSTON PECK

It is unfortunate that Mr. Walter Guest Kellogg's excellent article in the September MERCURY placed the date of Harry Thurston Peck's death a year too soon. Peck was born in Stamford, Conn., November 24, 1856, and died there March 23, 1914.

Probably the best existing collection of biographical material on Peck is in the Columbiana collection of the Columbia University Library. It includes one of his scrap-books, a considerable portion of his writings, especially his undergraduate publications, his diplomas and other college awards, some very important personal letters, and a vast number of newspaper clippings. Because of the personal character of much of this material it will not be available for general use for a generation.

In the spring of 1913 there was either a premature report of Peck's death or he lay so ill that his life was despaired of. Dr. Robert Arrowsmith, who had been in college with him and had collaborated with him in the compilation of a book, was then managing editor of the *Columbia Alumni News*. He prepared an obituary, which was set in type. When Peck's death failed to occur, Dr. Arrowsmith sent him a proof of his article. In a letter dated at Riverside, Conn., October 6, 1913, Peck replied to him thus:

That obituary was great, and was productive of extreme exhilaration on my part. It is not given to every man to sit down after a good dinner, amid a cloud of fragrant cigarette smoke, and read a mournful tribute to his memory, as of

one who is dead and gone. I enjoyed it hugely; only, why on earth did you say that I could not distinguish objects at the distance of a few feet? Likewise, your proofreading left much to be desired. I think I shall keep this obituary revised up to date, so that some twenty-five years hence it may be used with confidence as to impersonal facts.

That was a grand day that we spent together. Life is all one great joy.

Less than six months later, the obituary, very little changed, was published in the *Alumni News* for March 27, 1914.

MILTON HALSEY THOMAS

*Curator of Columbiana
Columbia University*

WAS HE IMPARTIAL?

REFERRING to your review of William A. Prendergast's "Public Utilities and the People," in the November, 1933, issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, the reviewer seems to have omitted, in mentioning Prendergast's qualifications, one of the most important items, namely, that he was vice-president and director of the Long Island Lighting Company, receiving \$50,000 a year. See the *New York Times* for June 23, 1933. Perhaps the publishers' publicity did not include all the necessary information.

The D. Appleton-Century Company have failed to answer letters from us, referring to their advertising, which also failed to mention Mr. Prendergast's somewhat less than neutral concern with the public utilities question.

New York City

F. J. SCHLINK

Consumers' Research, Inc.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), is the author of *"Psychology: Science or Superstition?"* She is now completing a book on child psychology.

BOB BROWN was intimately associated with the heroes of the early days of Greenwich Village. His latest book is *"Let There Be Beer!"*

CARLTON BROWN was born in New York City in 1912 and has traveled with his father, Bob Brown, in Brazil, Africa, Japan, China, Italy, and France. He has appeared in *Story*, *Boulevardier*, *This Quarter*, and *Americana*.

W. J. CASH is a North Carolina newspaper man.

ELBRIDGE COLBY is a captain in the United States Army. He is the author of *"The Profession of Arms."* At present he is stationed at the University of Vermont.

HELEN R. CRANE is a niece of Stephen Crane. She is a newspaper woman on the Pacific Coast.

JACK ENGLISH is the pen-name of a Catholic ecclesiastic. He has studied at two Eastern universities, and contributes frequently to the reviews.

ERNA FERGUSON's first book, *"Dancing Gods,"* was published in 1931. It deals with the ceremonials of the Southwestern Indians.

JOSEPHINE HERBST's latest book is *"Pity is Not Enough."* She is also the author of *"Nothing is Sacred"* and *"Money For Love."*

EDGAR LEE MASTERS's most recent book of poems is *"The Serpent in the Wilderness."* He is the author of the celebrated *"Spoon River Anthology."*

ALBERT PARRY has just completed a book on tattooing. Last year he published *"Garretts and Pretenders."*

NATHANIEL PEFFER is the author of *"China: The Collapse of a Civilization"* and *"The White Man's Dilemma."*

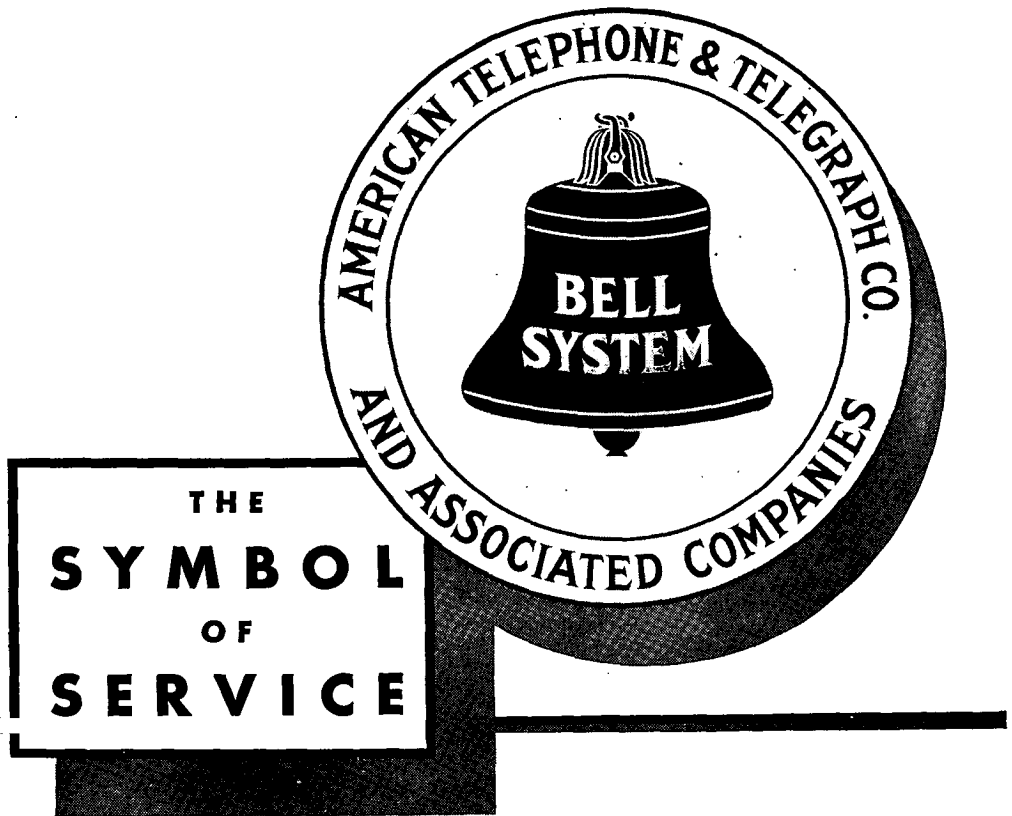
EDWARD ROBINSON has an M.A. from Columbia, and teaches piano in New York. He contributes frequently to the reviews.

EDITH M. STERN was graduated from Barnard in 1922, and is the author of two novels, *"Pure Strings"* and *"Scarlet Heels."*

JOHN STRACHEY is the author of *"The Coming Struggle for Power"* and *"The Menace of Fascism."* For a time he was a member of the British House of Parliament.

LEON TROTSKY, with the late Nikolai Lenin, was chiefly responsible for the success of the Bolshevik Revolution of November, 1917. He is now in exile in France. He has written extensively on political, economic, and literary subjects. His three-volume *"History of the Russian Revolution"* was published in 1932-1933. His article in this issue was translated by J. Vanzler.

H. PARKER WILLIS, PH.D. (University of Chicago), has been professor of banking at Columbia University since 1917. He helped frame the Federal Reserve Act and the Federal Farm Loan Act. He is the author of several books on banking and finance.



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xi*

ing of the book fails to reveal an independent point of view. He follows the orthodox biographers of and commentators on Beethoven. His sole contribution seems to be an offensive kind of romanticising about Beethoven, as witness this: "Kine and oxen were always afraid of him, and even the bipeds, who were really only their 'nicer brothers,' secretly or openly thought him a fool." The book is of almost no value. The best one-volume biography of Beethoven is still Paul Bekker's. There is a brief bibliography, followed by an index. The translation from the German is by Alfred Kalisch.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

By J. Eliot Ross. W. W. Norton & Company
\$2.75 5½ x 8½; 258 pp. New York

Father Ross writes, of course, as a Catholic, but he avoids pious snuffing, and in his discussion of Newman's frequent difficulties with other Catholic dignitaries he is unusually plain-spoken. He believes that Newman, more than any other man, helped to bring about the rehabilitation of the Catholic Church in England in the last century, and that he deserves a large measure of credit for its present favorable position. His old opponent, Cardinal Manning, is here treated with untender realism, and the misunderstanding of the English situation by high Roman authorities is not passed over. The book is well arranged and pleasantly written, and may be read by faithful Protestants without peril to their souls. It bears the imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes. At the end are a chronology of Newman's life, a bibliography of his writings, and an index.

OSCAR WILDE, "DRUNKARD & SWINDLER":
A Reply to George Bernard Shaw, G. J. Renier,
Frank Harris, etc.

By Robert Harbrough Sherard.

The Vindex Publishing Company
7d. 5¼ x 8½; paper; 14 pp.

Calvi, Corsica

In Dr. Renier's "Oscar Wilde" there is the statement that "he made the scenario for a play and sold the exclusive rights to four or five people." This charge is repeated in Harris's biography of Wilde, and has been given countenance by Shaw's blanket endorsement of that book. In the present pamphlet Mr. Sherard, who was one of Wilde's friends, offers evidence tending to show that it is

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not true. Chiefly, he relies upon proving that most of the theatrical folk Wilde is accused of rooking were actually on good terms with him to the end of his life, and never made any complaint about him. The evidence is impressive, and the pamphlet will be interesting to collectors of Wildeana. At the end of it is an account of an interview with Shaw by Hugh Kingsmill, who sought in vain to induce him to withdraw his endorsement of Harris.

THE JOY OF LIVING. *An Autobiography.*

By Franklin H. Martin.

Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$7 5½ x 9; 2 vols.; 491 + 526 pp.
Garden City, L. I.

Dr. Martin is a well-known Chicago surgeon, and was the moving spirit in the organization of the American College of Surgeons in 1913, and has since served it as president. He also founded *Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, and has written a great deal on professional subjects. During the war he was a colonel in the Medical Corps of the Army and a member of the Council of National Defense. He has also been busy in other fields, in addition to maintaining a large private practise, so he has a considerable story to tell, and in these stout volumes he tells it at length. It might have gained something by a greater effort at compression. His second volume in particular, dealing with the war, is overloaded with trivial matter. The work is beautifully turned out, with many illustrations, and there is an index to each volume.

HISTORY

THE NIGHT CLUB ERA.

By Stanley Walker.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$3 5¼ x 8½; 327 pp. New York

Three of the chapters in this amusing and instructive volume first saw the light as articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY—one of them a character sketch of the late John Roach Straton (July, 1926), another treatise on the cops of New York, (April, 1933), and the third a psychograph of a high-toned bootlegger (August, 1933). To these pieces, here much expanded, he adds ten other chapters on the Manhattan of Prohibition days, full of rich nutriment for the student of American folkways. They deal with the cabarets and night clubs, the bartenders and Prohibition agents, and included in them are intimate portraits of such typical New York dignitaries as Jimmy Walker, Walter Winchell,



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Texas Guinan, Legs Diamond and Owney Madden. As city editor of the *Herald Tribune* Mr. Walker has had access to the true history of the town in its most preposterous era, and he tells his story with the skill of a first-rate journalist. There is a brief introduction by Alva Johnston, and the author announces proudly on his title-page that an index is at the end.

THE SECESSION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

By *Gerald W. Johnson.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$1.50 5 1/4 x 7 3/4; 176 pp. New York

Mr. Johnson's thesis is that "Secession, fundamentally, was a bawdy farce," and that in the Civil War "everybody . . . was wrong; no one was right." The four ghastly years 1861-1865, he argues, were highly damaging to both sides. They put an end to the intellectual leadership and "the social ideals" of the South, and they henceforth deprived the North of "the cultural influence . . . of the Southern gentleman." He reasons with far more eloquence than persuasion, and his book is of slight importance. A brief bibliography and an index are appended.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF YESTERDAY.

By *Philip James.* The Studio Publications
\$4.50 11 1/4 x 8; 128 pp. New York

This is a sort of review of a representative collection of old children's books, beginning with an illustration of and commentary upon J. A. Comenius's "Visible World" (1672) and concluding with drawings by Kipling for "Just-So Stories," published in 1902, and a page from "The Golliwog's Air-Ship" (1902). The book is essentially a collector's item, and is lacking only in its omission of apposite material upon "Mother Goose"; it is otherwise most engaging, containing numerous color-plates, an alphabetical list of illustrations, authors, illustrators and publishers, an informative introduction, and a short bibliography.

THE WRITINGS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. 1925-1930.

By *Edward D. McDonald.* The Centaur Book Shop
\$3.50 6 3/8 x 9 3/8; 134 pp. Philadelphia

This is a supplement to Mr. McDonald's "Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence," published in June, 1925. Together they form the best work on the subject in print. The present volume is amazingly large, considering the brief period it covers. Lawrence was always a prolific writer, but at no time in his life did he turn out so much as in the last five years. For a frontispiece there is a facsimile,

Continued on page xvi



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Continued from page xv

sharply reduced, of a page of the manuscript of "The Crown," and an exact reproduction of an early pencil drawing by Lawrence.

RELIGION

AMERICAN PREACHERS OF TODAY.

By Edgar DeWitt Jones.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$2 5¼ x 8; 317 pp. *Indianapolis*

Dr. Jones believes that, despite the general decay of faith, the present is an age of preaching in the United States, and that, though no Beechers and Parkers enchant the multitude, "a little lower than these angels of light there is a shining company". To prove it he presents sketches of thirty-two living pulpit stars, beginning with Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and including Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, and the Catholic radio performer, Father Charles E. Coughlin. Some selections from salient sermons are included, but the volume is by no means an anthology; Dr. Jones speaks for the brethren rather than lets them speak for themselves. The book would have been more useful if an index had been added; it also suffers from the lack of a bibliography of published sermons. But it is very interesting and useful all the same.

THE SHORTER BIBLE.

Edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed & J. M. P. Smith.

The University of Chicago Press
\$2 5 x 7½; 549 pp. *Chicago*

The text here is that of "The Bible: an American Translation", published by Dr. Goodspeed, the late Dr. Smith and various associates in 1931. The present purpose is to offer, not the whole of it, but a liberal series of selections, and to arrange them in the probable order of their dates. Thus the volume opens with the first chapters of Amos (c. 750 B.C.) and Genesis does not appear until after the prophetic books, Deuteronomy and the historical books. In the New Testament Mark, of course, leads the Gospels, but it is preceded by the Pauline Epistles, and Luke and the Acts precede John. The selections are judiciously made, and the translations have merit, though the beauties of the Authorized Version have largely vanished. The New Testament occupies nearly half of the volume.

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MUSIC

FROM BACH TO STRAVINSKY.

Edited by David Ewen. W. W. Norton & Company
\$3.75 6½ x 9½; 357 pp. *New York*

There are twenty chapters in this symposium, done by seventeen authors. The latter range from such sound scholars as Carl Engel, who opens with a treatise on the beginnings of opera and closes with a general review, to such romantics as Paul Rosenfeld, who deals with Debussy and Ravel. Among the others are Daniel Gregory Mason, Romain Rolland, C. Stanford Terry, W. J. Turner, C. Hubert H. Parry, J. Cuthbert Hadden, J. A. Fuller-Maitland, R. A. Streatfield, Paul Bekker, Leonid Sabaneyeff, W. H. Hadow and W. Oliver Strunk. The volume is thus predominately English, with a few Americans intermingled and room for one German, one Frenchman and one Russian. As in every such symposium, the different chapters vary greatly in merit. It is to be noted that Stravinsky and Tschaikovsky are given chapters of their own, whereas Liszt, Richard Strauss, Bruckner, Mahler, Wolf and Schönberg have to share one between them. There is no index.

THE ART OF ENJOYING MUSIC.

By Sigmund Spaeth. Whittlesey House
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 451 pp. *New York*

This is a useful book. Dr. Spaeth discusses simply the fundamentals of musical composition and appreciation, always keeping within the comprehension of the intelligent layman. In range he takes in pretty near everything, from melody to the polyphonic form, and from the folk-song to the symphony. His comments on composers are generally enlightened, though he is inclined to be too easy with the charlatans among the moderns. His writing here, happily, is almost completely free of the smartness that marred some of his previous books. At the end are four valuable appendices, including a biographical list of composers and a glossary of common musical terms. There is an index.

REPRINTS

BUSINESS—A PROFESSION.

By Louis D. Brandeis. Hale, Cushman & Flint
\$3 5½ x 8; 374 pp. *Boston*

This book was first issued in 1914, with an introduction by Ernest Poole. In 1914 it went into a sec-

Continued on page xviii

Got a dime, mister ? ”

WHEN readers of *The American Mercury* are asked this all too common question, they can if they wish answer in the affirmative. Contrary to popular opinion they are not all mendicants themselves. In fact as a rule the reader of *The American Mercury* is the *asked*, not the *askee*.

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Drawing by Donald McKay

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

ond edition, with a supplementary introduction by Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School. Now it goes into a third edition, with still another introduction by Professor James C. Bonbright of the School of Business of Columbia University. Most of the chapters in the volume first appeared in such magazines as *Harper's Weekly*, the *American Law Review*, the *Survey*, and the *Outlook*. Among them are Mr. Justice Brandeis's celebrated essays on savings bank life insurance, "The New Haven—an Unregulated Monopoly," "Interlocking Directorates," and "How Boston Solved the Gas Problem." He is an economic Liberal, with a full faith in real competition and real individualism. Dr. Bonbright, in his introduction, says that "only by the acceptance of the Brandeis philosophy can the economic system which we call capitalism stave off for many more years the day of final reckoning." An index unfortunately is missing.

A PERSIAN PEARL *And Other Essays.*

By Clarence Darrow. *The Stratford Company*
\$2 5¼ x 7¾; 160 pp. Boston

In his recent biography of Mr. Darrow Charles Yale Harrison says: "[He has] often expressed the thought that if the circumstances of his life were different he would have chosen literature as a career. . . . The literary life, with its opportunity for study, reflection and artistic expression, held a great charm for him." A reading of the present collection of essays makes this literary interest readily understandable. They include the following four papers, in addition to the title one: "Walt Whitman," "Robert Burns," "Realism in Literature and Art," and "The Skeleton in the Closet." They all show a considerable insight and force of expression, and their reprinting will be welcomed by many.

HUMOR

HAPPY DAYS.

By Ogden Nash. *Simon & Schuster*
\$2 4¾ x 7¾; 161 pp. New York

Mr. Nash has now reached his third volume, but the quality of his nonsense continues high. Here he presents sixty-one pieces, ranging from squibs of a few lines to a formidable "Quartette for Prosperous Love Children", set to music by Robert Armbruster, and with the music given. The latter has already reached such popularity that it has been recorded

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for the phonograph, and some of the former promise to take their places beside "The Purple Cow" in the American repertory of rhymed witticisms. For example, this one, called "The Stork":

From long descriptions I have heard
I guess this creature is a bird
I've nothing else of him to say
Except I wish he'd go away.

The little volume is amusingly illustrated by Soglow. Its contents are reprinted from the *New Yorker*, *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines.

IN ONE EAR.

By Frank Sullivan. *The Viking Press.*
\$1.75 8 x 5; 169 pp. New York

In this volume are pieces first published in *Harper's Bazaar*, the *New Yorker*, and *Vanity Fair*; they are very amusing, especially "Life is a Bow of Eugene O'Neills", "Yo Ho Ho and a Bor Voyage: Reminiscences of One Who Has Never Been Ten Miles from Land, but Who Has Seagoing Friends Who Talk to Him Constantly of Their Voyages", "So You Won't Talk, Eh?", and "No! A Thousand Times, No!" Dr. Seuss has done a capital portrait of the author for the slip-cover, and the frontispiece shows the Frank Sullivan Denkmal and Gold Fish Sanctuary at Mott Haven.

THE SCIENCES

FOOD, NUTRITION & HEALTH.

By E. V. McCollum & J. Ernestine Becker.

Published by the authors
\$1.50 4¾ x 7¾; 146 pp. Baltimore

This is a new edition, the third, of a work that has been standard since its first publication in 1925. It has many merits. It is authoritative, it is simply written, and it is happily free from any sort of faddism. Dr. McCollum, perhaps the foremost American authority on diet, is professor of biochemistry at the Johns Hopkins, and Miss Becker is his associate there. They deal clearly with the physiology of digestion, and open an easy track for the layman through the mazes of the calories and vitamins. The book is not a guide to self-treatment, but it has much that is sensible and useful to say about reducing and fattening diets. Tables of food-stuffs suitable for the over-stout and over-lean are presented, and there are sample menus in an appendix.

Continued on page xx

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

FRONTIERS OF MEDICINE.

By Morris Fishbein.

The D. Appleton-Century Company

\$1 5 x 7½; 207 pp. New York

This is probably the shortest history of medicine ever written, but it is so well ordered that it omits relatively little that the average layman may be presumed to be curious about. Starting with a very brief chapter on the pre-Hippocratic era, it is in the Middle Ages by page 27, and another hundred pages suffice to bring the narrative down to our own time. The four chapters at the end, on internal medicine, pharmacology, surgery and the newer specialties, are among the best in the book. Dr. Fishbein is widely read in the literature, and he writes simply and well. He is the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and has been a frequent contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. The volume belongs to the Century of Progress Series. It lacks an index.

THE SCIENCE OF RADIOLOGY.

Edited by Otto Glasser. Charles C. Thomas

\$6 6¼ x 9½; 450 pp. Springfield, Ill.

This volume is an outgrowth of the First American Congress of Radiology. Its committee on history and education was charged to prepare "a book which would denote the outstanding features developed in the science of radiology from the time of Röntgen's discovery", and Dr. Glasser was appointed its editor. His own opening chapter, on the circumstances attending that great event, is one of the best in the volume. The other contributors include Dr. William A. Evans (American Pioneers in Radiology), Drs. W. D. Coolidge and E. E. Charlton (Röntgen-ray Tubes), Dr. U. V. Portmann (Röntgen Therapy), Dr. Lauriston S. Taylor (Röntgen-ray Protection), and Dr. Arthur H. Compton (The Nature of Cosmic Rays). The book is illustrated, and there are extensive bibliographies at the ends of the different chapters. There are also good indexes.

EARLY STEPS IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

By Harold J. Peake. The J. B. Lippincott Company

\$3 5½ x 8½; 256 pp. Philadelphia

Mr. Peake was formerly president of the Royal Anthropological Institute and of the Anthropological Section of the British Association. In the present book, which is addressed to the general reader, he gives the high points of anthropology, ethnology, and

geology. He writes very simply and clearly, and always with the dignity due to his subjects. There are many fine illustrations, and also an index.

FICTION

THE LAST SLAVER.

By George S. King.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$2 8 x 5¼; 322 pp. New York

James Kane, a gentleman sailor of Revolutionary stock, joins up with the *Wanderer*, a rich man's yacht, only to discover that it is a slaver under a brutal captain. He serves notice at once that he will quit the ship at the first port, but he has to fight for his life with the cut-throats of the crew before he is free. Dr. King is a surgeon who got his story from old sailors, one of whom actually sailed with the *Wanderer*. It is very poorly written, yet it somehow engages the interest to the highly moral end. There are four full-page illustrations, an author's foreword, and an article on the *Wanderer*, reprinted from *Yachting*.

NO SECOND SPRING.

By Janet Beith. The Frederick A. Stokes Company

\$2.50 7¼ x 5¼; 304 pp. New York

Allison McGregor, the wife of the Very Rev. Hamish McGregor, a monstrously egotistical Presbyterian minister, falls in love with Andrew Simon, a roving artist and man of the world who paints her portrait. In a fit of righteousness she sends him away from Glenlee, the dismal Scottish village where they are living. Later, Hamish becomes eminent in holy Edinburgh, and Allison bears him ten children. Once she sees Andrew on the street, but they do not meet, and it is to be assumed that she lives the remainder of her life feeling sorry. Miss Beith is a niece of Ian Hay, and her novel, which, despite its banality is fairly well done, was the winner of a \$20,000 international prize.

OLD-FASHIONED TALES.

By Zona Gale. The D. Appleton-Century Company

\$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 350 pp. New York

Nineteen of these twenty stories are without distinction. "Miss Mintern", however, presents a vivid character. A vain old woman who has a great deal of money goes out with her gigolo and her enslaved niece to a restaurant and there meets an old beau who has returned from Europe to see her. But although she still loves him she leaves him cold and very sensibly relieves her emotions by setting up the impoverished gigolo and her niece, who have fallen in love with each other, in housekeeping.

SUMMER'S PLAY

By G. B. STERN



A BRILLIANTLY original story of the strange, fierce warfare which happened at Clifford's Bay, between the old-established residents and the invading race which came every summer. The reality and satire underlying the theme are serious, though we get the exciting happenings now through the minds of imaginative children, now through the detached notebooks of an observant doctor, and now tinged with the queer feverish psychology of hatred which the native will universally feel for the intruder. There are various deliciously humorous crowd-scenes, a characteristic G. B. Stern family group, and a murder in sinister surroundings; but the warfare, the murder and the strange romance are all grouped round the remarkable friendship between two ladies.

\$2.50

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

By Alan Hillgarth

This is the story of a Bolivian "Kim"—of an Indian boy who is adopted by a mysterious and incredibly wise native priest, educated by him in the ways of culture of the white invaders, and finally dispatched upon the mission of reinstating the oppressed Indian races. It is a noble theme, and the racial confusion in the boy's mind is very poignantly presented. It is a panorama of all Bolivia, where the swirling life of three separate civilizations destines every man, from the day of his birth, for drama.

\$2.50

THE MOON THROUGH GLASS

By Coningsby Dawson

The heroine of this moving and dramatic story is an English girl who meets a lovable young man in Belgium during the war and marries him. He goes off at once, however, to the front and the girl begins a stage career in London. From that point the action moves rapidly: a Canadian nurse turns up asserting that she is the real wife of the girl's husband; the husband himself is reported dead; the girl achieves a phenomenal success and marries again. Then she learns that her first husband is not dead, but recuperating in a hospital, and a violent crisis erupts.

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